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**DIARIES**  
**OF**  
**LIEUT.-COL. SIR A. H. McMAHON, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.**  

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**AMIR'S VISIT TO INDIA.**

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[*SECRET.*]

## DIARIES OF LIEUT.-COL. SIR A. H. McMAHON, K. C. I. E., C. S. I.

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*December 31st, 1906.*—I proceeded to Landi Kotal from Peshawar with the British officers and Native Attachés of my staff.

The arrangements for the Amir's reception and accommodation, &c., were found complete. Captain Davidson-Houston and other officers of the Khyber Rifles have been working very hard at this.

The Afghan Envoy, who had paid a short visit to the Amir at Dakka, returned late in the evening to Landi Kotal.

*January 1st, 1907, Landi Kotal.*—The Afghan Envoy came to see me and reported he had had a long interview with the Amir yesterday lasting six hours, during which time various arrangements for the Amir's journey were decided. He produced a letter received by him from the Amir asking that he should be received with a salute of 31 guns, as he always gets 31 guns in Afghanistan. The following postscript was added in the Amir's own handwriting:—

"The reason is that the honour of a friend in the house of a friend should be the same extent as the friend who is the guest has in his own house and not less."

I immediately telegraphed the purport of this letter to the Government of India and asked for orders. Unless these come in time I propose firing 21 guns and telling the Amir, if he raises the question, that I have no power to increase or decrease the salute laid down by His Majesty's Regulations.

The Envoy informs me that the Amir is cutting down the numbers of his party, and intends to still further reduce the number of those who will accompany him beyond Agra.

The day was one of alarms and excursions in that conflicting accounts kept coming in of the time of the Amir's arrival tomorrow. A watch has been sent down to Dakka to enable the Amir to ascertain the difference between their time and ours and thus obviate mistakes.

Late in the evening the Afghan Envoy brought me a sketch drawn by the Amir and just received illustrating the form in which he desired tomorrow's procession from Landi Khana to Landi Kotal to be formed. First are to go half of our cavalry, then some of his, then the Amir and British

officers, then more Afghan cavalry, then Attachés and Afghan Sardars followed by the remainder of our cavalry and after them the remainder of his. I see no reason to object to this arrangement, although the formation is one which cannot well be adopted in processions elsewhere.

*January 2nd, 1907.*—Information received that the Amir will leave Dakka at 9-30 and reach Landi Khana about 11-30. I reached Landi Khana early with the British and Native officers of my staff, the British officers of the Khyber Rifles and a squadron of the 21st Indian Cavalry.

No Afghan tent had been pitched at Landi Khana, but I saw that ground had been cleared for a large tent as reported recently by Major Roos-Keppel. The Amir is said to have countermanded the erection of the tent on the ground that a halt there would delay his breakfasting at Landi Kotal. I think myself that the Amir is rightly unwilling to raise the question about our disputed boundary here at this moment.

We were before our time and during our wait we watched the Afghan infantry and baggage train pass by. I was much impressed by the smart business-like appearance of the infantry, who marched past us in excellent step and formation. Very different from any Afghan troops I have ever seen before.

At about 11-30 the Amir arrived, and as I had previously heard he did not wish to dismount we all met him mounted, in the riverbed just beyond and below Landi Khana.

The Amir was dressed in khaki uniform and wore a curious shaped khaki solar topi. He shook hands cordially with me and expressed great pleasure at meeting me again.

I bade him a verbal welcome, to which he made a formal reply saying that since the time he entered Afghanistan at eight years of age he had never set foot outside that country. He was delighted that the first occasion of his leaving his country was to enter that of his friend, and he felt assured of kindness while with his friends. I then handed him the telegram addressed to him by His Majesty the King, which had only reached me a few minutes before. His interpreter was called up to read the telegram, and while he was engaged in preparing a translation I introduced the British officers and staff. The Amir shook hands with each British officer and addressed a few friendly remarks to each: using the Persian, Pushtu, and English language to suit their various requirements. I was pleased to find that he has resumed his study of English. He had a slight colloquial knowledge of it in 1893, but he speaks it now with more accuracy and confidence.

His interpreter now translated to him His Majesty's telegram. I do not think he quite realized its real purport or significance, as he made but little remark, merely stating that I should convey his thanks by telegram to His

Majesty. I suggested that I should send him a draft reply for approval, whereupon he replied that I should telegraph to His Majesty the expressions he had just used in his reply to my welcome.

We then rode on up to Landi Kotal. During the hour's ride I had a very pleasant conversation with the Amir. He was most genial and affable. We recalled several mutual recollections of the Durand Mission of 1893, and I found him a delightful companion. He expressed great gratitude at the Viceroy having chosen for his present tour British officers whom he knew like myself, Mr. Dobbs, and Majors Bird and Brooke. He explained to me the excellent points of his weird-looking solar topi which he said was entirely his own invention. I may remark here that the impression which his appearance in the said head-gear gave to several of my staff was that he looked exactly like a Boer Commandant.

We arrived at Landi Kotal about 1 o'clock. Various groups of people standing along the road to Landi Kotal, gave the Amir a loud welcome. Children seemed largely to preponderate in these groups. We entered Landi Kotal amidst a crowd of salaaming natives among whom I saw many of our camp followers and transport men. As we entered Landi Kotal, the Khyber Rifles lined the road, and at the Amir's camp his infantry were drawn up in line with their band and gave him a salute. A guard-of-honour of the 57th Wilde's Rifles were drawn up in front of his tents, where we alighted. The Amir entered his tent, and I took leave of him.

No orders having reached me from the Government of India, a salute of 21 guns was fired on the Amir's arrival. A few minutes afterwards I received orders by telegram to give him a salute of 31 guns. I sent a message informing the Amir of the fact. Khan Bahadur Maula Bakhsh, who conveyed my message, reported that the Amir was very pleased and gratified.

During the course of the afternoon I paid the Amir an informal visit taking with me Mr. Dobbs and Captain Ramsay. The Amir was surrounded by his Sardars and attendants and was a somewhat different individual to what I had found him alone by himself in the morning. He was a trifle pompous at times, and assumed a didactic manner resembling that of his father. I do not think it is quite natural to him as he lapsed from time to time into a more genial and natural manner. He asked that there should be no ceremony between myself and my staff, whom he considered his own staff, and himself; and that we should stand upon no ceremony when going to see each other at all times of the day. After a long dissertation, quite after his father's manner, on the difference between Indian time, railway and otherwise, and Afghan time, and the reason thereof, I took the first opportunity afforded me of presenting letters of welcome from His Excellency the Viceroy and the Foreign Secretary. These he perused in silence, and said he would send replies. I also presented to him invitations from Sir Harold Deane, asking him to a dinner

and to a garden party. In the former invitation he was asked to dine on Friday evening. This led to a lengthy dissertation on our misuse of terms. He proved that what Sir Harold Deane called Friday evening was really Saturday evening. If it had been Friday evening, *i.e.*, our Thursday evening, he would not have accepted as he was only arriving at Peshawar on Thursday evening. Being meant for Saturday evening he would accept it; but the garden party invitation he would not accept as he would be too busy at Peshawar in sorting his party and arranging as to who were to return to Afghanistan. I then took the opportunity of congratulating the Amir on his having been addressed by the Emperor as His Majesty and on his being given a salute of 31 guns. He said that he was extremely pleased and gratified, and the more so as it was given at the threshold of his friend's home. He added that we also were sharers in his honours.

He then again relapsed for a period into a more natural vein and said that this was the first time he had left his country. He had seen nothing of the world and had had to trust to what he heard and read. He had everything to learn. He especially wished to see the sea. I said—"Yes, and also travel on it?" "Without doubt," he replied, and that this had been one of the first things he had suggested with regard to his tour.

Turning suddenly to the question of beds, the Amir remarked that the beds and bedding we had provided for him were very beautiful, but he had been obliged to discard them; as he always slept in a small bed with simple bedding of common though warm nature. I must understand, he said, that his discarding of the bedding provided was not from pride or wish to offend us, but merely because he used more ordinary bedding. I expressed complete approval of his proceeding. The bedding referred to, I may add, is of a barbaric, but very expensive, nature, *kimkhab*-covered pillows, and velvet plush sheets, &c., which the Afghan Envoy had, regardless of our remonstrances, obliged us to procure for the Amir's use throughout India. The said Envoy looks very unhappy today. Far from being the first of the Sardars as he told us he had been appointed yesterday, he had to remain standing at the back of the numerous underlings in the Durbar tent. He left the tent when the question of bedding cropped up. I did not give him away in my remarks relating thereto. We find him too frightened of the Amir to be of any use for business purposes.

I now remarked to the Amir that perhaps he would like to see the wireless telegraphy installation just outside his camp, and, if so, we should go at once before it got dark. He said—"By all means", and we started off. On leaving the tent he asked me to repeat Captain Ramsay's name, which he had not caught. In doing so, I remarked that Captain Ramsay had been with me in Seistan. Whereupon the Amir said that, although this was not the proper occasion to do so, he could not help thanking me for the service I had rendered

him in Seistan for which he was very grateful. It was a pity that the Persians had not agreed to my Award, but that did not detract from its value.

We then proceeded to the wireless telegraphic camp. The Amir insisted upon Mr. Shields, in charge thereof, explaining everything to him. He seemed immensely interested with all he saw and asked a great number of pertinent questions, evincing more knowledge of wireless telegraphy and its working than I expected. He was especially anxious to know whether messages could

\* Mr. Shields had unfortunately admitted the possibility at an early stage of the proceedings. be intercepted. We did our best to explain that, though this was possible,\* it was extremely difficult, and the means of preventing it were many.

I should have liked to take the Amir on to the Mountain Battery camp next door and show him the working of our mule guns, but it was now getting dark and the Amir had to hurry back for evening prayers. He seems very punctilious in this matter, and had left me for a few minutes earlier in the interview to pray.

I am considerably impressed with many things in connection with the Amir and his camp. The Amir himself is dignified and has a better manner and more *savoir faire* than is usual in an Afghan; the clothing, get-up and turn-out of himself and his staff are excellent. The discipline of his staff and troops seems very good. The Amir himself shows no signs of weakness, and he seems to know exactly what he wants and how to get it.

He expresses his intention of keeping his engagements punctually, and I believe he will. On the other hand, I believe his engagements will be less numerous than those allotted to him in our programmes. It is early to form a forecast, but I anticipate great difficulty in making him do anything he does not want to do, and under that head I class all such engagements as returning the visits of anyone but His Excellency the Viceroy. What may or may not be effected in this direction when we get more in touch with him and he gets further from Afghanistan and its atmosphere, I cannot say, but I foresee no easy time with him in this and similar matters.

*January 3rd, 1907.*—To get such a large Afghan party and ourselves from Landi Kotal in such a way as to enable the Afghan cavalry to reach Peshawar before our arrival there at 2-45 P. M.; to get the Afghan infantry to Jamrud to meet the Amir at about 12; and to get baggage down to Jamrud in time without blocking the road for the carriages of the Amir and staff seemed a formidable task. To do it the Afghan cavalry had to start at 5 and the infantry at 6 A. M., and these and all other startings had to be up to time. When I heard last night that the Amir had given orders to his people to comply with this arrangement I felt considerable doubt as to the manner his orders would be complied with. That they were carried out this morning in a punctual manner affords fairly good proof of the discipline and organisation of the Amir's following.

The Amir and ourselves were to start about 9-30. Previous to starting the Amir appears to have been doubtful of the propriety of sitting side by side with me in his carriage. He suggested my sitting facing him. On hearing this, I sent him intimation that, in accordance with our custom, he would be called upon when driving to sit side by side with the principal official of every place he visited, and it would not be proper for me to sit facing him. On this the Amir agreed to my sitting side by side with him, but I understand he told the Afghan Envoy he would have him blown from a gun if he found hereafter that this was wrong.

At 9-30 we started. The Amir and myself sitting side by side in a small landau with Sardars Mohammed Yusuf and Mohammed Asif, both very portly gentlemen, sitting on the front seat. The Amir seemed in very good spirits, and conversed in a most friendly and hearty manner all the way to Jamrud. He seemed to take little or no notice of the Sardars, who confined themselves to trying to keep an umbrella over the Amir's head, and corroborating all the Amir said with necessary additions whenever he addressed them. The conversation was entirely on general subjects.

Between Landi Kotal and Jamrud there were but very few groups of people waiting to see the Amir pass, and those we saw were not as vociferous in their *salaams* as those of yesterday.

We arrived at Jamrud about 1 o'clock, and the Amir at once made for his railway carriage. I showed him over it, and he expressed great satisfaction, saying it was the first time he had seen a railway train.

We started shortly after 2, and reached Peshawar only 6 minutes after the appointed time. The Amir in leaving his carriage told me the motion of the train had made him feel giddy, but he bore himself very well on the platform and shook hands with all the British officers and officials as they were introduced to him. He exchanged short speeches with Sir Harold Deane and General Sir E. Barrow, and made friendly remarks to several officers in either Persian or English.

Hitherto he has paid no attention to the guards-of-honour furnished for him. I took this opportunity of getting him to walk down both ranks of the guard of the 42nd Highlanders drawn up on the platform. Turning to General Barrow he said—"To see the excellence of a friend's army makes a man happy, and I am happy today."

The route to the Amir's camp was lined with troops throughout, but what impressed one more than that was the immense crowds of natives thickly packed at every point of vantage. The Amir received a warm welcome from the crowd which appeared to gratify him immensely.

On arriving at the Guest-House, which had been prepared for his residence, the Agent to the Governor-General and other officers of the station took their leave. After a few minutes' talk with the Amir I also took my leave.

It was originally proposed today that the Amir should receive visits from the Agent to the Governor-General and General Officer Commanding, and subsequently pay a return call on the Agent to the Governor-General. I had ascertained, however, that the Amir demurs at paying a return visit on the Agent to the Governor-General, and I decided that the question of visits by either the Agent to Governor-General or General Officer Commanding should be dropped. I have as yet had no opportunity of speaking privately to the Amir on such points, and it seems impolitic to press him to do things he does not rightly understand the reason for. He has accepted the Agent to the Governor-General's invitation to dinner, and the significance of this will be thoroughly understood by anyone who knows Afghan ways. It fully establishes and emphasises the fact that the Amir recognises the important status of the Agent to the Governor-General. It seems better to leave matters for the present at this stage.

My chief difficulty at present is in getting matters of tour business fixed up with the Amir. We have not yet arrived at a workable arrangement for interchanging messages and enquiries between his factotums and our Attachés. It is difficult for our Attachés even to get access to his camp, and when they do, to catch the right man, and still more get him to disturb the Amir for the required information or order as the case may be. This is a difficulty which will solve itself as soon as they and our people get to know each other better.

*January 4th, 1907, Peshawar.*—I paid a visit to the Amir in the morning, and found him with only his few principal men about him, *i.e.*, Sardars Mohammed Asif and Yusaf Khan and the two Ishakaghahi Bashis (Court Chamberlains), Sardars Suleiman Khan and Ali Ahmad Khan. He was in a very pleasant humour and quite natural. He began by saying he wished he had the architect of the Guest-House in his power and could deal with him as he deserved. (I thought I was in for a stormy interview, as rumours had reached me that the Amir was not pleased with his quarters.) I blandly asked why. Whereupon he proceeded to criticize the building, and pointed out the absence of water-pipes for carrying away bath water, the stiffness of the staircases, and so on. I admitted that these were defects, but explained how we had, after very careful consideration and examination of all other available places, directed that the Guest-House was the one and only building in Peshawar that met his requirements. He hastened to assure me that he did not imply that there was any better house here or that he ought to have been put into it, he only wanted the blood of the architect who built the Guest-House. He himself was no mean architect and would give me a list of ways in which the present building could be improved. I said I would be glad to get his suggestions, and, if possible, have them carried out before his return to Peshawar.

We then proceeded to discuss a number of topics on which I wanted an expression of his wishes. What Sardars did he wish to take with him

tonight to the Agent to the Governor-General's dinner party. He must know first four things. Who were going to form the party—would it consist entirely of British officers? Would there be any dishes of a suspicious character? Would care be taken to prevent wine or spirits being placed before him and his Sardars? Would his Sardars be placed in proper positions at the table? I replied that the party would consist of only British officers—he need be under no apprehensions regarding suspicious dishes. Nothing would be served that could offend Mohammedan feelings—no wine or spirits would be offered to him, and his Sardars would be treated with all the respect due to their status.

I asked would he object to those sitting next to him drinking wine. That, he said, he could not interfere with. The position being thus cleared up, he informed me he would bring with him only four men, the two Sardars Asif and Yusuf Khan and the two Ishakaghasi Bashis.

I was very pleased at this, as it simplifies the question of many subsequent dinners which the Amir is to attend. If I had said that any but British officers would be present, the Amir would have insisted on bringing a crowd of his underlings to balance them. He has, as I stated in a previous diary, all his father's antipathy to native Indian gentlemen. He draws a very wide distinction between them and British officers.

I asked if this decision would apply to the Viceroy's dinner and others. He said he did not wish to commit himself to this at so early a stage.

We discussed many other matters on similar lines, and eventually I asked him for a reply to a letter which I had sent him asking whether he would like to see any display of the troops at such cantonments like Nowshera and Rawal Pindi which we might pass in the day-time, and where such display might be possible without upsetting railway timing arrangements. He had asked me to put this question in writing. In doing so I hedged the suggestion in with provisos, making any display contingent not only on his wishes, but the approval of the military authorities, and the convenience of railway arrangements. This was necessary for obvious reasons.

The Amir asked how he would see the troops. Need he leave his railway carriage? I said he must do so out of respect to the troops. This, I said, was a point about which our own King and the Royal family were very particular. They always did so themselves. Moreover I said, our King and the Prince of Wales made a point of inspecting or otherwise taking notice of any guards-of-honour furnished for them. The Amir should do so too, and in fact he had already yesterday done quite the right thing in regard to the guard at the Peshawar railway station, and this had been appreciated by all the military officers.

Then he asked me what he should wear when inspecting troops on the journey. How could he wear full dress on a journey. I told him full dress would not be required, and he could wear anything as long as it was becoming to the occasion, and showed his recognition of the compliment paid him. He said he quite understood and would reply to my letter at once.

I then showed him a printed plan of his Agra camp and asked him to kindly inform me how he would allot the tents so that name boards could be put up before our arrival. This led to a detailed examination of the plan. First, His Highness was carefully erased wherever it occurred on the plan and His Majesty was substituted, and a hundred different questions were asked about the size of each kind of tent, &c., &c. A list of consecutive numbers of the tents is to be prepared, and then the Amir's wishes will be intimated to me. He seems a great man for petty details, and his decision on any question is always hung up until these are thoroughly examined. This would explain much of the delay in his disposing of communications from the Government of India. It will be a source of much inconvenience on this tour, as one will never know his wishes till the last moment. I am inundated already with thousands of references regarding details of the Agra and other ceremonies which depend on his wishes, and these can't be extracted.

The Amir, after firing off a crowd of questions on points jotted down in his little note-book to which I gave replies, said he had finished his conundrums and wanted to speak with me in private. As soon as the room was cleared of everyone he got up and taking me by the arm began walking up and down the room saying "Now let us have a quiet chat. I want to ask your opinion on a lot of little things which I am quite ignorant about." He then proceeded to ask questions on various little points of etiquette. How he should shake hands and with whom? Should he shake hands with ladies, and so on. He had to wear a glove on his left hand to hide his mutilated fingers; would it be proper to wear a glove on the right when shaking hands? I gave him all necessary information and took the opportunity of administering a little general advice on minor matters. He thanked me and warmly grasped my hand. I said I was always ready to help him, and if he would allow me I would tell him always if he was doing anything contrary to etiquette. I said I would do so to him alone and never before his people. He thanked me warmly and said he was always ready to accept advice. Our interview broke up as the Amir had to hurry off to attend Friday prayers at the Jumma Masjid. I am told he lead the prayers and that the chief mullah read the khutba in his name and addressed him as the "King of Islam". The khutba is, I understand, only read in the name of the King of the country, but I am not quite sure of the significance of this proceeding or the truth of the report given me thereof. The Amir's troops lined the street through the city leading to the Masjid, a proceeding which is irregular from

our point of view and quite unforeseen, but whether, if we had known of its being contemplated, it would have been stopped or not I can't say. I think less harm has been done by ignoring the whole show.

He had accepted an invitation to attend this afternoon an informal "At Home" at Polo given by General Sir Edmond Barrow. Accordingly at 3-30 I went to fetch him, and we drove to the Polo ground. He was received by the General and led to his seat. He shook hands with the ladies introduced to him and made himself most affable. He watched the polo with interest and took considerable delight in the display of the 42nd and 93rd Highlanders bagpipers. He has less "gene" than Afghans ordinarily have and got up and walked about freely. He created a very favourable impression. His manner towards ladies is very polite. Before lighting a cigarette I heard him ask the lady sitting next to him whether she objected to his smoking. He seems very fond of children, and seeing a small boy in the tent, immediately sent for him, asked him various kindly questions, and gave him some sweets.

I find him most punctilious, like all Afghans, about prayers. He withdrew during the entertainment for his evening prayer. There was some difficulty in finding him a suitable place, and it looked at one time as if he would have to go behind the refreshment table for his devotions. He asked me to kindly arrange, if I could, some small secluded place for him to pray in at future entertainments. Anything he said would do. All he wanted was a quiet spot to put his prayer mat down in.

He stayed till dusk, and then I accompanied him back to his house.

At 8-15 I took him to dinner at Sir Harold Deane's, where some 60 or more officers, military and civil, were assembled. At table he was placed between Sir Harold Deane and myself, which proved a very satisfactory arrangement, as the Amir had occasion to refer quietly to me several times on points of etiquette. He talked pleasantly throughout dinner and behaved in a most natural and unaffected manner. He made me translate the menu into Persian, which he wrote down on the menu before him, and having satisfied his mind on this matter partook freely of everything. Sir Harold Deane proposed the King's health, which the Amir drank (in water) standing. Sir Harold Deane then proposed the Amir's health, making a short speech welcoming His Majesty to Peshawar and hoping his visit to India would be a happy one. The Amir rose and responded in Persian to the toast, somewhat in the following terms:—"I regret I cannot respond in English, although I know a little of that language. I am delighted to find myself among friends, and I look forward to seeing my friend, the Viceroy, and feel assured of a happy time in India." This I translated into English, whereupon the Amir again spoke and said—"I am not able to say with my tongue all I feel in my heart."

The pipers of the Highland Regiments in Peshawar marched round the table after dinner, and this, I think, impressed the Amir.

On adjourning to the drawing-room the Amir mixed freely with the company assembled and made some singularly happy remarks to various officers who were introduced to him.

The only allusion to political topics made by him was a reference to a third Power who wanted to grind us both to powder which, he said, rendered it necessary for us both to draw nearer together and be friends.

During the evening while Sir Harold Deane and I were talking to him, I said—"Here you have before you us two individuals (the Chief Commissioners of the North-West Frontier Province and Baluchistan) who guard between us 1,300 miles of your Afghan frontier, what do you see in us two to be suspicious of? Nothing, he replied, I can trust you both, but can I trust the two officials immediately subordinate to you? Yes. Can I trust the two next subordinate to those? Yes. Can I trust the two officials subordinate to them? No, I can only half trust them. Can I trust the two officials next subordinate to them? No, not at all. Those are the people, he said, who play the fool with us both. They cover up their frontier dealings as with a handkerchief, and neither you nor I can peep underneath and know what the real facts are. They tell you that the Amir is doing this and that terrible thing, and they tell me that you are doing this and that atrocity. They are the people who make us both suspicious. I have sworn to tell no lies, and for 15 years I have kept my vow. You need not doubt my word. I am your friend and mean to remain so."

The evening was a very pleasant one, and again the Amir made an excellent impression on all present. He stayed till about 12 o'clock and then departed. On the drive back to his abode he told me he had thoroughly enjoyed himself, and said how new all this was to him and what good it was doing him. From remarks I overheard between him and his two chief Sardars I gathered that the Amir found us very different people from what he had expected.

His Sardars with him tonight are very presentable, well-turned out, and well-mannered men, and very easy to entertain.

From the bigotted Mohammedan point of view, a Friday spent in public prayers in the Jumma Masjid, a polo at home in the afternoon, and a big dinner party with British officers in the evening must present a curious jumble from which it would be hard to make much political capital in either direction.

*January 5th, 1907, Peshawar.*—I visited the Amir at 10 A. M., and found him very genial. He said he had spent a very pleasant evening yesterday at Sir Harold Deane's dinner party. He seemed anxious to explain why he had stayed so late. It appeared that while at dinner he had altered his watch

in accordance with General Barrow's watch, and in moving the hands had made a mistake of one hour. He wished to stay till 11, whereas he stayed till 12.

He again asked questions about seeing the troops at Nowshera and Rawa Pindi. Was the parade ground just by the railway line? Yes. Could he see the troops from his carriage?\* Yes. Couldn't he see them without leaving his carriage? No. Why? Because it wouldn't be polite. Would he have a guard-of-honour? No, because the troops were a sufficient guard-of-honour. Must he wear uniform? Yes, some sort of uniform to show his appreciation of the compliment paid him. He had just the thing, he said, and would wear a sword. I replied that that would be quite the right thing. Yes, he would like to see the troops. I said I would try and arrange.

A few minor matters were discussed, and I took my leave. As I left, the Amir gave me a little gold pencil-case to give to the little boy he spoke to at the polo "At Home" yesterday, little Wilfred Wynch, son of Major Wynch of the 59th Punjab Infantry. It was to be used in writing his lessons in memory of the Amir.

At 2-45 I again visited the Amir and took him out for a drive. As usual the two portly Sardars, Mohammed Asif and Yusaf Khan, sat in the front seat and manipulated an umbrella. The Amir takes great interest in all he sees, asks the names of the trees, and so on. On passing some buildings on the Circular Road he asked if they were barracks. When I said, yes, he asked if it would be possible for him to see one. I pulled up the carriage and sent a sowar to find the Sergeant-Major. The Adjutant of the Regiment (42nd Highlanders) luckily happened to be in the barracks and he came up and said he would be delighted to show us round. The Amir alighted and telling the rest of his party to stay in the carriages (of which we had some 8 following us behind), we started off. We first carefully examined the quarter guard, then His Majesty desired to see the wash-houses and kitchens, and the latter he examined very carefully; cooking places, utensils, meat, and everything. Then we walked through some barrack rooms, and the Amir examined and criticized various types of beds, and then he visited a married Sergeant's quarters as he wanted to see how the married soldiers lived. We were shown round some very nicely got up quarters, and the Amir thanked the Sergeant and his wife for showing them. Thence we wandered to the adjoining field where soldiers were playing football. This he watched with interest, until he suddenly remembered it was prayer time and asked me if he could pray in a corner of the ground. He proceeded to do so joined by the rest of his party and a crowd of native idlers who had collected round. It was a curious

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\* I may remark that the General had arranged the parade ground with a view to the Amir seeing the troops, without alighting. I didn't think this a good precedent.

sight to see them praying with Tommies unconcernedly playing a noisy game of football alongside. The ball once threatened to seriously disturb the congregation. Prayers over the Amir turned his attention to a defaulter who had just finished his defaulter's drill in full marching kit. This he carefully examined in every detail, and asked the Adjutant to let him off further punishment, saying he felt sure that whatever the man had done to offend he would try not to do again.

We then continued our drive and returned home at dusk.

This afternoon two train-loads of the Amir's party started off under Captain Ramsay and Lieutenant Field for Agra. These comprised the greater bulk of the Afghans and all their troops. Their discipline and arrangements seem good.

*January 6th, 1907, Peshawar.*—I visited the Amir at 9-45 and spent three hours with him discussing various details of the journey to Agra and the programme of events there. He first asked me whether he might present a piece of plate to the 42nd Highlanders in memory of his visiting their barracks and of the politeness shown him. I said the regiment would highly appreciate it, whereupon he said he would get a suitable inscription put on to a cup, and send it to them.

Many petty details were discussed; some of the decisions arrived at, being that the Amir would not take his own cavalry in the arrival procession at Agra; he desires to send either his body guard or cavalry to escort the Viceroy to his camp on the occasion of the Viceroy's visit, and so on.

Then came the question of the Chapter of Indian Orders. I had to explain exactly what that meant, and how it would be conducted, and to draw the respective positions of the important persons attending it. Where would the Amir sit with respect to the Viceroy and Ruling Chiefs? Why was he not to sit by the Viceroy? All this was explained, and I carefully pointed out the peculiar nature of a Chapter and the rules regarding it. I explained how the Viceroy takes precedence of even members of our Royal Family and so on. No, the Amir had come down as a guest and must be given the honour of a guest. He must sit by the Viceroy or not go to the Chapter at all. I pointed out how difficult this is, and how unlikely to be allowed. He need not go to the Chapter, he said, and go he would not either to that or to the At Home (in the Diwan-i-Khas) afterwards unless he sat by the Viceroy. No offence was meant on his part, and his refraining from attending the Chapter would not be from any sense of annoyance, but purely out of regard for his own position. On leaving the Chapter too, should the question of seat be conceded, he must be allowed to meet the Viceroy at the exit from the hall (however long he might have to wait for the Viceroy during the time His Excellency was unrobing), some minutes before the Indian Chiefs and others were allowed to follow him. He would not be mixed

up in a throng of Indian Chiefs. He asked me quietly but firmly to understand this. All this was said in the blindest of manners, and however unreasonable the demand may be, I failed to stir him an inch from his position. I at last said I would represent his views, and we must await results.

He begged me not to misunderstand him. On any but full ceremonial functions he would do whatever he was asked to do. At informal functions he would freely mix in the crowd, and he liked doing so without ceremony. But in matters of full ceremonial, if he attended at all, it must be in such a way as maintained his position. At Calcutta, for instance, he hoped to pay the Viceroy several private visits and expect no honours; and he would wander about sight-seeing as a private individual; but here at Agra in a ceremonial function like the Chapter, he wanted his full position.

We then discussed other but minor matters, and did a good deal of work.

At 3 o'clock I again joined the Amir. He had been busy since I left him, receiving deputations and visits. From what I hear privately, many of his visitors went away disappointed. To the Anjuman-i-Himayat-i-Islam of Peshawar, who presented an address, he gave a very curt reply, the details of which I hope to get later. The Amir sat in a high balcony and addressed his visitors from afar. In receiving a so-called Mohammedan deputation from Lahore he told them bluntly that they were out of his jurisdiction, and he could do nothing for them. He strongly rebuked the Peshawar deputation for the disgraceful state of their big Masjid and gave Rs. 2,000 towards its improvement. He said he would give Rs. 20,000 for the same purpose to be expended not by them, but by his Postmaster in Peshawar.

Needless to say, most of those who visited him were people wanting money for themselves or for somebody else, and he sent them away with but little satisfaction.

It must seem curious to him, our allowing him to see and interview anyone he likes in our country, when any officer or mission who go to Afghanistan are prevented from any communication whatever with the people of the country. I cannot but think that the contrast must eventually come home to his mind to our advantage.

I again took him for a drive, beginning with a drive through the Peshawar city. Dense crowds lined the streets and they gave him a warm welcome. After a time he appeared not to like it, and asked me to leave the city by the shortest route. We then did another round of the cantonments, and I brought him home at dusk.

On our return I asked to see him alone, and proceeded to reopen the question of his seat at the Chapter of Indian Orders. I said I was talking solely as a friend and in confidence. I said I thought he hardly recognized the difficulty of the position he was assuming. I went into great details

showing the paramount and supreme position of a Viceroy in India, his precedence before Members of our Royal Family—the precedents of the Delhi Durbars of 1875 and 1902,—the custom at Chapters held by His Majesty the King in England, and so on. It was of no avail, he must sit next to and on the same raised dais as the Viceroy, not alongside him on a lower level. He need not be quite near the Viceroy, but on the same line and level as him. He thoroughly recognized, he said, the supreme position of the Viceroy. I shrugged my shoulders and said I feared he was raising an impossible question. What about the effect of the rumours which would be raised by his not attending the Chapter? Would it not be quite as derogatory to his dignity for people to say he was refused what he asked for—as to take what he could get?

Our discussion was in a most friendly and amiable spirit, and the Amir seemed to appreciate my good intentions, but give way he would not. He said, I might try for ever, but he would not yield. The analogies we raised in the matter of European ceremonies, he said, did not apply. He only recognized Asiatic customs. I saw it was no use going on, and so I took my leave.

*January 7th, 1907.*—Today has been looked forward to by many. By the Afghans as the first day's journey in India proper; by me as it would take Amir out of the semi-Afghan atmosphere of Peshawar.

I went to fetch the Amir shortly after 9, and found him ready to start, but as it was too early to do so we sat and talked for a while. He was in excellent spirits and most friendly.

On arrival at the railway station we were received by Sir Harold Deane, General Sir Edmond Barrow, and the principal civil and military officers of Peshawar. After inspecting the guard-of-honour, a very imposing one furnished by the Seaforth Highlanders, and after a few minutes' friendly conversation with the officers, who had come to see him off, the Amir bade farewell to Sir Harold Deane, to whom he addressed a few well-chosen words of thanks for his good wishes for the journey, and entered his carriage. I conveyed a hint to him that he should come to the door and return the salutes of the officers assembled and guard-of-honour as the train started, which he did.

On arrival at Nowshera, after about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours' run, we found the garrison paraded close to the railway line. The Amir alighted and was led to a tent where chairs were arranged at the edge of the parade ground. He preferred\* to stand, saying it was more soldier-like to either stand or ride when watching a march past. He was dressed in a military frock coat with a sword. The troops marched past and the Amir seemed very pleased. He was very interested and took note of everything. He thanked the Officer Commanding on his departure, and said he regretted he could not stay longer and see more of his troops. What he had seen had pleased him greatly.

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\* He at first shewed a disposition to sit, but I told him it wouldn't look well.

At 3-30 we reached Rawal Pindi, and there again we found the garrison drawn up close to the railway on the race course. The Amir was met on the platform by General Sir O'Moore Creagh and his principal officers, with whom he shook hands on their being introduced to him. Having inspected both ranks of the guard-of-honour, the Amir was led to a tent at the saluting base. Here again he declined to sit, and remained standing during the march past which followed. It was a very pretty display, and the Amir seemed to enjoy it immensely, taking special interest in the Artillery. He jumped at the General's suggestion that a Horse Artillery, Field Artillery, and Mule Battery gun should be brought up to him for inspection. He carefully examined each, showing very intimate knowledge with all details of their mechanism and make. He is very proud of the mechanical knowledge he gained in his 12 years of duty when in charge of his father's workshops in Kabul.

After the march past tea was served in the tent, at which he insisted on General Sir O'Moore Creagh and other officers joining him. He made himself most pleasant, and did his best to make himself understood in English. He enjoyed himself so much that I had great difficulty in getting him back to his train. He said I was a very stern task-master, but we were already  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour late.

The Amir is delighted to find he can stand railway travelling without discomfort. I purposely have led him to expect sensations of discomfort until he gets used to trains, and said he mustn't mind it, as everyone has gone through the same thing when unused to it. He is now rather proud that he doesn't feel ill.

He delights in the various appliances and fittings of his suite of saloons, and has carefully examined and tested everything himself. The various kinds of windows, shutters, the electric light and electric fan switches, and so forth were somewhat puzzling to him at first, but he now knows them all.

At Jhelum we stayed about two hours for dinner, and I introduced to him Mr. Conolly, the Deputy Commissioner, and General Grey, Commanding the Station, who had come to meet him.

The arrangements made for the accommodation and feeding of the Afghan party and Afghan troops at each place have been excellent. Everything in that respect is working well.

The Afghan Envoy is too afraid of the Amir, even to show himself now-a-days, and has secreted himself in a carriage at the rear of the train. I haven't seen him since we left Peshawar.

We have now got into touch with the working officials of the Amir's staff, and no longer have need of the Envoy's services, which is a good thing, as those services so far have been rather of a *minus* quantity.

*January 8th, 1907.*—We arrived at Sirhind at 10 A. M. and were met by Major Dallas, Political Agent, and representatives of the Patiala State. A guard-of-honour of the Patiala Imperial Service Infantry was drawn up on the platform, and we were conducted to the State carriages awaiting us outside and driven under an escort of Patiala Lancers to a very beautifully laid out camp close by. On alighting the Amir was ushered into an imposing Durbar tent with a throne on a dais at the far end. The Amir made straight for this and seated himself. There was some little hesitation on the part of those following as to what to do, or where to go, but I directed the Amir's staff to seat themselves in the row of chairs placed on the right, and the Patiala officials into those on the left. A few words of welcome were spoken by one of the latter, to which the Amir replied in the briefest of terms. As he seemed ill at ease and not likely to say more, I got up and took my leave and broke up the gathering.

The Amir does not show to best advantage when native Indian gentlemen are concerned. He seems to have a strong dislike for them. I had given him a hint to be polite and was disappointed.

The Maharaja is at school at Lahore and the State Council were not present, as it had been decided to be unnecessary. The arrangements made for the Amir's reception and accommodation left nothing to be desired. The camp was a very fine one, and the only complaint I had to find with it was that everything was too good. What with gorgeous tents, fountains, and decorations it makes it hard for our Agra and other camps to compete with it. The hospitality shown by the State was in like proportion, and the entertainment of the Afghan camp and our own adjoining one was of the very best.

The visit to Sirhind, I may note, is due to the importance which the Amir is said to attach to visiting shrines, and which has been emphasized in his own letters regarding his tour in India. Apart from the monorail, which runs from Sirhind to the shrine, for which Sirhind is celebrated, innumerable carriages had been provided by the Patiala State for conveying the Amir and his party to the shrine.

The Amir yesterday asked me why we had allowed a 10-hour's halt for him at Sirhind. I explained that it was in order to let him visit the shrine and also rest. I said I thought he would welcome more rest after his first night in a train, and I didn't want to bring him to Agra tired out. I said that this shrine visiting business was entirely his own show, and I did not propose to accompany him or to have anything to do with him at Sirhind. He would come and go as he liked. The conveyances were there for himself and his people to be used whenever he liked.

Acting on this principle I left him entirely to himself. He spent most of the day sleeping and working out the order of precedence among his bigger Sardars,

a most difficult task, I should imagine, but one I had asked him to do before we get to Agra.

It was not till late in the evening that he started off to the shrine, and then with only a few followers. He dislikes a crowd, and so all the rest of his poor Sardars and followers, who are extremely anxious to pay a pilgrimage to this particular shrine, were unable to do so.

At the shrine, I am told, he offered a donation of Rs. 1,000. Mirza Sultan Mohammed, once the Mir Munshi of the late Amir and who published the autobiography of Abdur Rahman Khan, appeared at the shrine and threw himself, I am told, at the Amir's feet and asked for forgiveness. The Amir kicked him (so my informant assures me) and told him never to show his face again.

Later on he again presented himself and offered a donation of Rs. 100, whereupon the Amir threw the money away and ordered the man to be removed.

On his way back to camp the Amir examined and showed a great interest in the monorail. On return to camp he gave audience to a deputation of Hindus from Sirhind, and told them that he was going to celebrate the *Id-i-Quarban* at Delhi, and as a mark of particular respect to the Hindus had given orders that his sacrifices were to be confined to sheep and goats only, and that no kine were to be slaughtered.

I hear that the Amir, when talking to his Sardars today, expressed himself very much impressed by the military displays he had seen yesterday. Turning to Sardars Mohammed Asif Khan and Yusaf Khan he said—"You have been telling me all along that the troops of Afghanistan are now superior to British troops. I find that quite the contrary is the case. The condition of the British troops and the feats of the artillery simply surprised me, and I think it would take me a century to bring Afghans to that state of efficiency."

When I went at 8-45 p. m. to fetch the Amir to the railway station, I found him brim-full of good humour and geniality. He thanked me warmly for having arranged this long halt for him at Sirhind, which he had at first thought was unnecessary. He said it had enabled him to get a good rest and he felt wonderfully refreshed. I gave him a hint to say something nice to the representatives of the Patiala State on departure, and he did so in a pleasant manner, saying he had been extremely pleased with all that had been done for him in Sirhind. He hoped later on in his tour to meet the Maharaja himself at Lahore and tell him so. He also hoped that some day, according to their own customs and regulations, the Government of India would place the Maharaja on his *gadi*.

He bade Major Dallas farewell at the railway station.

During our short stay in the Amballa station a little later he was much attracted by a little English girl, who, with her old grandfather, formed one of a small group of people on the platform. He called her to him, and she told him how she was at school at Simla and now home for the holidays. After a long kindly talk to her he produced his purse and extracted four gold mohurs, which he presented to her, and said they would make a nice brooch for her.

I hear that the two trains with the Afghan troops reached Agra all right, and that the arrangements for feeding them proved excellent. The discipline of the Afghan party is very good, and up to now we have had extraordinarily little trouble with them on the journey.

A. H. McMAHON.

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*Wednesday, 9th January 1907.*—The Amir's train arrived at Agra at 10 A.M., and a full dress official reception was given to him. The Lieutenant-Governor, Lieutenant-General Commanding the Eastern Command, and all the principal Civil and Military officers and their respective staffs were drawn up on the platform. I introduced the Lieutenant-Governor and Lieutenant-General to the Amir, and they thereupon introduced their staffs. The Amir shook hands with all, and I was glad to notice that he also shook hands, for the first time on this tour, with two natives, *i. e.*, two Native Military officers of the General's staff. He also proceeded, without the hitherto usual prompting on my part, to inspect both ranks of the guard-of-honour.

He drove off in a State carriage drawn by four horses and postilions, accompanied by the Lieutenant-Governor, followed by a long procession of carriages, escorted by the 18th Bengal Lancers. The route throughout was lined with troops, and immense crowds were accommodated in long tiers of stands along both sides of the road, which was gaily decorated with flags and welcome arches.

We started off in a light drizzle of rain, which gradually got heavier until during the latter portion of the drive it poured in torrents. The Amir refused either to have his carriage closed or to put on his great-coat, and as everyone had to do the same, we got thoroughly soaked.

On arrival at his camp the Amir was met by the Foreign Secretary and the Private and Military Secretaries of His Excellency the Viceroy. General Sir Alfred Gaselee, the Lieutenant-General, expressed regret that His Majesty had got so wet, whereupon he replied that, seeing the troops of his friends standing in the rain without great-coats, how could he, a soldier, have put on his own great-coat. Everyone then took their leave.

The Amir seemed impressed with the size and splendour of his huge camp and the magnificent tents provided for his own accommodation. He informed

us, however, later on in the day that certain little arrangements we had made in his bed-room and bath-room were not to his liking. These had been made in accordance with the advice of the Afghan Envoy, and the bedding and other articles provided were of a very rich but distinctly barbaric nature. The Amir assured us that in all such matters, and in his manner of living, he was not to be treated as an Asiatic, but as a European!

I spent a very long day with the Amir discussing the details of the various ceremonial functions before us in Agra. I have been in some despair about these, as the Amir, in matters of ceremonial, is extraordinarily suspicious of our intentions and sensitive about his own dignity and position. All the details of State ceremonials have been settled to our own satisfaction, at any rate, long ago, and programmes thereof have been printed. The Amir, however, will have none of these.

As regards his visit to the Viceroy tomorrow and the Viceroy's return visit to him, he insists on the Viceroy sending his body-guard to fetch him and his sending his own Saros\* to fetch the Viceroy. In vain I point out how opposed this is to custom. "No," says the Amir, "I don't want a display of troops. I know you can send hundred, two hundred, or any number of hundreds of thousands of troops to escort me, but I don't want these. I want the compliment of a few of the Viceroy's body-guard, and if I get that I'll forego a military escort. I want, too, to give the Viceroy the compliment of being escorted by my own Saros, my own kinsmen."

As regards the Chapter of Indian Orders, my task has been a hard one. He told me in Peshawar that nothing would induce him to go to it, if he had to sit where it is proposed he should sit.

I produced today an elaborate plan of the Diwan-i-Am as arranged for the Chapter, showing where each person is to sit. He went into every minute detail of that plan, but I could not get him to budge from his previous decision. He must sit on the same level and in the same line as the Viceroy, or not attend the Chapter at all. Why should he attend it; it is a ceremonial of a purely business nature on the part of the Indian Government, and he needn't join in it. I expended every argument available. I pointed out the peculiar position of the Viceroy on such an occasion; how he represented the King-Emperor; was Grand Master of the Indian Orders, and so on. I suggested various ways in which the arrival, reception, and departure of the Amir could be arranged without any necessity for him to sit down at all. I quoted precedents in the case of the greatest European Sovereigns, the Russian and German Emperors, and so on. The Amir would have no European

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\* The Saros are a corps of body-guard composed entirely of his own kinsmen, i. e., descendants of Pinda Khan, their common great-great-grandfather.

analogies brought in, and insisted on the case being decided on an Asiatic standpoint. On the same level and the same line as the Viceroy he must sit, or not go at all.

Knowing the necessity of leaving nothing to chance in these matters I fought out every detail. I absolutely declined to consider or even propose to the Viceroy the question of the Amir's sitting on an exact equality with him. No, he didn't claim that he said. The Viceroy should sit in the centre, and he on one side; but not more than 4 feet away. I made him draw this on the plan, and then took my departure, saying I could hold out no hope of success in getting him what he wanted.

I had a difficult part to play, as I had to treat the matter with a light touch, and give the Amir no cause to get his bristles up and withdraw himself into the stubborn impossible position which Afghans assume at times, in matters touching their dignity. The discussion was a most friendly one and interspersed with many anecdotes and humorous touches.

I proceeded at once to His Excellency the Viceroy and reported how matters stand. The Viceroy kindly agreed to the Amir's request about his body-guard. As for the Chapter, I am to suggest to the Amir a new method of arranging the ceremony which will enable him, something after the ceremony adopted in the recent case of King Haakon, to be brought in and given the G. C. B. and taken out again with separate provisions without necessity for sitting at all. I have my doubts about the efficacy of this remedy, but I propose deferring any further action until the Viceroy and the Amir have met each other several times, as arranged for tomorrow.

It has poured most of the day. The electric light in the Amir's camp has, owing to the wet ground and wet tent roofs, failed altogether, and we have had to get hundreds of oil-lamps to light up his camp.

*Thursday, 10th.*—Thank goodness, the rain, which yesterday looked as if it had set in for a week, has stopped.

In the morning the Amir paid a State visit to His Excellency the Viceroy. As arranged yesterday, the Viceroy's body-guard came to escort him. The Amir having only 20 Saros to send for the Viceroy's escort this afternoon, only 20 of the body-guard came to fetch him this morning in place of the large cavalry escort originally arranged. The rest of the ordinary procedure always followed in State visits was carried out. A deputation of members of the Viceroy's staff and Foreign Office came to fetch the Amir, and the Amir, accompanied by them and all his own staff and all the British and native members of my staff, drove in procession to the Viceroy's camp.

The Amir was met at the door of the Durbar tent by His Excellency the Viceroy and conducted in procession to the throne-room, where the members of the Viceroy's staff and the Commander-in-Chief, Lieutenant-Governor of the United

Provinces, and all the other high officials present were introduced to the Amir. We then sat down—the Amir's staff on the right, the others on the left. The order of precedence of the Amir's combined staff, his own and those attached to him under myself, has given us many days of trouble. I only last night extracted from the Amir the order of precedence of his own staff.

The Amir and Viceroy conversed for some time, and then tea was handed round. The Viceroy rose and handed the Amir a cup of tea, whereupon the Amir rose and helped the Viceroy with milk. The Amir thanked the Viceroy for the excellent arrangements that had been made for his reception in India, and was pleased to express approval of what I had done for him up to this. The Amir and Viceroy exchanged expressions of friendship, and the Amir showed much cordiality and friendliness. His manner on these occasions is dignified, but natural and self-possessed. He expressed thanks for the compliment the Viceroy had paid him in sending his own body-guard. I know that the Amir much appreciates this honour. Early in the afternoon the Viceroy paid his return visit.

I spent some time with the Amir before the Viceroy's arrival. He personally supervised the placing of the chairs, arrangements of the rooms, the posting of the guard-of-honour, and lining of the main street of his camp by his own troops. At fifteen minutes before the time fixed for the Viceroy's arrival, he was still busy at this, and as he was dressed in an ordinary tweed suit, I had at last to speak seriously to him and confront him with my watch. He laughed and bet me he could dress in five minutes. I smiled incredulously, and he hustled off. Within five minutes he was back again in all the splendour of a General's uniform, covered with Orders, stars, and sashes. It was certainly a very quick piece of work.

On the Viceroy's arrival\* the Amir met him at the door of the tent, and the same procedure as followed this morning was again gone through, with this difference, *i. e.*, that the Amir introduced his combined staffs to the Viceroy. This he did very nicely, insisting on doing so in the case of not only all the British but native officers of my staff.

More expressions of friendship and tea followed. Both this morning and now wishes were expressed on both sides for many informal meetings with each other both at Agra and Calcutta. The Viceroy and his party took their leave.

At about 4-30 I conducted the Amir to the Viceroy's Garden Party. Here he made the acquaintance, for the first time, of Her Excellency Lady Minto, and was conducted by her round the gathering and remained with her most of the afternoon.

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\* The Viceroy was accompanied by Lord Kitchener, the Lieutenant-Governor, and all the high officials who were with him this morning.

The party was a very interesting event for several reasons. It was the first occasion on which the Amir has met any Indian Princes. Many were present, including the Maharajas of Mysore, Gwalior, Bikaner, and numerous lesser Princes. These were all dressed in their native gala dresses, which in some cases were of a distinctly grotesque character. The Amir expressed to me quietly his extreme astonishment at the get-up of some of them.

All the leading Princes present were introduced to the Amir, and it was very curious and instructive to notice the eagerness with which most of the Native Chiefs thronged round the Amir and sought for introductions. The somewhat servile manner, which some of them, notably the Nawab of Rampur, adopted in addressing the Amir was remarkable.

Many in India whose opinions carry weight, have been anxious about the attitude of these Chiefs, and the fear has been widely expressed that the attentions and honours paid the Amir will give grave offence to our loyal Indian Chiefs. I was even informed that the Nawab of Rampur demurred at coming to Agra to meet an Afghan barbarian.

Those who witnessed the grovelling behaviour of the said Nawab and the deference paid to the Amir by the others might put their fears to rest. Their attitude today may be taken as a very fair indication of the attitude of all but a few of the Ruling Princes of India.

The Amir shook hands and conversed pleasantly with all. He pleased the Maharaja of Gwalior by asking him whether he would shake hands with him, and expressing great pleasure at his doing so. He said he thought some Hindus might object.

I introduced him to the little Begum of Bhopal, who was there with her face as usual screened from view by many veils. She talks Persian very nicely, and they conversed for some time quoting to each other numerous passages of Persian poetry.

Another interesting little episode in the afternoon's events was the cordial manner in which the old Maharaja of Benares thanked the Amir for the kind way in which he treats Hindus living in Afghanistan.

The Amir made appropriate remarks to all Europeans and natives, and I gather that he created a most favourable impression on every one.

He seemed to enjoy himself so much that I had great difficulty in getting him away.

On return to his camp I tackled him again about the Chapter proceedings, and had a long interview lasting till about 9 p. m. I propounded all the old arguments, and we went through the whole question afresh. Again I quoted European analogies, and again the Amir said he would have none of them. I asked why, whereupon he said we in Europe do not understand the

position of Kings, as understood in Asia. For instance, our King was once travelling in Belgium, and a boy fired at him. The boy was not punished, because he was a boy of only 18 years of age. Would that be possible in Asia?

To make a long story short, I got him in the end to agree to a compromise for which I had previously obtained the Viceroy's sanction. He is to be taken into the Chapter Hall before the Viceroy enters and the Chapter opens. He is to sit on the dais, to one side in a lesser throne than the Viceroy, and I made him draw with his own hand the positions he would descend to and take up below the dais on the arrival of the Viceroy and again on the occasion of the Viceroy investing him with the G. C. B.

He has all along said that he would not be offended if he was left out of the Chapter proceedings altogether and didn't attend it or the Viceroy's "At Home" in the Fort after the Chapter. I know Afghan character well enough to know that, when the time came and he did not go, he would feel annoyed. His people would misrepresent matters, and a feeling of soreness and irritation would result which would mar the effect of his visit to India. I believe that pretentious and assuming as his attitude on this point is, we stand to gain more by acquiescing than by holding out.

I'm glad to say the electric light in the Amir's camp is working all right tonight.

*Friday, 11th.*—I went to see His Excellency the Viceroy and communicated the result of last night's discussion about the Chapter. The Viceroy consented to the compromise which had been arrived at.

The Amir paid a visit to the Taj Mahal this morning and was greatly impressed with it. He was not able, however, to inspect it as thoroughly as he wished, and tells me he will devote several hours to it on Sunday. He had to hurry back to his camp to start for Friday prayers at the big Jumma Musjid of Agra. I am told that the crowd collected in the vicinity of the mosque was enormous, and the Amir subsequently told me that unless he had sent his troops to line the approach to the mosque, he could not have got in. This I took to be a sort of apology for sending his troops there at all. I knew nothing of their going until too late to stop them, if I had wished to do so. In the afternoon I conducted the Amir to the garden party of Sir John Hewett, the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces. The proceedings included a Gymkhana, and among the events was a very beautiful musical ride by a troop of the 15th Hussars, which impressed the Amir very much. The Amir attached himself for most of the afternoon to Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Minto. The attitude of the Native Chiefs and the Amir's behaviour to them and to the Europeans present was much the same as at the Viceroy's garden party yesterday. Taking me aside and pointing to a venerable Native

Chief, who certainly was dressed more like a monkey on a barrel organ than a human being, he said—"If anyone in my country dressed like that, I'd either put him into a prison or a mad-house."

In the evening the Amir attended a State banquet given in his honour by His Excellency the Viceroy. He arrived nearly 20 minutes late, and it is the first occasion on which he has been late for a public appointment.

The reason, however, was a purely accidental one. We had been invited for 7-45, and I found the Amir quite ready and waiting to start in time to arrive at that hour. I suddenly received intimation that he was not expected till 8-15. I kept him in conversation for half an hour, and we were just about to start in good time, when some idiot on the Amir's staff handed him a Persian translation of the speech the Viceroy was going to make in proposing the Amir's health. I had already given him the purport thereof, but now on getting the full text he considered it his bounden duty to have it by heart, and I had great difficulty in starting him off. Hence the delay. It was unfortunate, and I believe his late arrival was adversely commented on, but, as far as he was concerned, it was quite unpremeditated and accidental.

The Amir and Viceroy conversed freely throughout dinner. After His Majesty the King's health had been drunk, the Viceroy arose and in a graceful speech bade the Amir welcome to India, expressed good wishes for his stay therein, and proposed His Majesty's health. The Amir then got up and replied in Persian. He said—"I am very glad that the first occasion on which I have left my house has been to come to my friend's house, and I am grateful that I have found a personal friend in Lord Minto, for myself and my country, and I am very highly pleased. It is great gratification, too, that I have been treated so well by His Excellency, my friend, and all the other kind friends I have met in this my journey. I will be grateful if you all, Nobles, Lords, Maharajas, and all here present will drink to the health of His Excellency the Viceroy, and I hope you will follow me in this toast"

After dinner, when we adjourned to the drawing-room, the Amir wandered round the room in a pleasant and informal manner, talking to everybody and saying many happy things. When I introduced him to Sir Francis Maclean, Chief Justice of Bengal, the latter asked His Majesty if he had Law Courts in Afghanistan? Yes, many, he said, and explained the classes into which they were grouped. Our law is not like your law, he said. You deal in law, I aim at justice and equity. On Sir Francis Maclean endeavouring to stand up for law, the Amir suddenly asked—"How do you deal with a mad dog?" "Kill him," said the Chief Justice. "Quite right," said the Amir warmly, shaking him by the hand, "so do I." He then turned his attentions to the Naval Commander-in-Chief in whom he seems greatly interested. He quoted some poetry showing that the sea was a place wise men should avoid.

During dinner, I should note, he had been greatly interested by seeing several Hindu Native Princes seated at the table and watching them eat and drink like everyone else. He was immensely delighted to find the Maharaja of Gwalior among them, and said to me—"This is splendid to find that the Prince I am going to be the guest of, can sit down and eat with me."

He thoroughly enjoyed his evening and I took him home in, for him, an enthusiastic state of good spirits.

Difficulties loom ahead for tomorrow and I have been drumming into the Amir the fact that he is to play second fiddle at the Review. The Viceroy is to take the salute, and he must not. He promises me he won't, but he says it's very hard not to, as in Afghanistan every officer returns a salute, and not merely the senior one.

*Saturday, 12th.*—Today is a day I have been looking forward to, with considerable misgiving, comprising, as it does, two State ceremonials, both the Review and the Chapter of Indian Orders. It opened auspiciously enough, for the sky was clear, the air was cool, and the recent rains have laid the dreadful dust, which under normal conditions makes Agra most unpleasant and which might have made a review both unpleasant and invisible.

I was to bring the Amir to the level-crossing, about 3 miles from camp, at 10 A. M., to meet the Viceroy and Lord Kitchener. Punctually at 10 we arrived, and mounting our horses, which had been sent on there, we rode to the Review ground, a mile or so further on. The Amir was dressed in a General's uniform and mounted on his own very smart grey charger, a Kataghani horse, which both looked well and behaved well throughout the day. The Viceroy rode on to the ground with the Amir on his right, and Lord Kitchener on his left. On arrival at the saluting base, the Viceroy took the salute of the troops, and the Amir did not raise his hand until just at the end of the salute when he too made a dab at his cap. The same thing I may remark happened at all subsequent salutes.

The Review was a very fine one, and the Amir watched the whole proceedings with the greatest interest. He showed little outward enthusiasm, but that is not an Afghan failing. I know, however, that he was greatly impressed, as indeed he could not help being, at the sight of some 30,000 magnificent troops parading before him.

At the conclusion of the Review, after His Excellency the Viceroy had addressed Lord Kitchener and General Sir Alfred Gaselee, expressing his appreciation of the appearance and work of the troops, the Amir made a short speech in the following words: "General Sir Alfred Gaselee, I have been greatly pleased and gratified by the performance today of the troops under your command. My pleasure is due to two causes, one from seeing such efficient troops, and the other from seeing that the troops of my friends are so perfectly equipped and so thoroughly efficient in every way."

We returned to camp in the afternoon, and I succeeded in getting the Amir to rest during the afternoon, to prepare for the Chapter tonight. This enabled me to attend a small rehearsal at the Fort of the ceremony of tonight. The dais question has been settled as follows:—The throne dais consists of three tiers. On the highest are to sit the Viceroy with His Majesty to one side on his right in a slightly smaller throne which lacks the big crown above the Viceroy's throne. On the next tier on the left of the Viceroy are to sit Her Excellency Lady Minto and two daughters, and on the third and lowest tier are to sit on the right of the Amir myself and the two chief Afghan Sardars.

Punctually at the time appointed I brought the Amir to the entrance of the Diwan-i-Am. There he was met by the Foreign Secretary and staff, and conducted in procession through the assembly to his throne on the dais. The scene was a truly beautiful one. The beauty of the pure white building and its many-pillared arches, the great variety of bright colours of the uniforms, and the gorgeous dresses of the Native Chiefs who filled the body of the hall made a lovely sight. Then the Indian Orders began to troop in in procession, and the Viceroy arrived amid a flourish of heralds' trumpets. I had an anxious moment in watching the Amir and being ready to move than prompt him to his place, but all this was anxiety misplaced. He stepped down to the spot, drawn by the Royal hand on my plan and then on and on he further advanced right down into the body of the hall, and saluting the Viceroy with a bow followed him at some distance in rear, back to and up the dais, bowing again as the Viceroy took his seat. Nothing could have been done in a nicer manner, and I knew all my difficulties for tonight were all over. Lord Kitchener and General Sir Charles Egerton as G. C. B.'s then came and conducted him down the dais once more to his place in front of the Viceroy, who rose and invested him in the usual manner with the insignia of the G. C. B. The Amir bowed and resumed his seat.

At the close of the Chapter, when the Indian Orders and Viceroy withdrew, the Amir was conducted by a small procession to a vestibule, where he awaited the return of the Viceroy and was led by him into the beautiful marble court-yard of the Anguri Bagh, where ceremonial formalities ended for the night. I should note that the Native Princes again thronged round the Amir, and among others the Maharaja of Mysore asked for an introduction. So much for any serious offence being given by the honours accorded to the Amir tonight. The scene in the many marble court-yards and halls, which surround the Diwan-i-Am and Diwan-i-Khas was fairy-like, and the night was one the Amir is likely to long remember. His feelings did not prevent him doing very good justice to the supper provided in the Diwan-i-Khas. The Viceroy then accompanied him to the Diwan-i-Am, and after the Viceroy had departed I took His Majesty home to camp. He was very enthusiastic on the drive home, and said he had never dreamt of such a splendid function in all his

wildest dreams. We congratulated each other on the big ceremonials now being all safely over. I could see plainly that more has been gained tonight than many can realize. The effect produced on the Amir's mind from the honour shown him is a wholesome one, and well worth securing by the small concessions we have given him. Even Afghan suspicions can't stand the strain of all this, and I already see we have a new man to deal with.

He told me earlier tonight he wanted no more formalities and was willing to become a private individual, if I could manage it. He wants to see the Agra Fort tomorrow, and on Lord Kitchener's saying he too had never seen the Fort, the Amir said, come along with me and we'll explore it together. Lord Kitchener is to come and fetch him in his motor tomorrow and take the Amir and me to the Fort.

After the Amir's making me promise at Landi Kotal never to make him go in a motor, it may seem strange that he is to ride in one tomorrow, but in this, as in other matters, his views are changing. He has been seeing a great many motors in Agra, and yesterday made one or two hints to me about trying one, but I said they were nasty smelly things and would make him sick. Besides, I said, he had made me promise not to make him go in one. Today he made me promise to let him try one, and hence Lord Kitchener's offer to motor him to the Fort.

If he does take to motoring, it will solve many difficulties about transports, escorts, and so on hereafter.

I took His Majesty back to his camp in teaming spirits, and feel years younger myself now than today and its troubles are so well over.

*Sunday, 13th.*—The Amir started off to see the Taj again this morning. I sent Major Duke and Captain Ramsay with him, as I was too busy to go. They started about 8, and were there over five hours, during the whole of which time His Majesty wandered over and round the building, examining it and taking photographs. He asks permission to present a marble balustrade round the entrance to the crypt below the Taj. It is a very suitable gift, as the entrance is at present rather a dangerous one. Lord Curzon, I believe, wished a balustrade erected there.

Lord Kitchener was to come and fetch the Amir at 1-30. His Majesty did not return till that hour, but after 15 minutes, for some food, he was ready to start again, and off we started, the Amir in Lord Kitchener's motor, which is driven by Captain Jenkin, R. A., and myself and others in a few other motors behind. I had a very competent authority in the Fort awaiting us, who conducted us round. The Amir showed intense interest in everything, and pottered about examining every little detail, and photographing anything that took his fancy with a large full plate stand camera, which the late Queen sent him. As the hours went on, the rest of us began to feel a trifle jaded, and at

last about 6 p. m. Lord Kitchener, who had led the conversation up to his recently broken leg, was graciously allowed to go, on that account. Still the Amir went on. He prayed in every Musjid and photographed every corner, till darkness set in, and his own gouty foot began to pain. The Chief had kindly sent back his motor with Captain Jenkin, and the Amir and I returned in it. He has quite got over any nervousness about motors, and even urged Jenkin to further efforts in the matter of speed. Leaning back in his seat with his feet up in front and a smile of absolute contentment on his face the Amir turned to me and said—"This is splendid, here we are, you and I alone together—no escort, nothing, no one knows where we are, who we are, where we are going, or what we are doing. This is splendid, you and I must do this everyday." Later on, he added—"But we must have this car and Captain Jenkin to drive it!" I am glad to say Lord Kitchener has very kindly placed both at the Amir's disposal during his stay in Agra. It is certainly a very nice car. At the Fort I showed the Amir a nice-looking new car, and said—"That is one the Government of India have bought to give to you; but as you said you disliked motors I didn't produce it before. It is yours and your coat-of-arms are on the panels." He seemed pleased, but he means to stick to the Chief's car and Jenkin as long as he can.

Tonight is the Commander-in-Chief's banquet to the Amir. I got him to the Chief's camp up to time. The camp was beautifully illuminated with lamps, and Lord Kitchener met His Majesty at the entrance of his reception tent, and introduced him to the large number of distinguished Generals and other high Military officers present. The uniforms and the blaze of numerous Orders and decorations worn by everyone made the scene a very pretty one. It was entirely\* a military gathering. The dining tent was most tastefully got up and the mass of gold and silver plate on the table looked very fine. The dinner was a most excellent one, and the Amir did more than good justice to it. I do not think I have ever seen anyone eat quite so much. His Majesty prides himself on being a soldier, and he views our Military officers with special favour. I have never yet seen him in such good form as tonight. He talked hard all through dinner, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy himself. After the King's health had been drunk, Lord Kitchener proposed the Amir's health in a graceful speech, saying that His Majesty was a soldier and the King of a nation of soldiers, and that we soldiers welcomed him among us as our comrade, and we would be proud, if necessity arose, to stand shoulder to shoulder with the Afghans.

To this the Amir replied that he in his capacity as ruler was half a civilian and half a soldier, but that his inclinations leaned towards the soldier half of himself. He too would be proud to stand shoulder to shoulder with

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\* Sir Louis Dane and Mr. Dobbs were the only two real civilians present, unless Captain Ramsay and myself are to be considered such.

our soldiers, and considered it a compliment to himself and his army that we should welcome him as a brother. Whatever might happen he would never desert us, unless we first deserted him, and, should necessity arise, he felt sure Afghans and British combined would repulse any foe. He thanked all British officers for receiving him with such courtesy, friendship, and honour, and he assured them that, until his dying day, he would treasure in his heart the reception he had received everywhere in India, and not least at this banquet.

A few minutes late in reference to some remark of Lord Kitchener, I think about cordite, the Amir burst out in a very remarkable manner. Addressing the whole table and speaking in a loud voice with great deliberation, he said—"I said in my speech, in reply to Your Excellency, that I also was proud to think that the Afghan army might stand shoulder to shoulder with the British army. What is the use of that if the shoulder of my army is made of paper ?

*Lord Kitchener.*—"Your Majesty's shoulder, *i.e.*, your army, is not made of paper, but doubtless much is required to make it perfect. They are probably deficient in military science and might be better drilled."

*The Amir.*—Still speaking in a loud deliberate voice so as to be heard throughout the room "I know well that my army requires much instruction, and that my officers are not well educated. I am thinking of a remedy. But, know you all, that, if I was to let even as few as five of your officers come into Afghanistan to instruct my soldiers, my people would say that I was nothing but a tyrant who had been false to my country, and had given it over to foreigners. They would say I had become a heretic. I should be separated from them. They would turn against me. What should I be able to do alone ? I tell you that, if you ever lay your hands on Afghanistan it will turn upon you and fight you as hard as any other enemy and would join any other against you.

"But I am anxious to have my army trained so that they may be of use to you, in such a way that my people shall not suspect me. Therefore I am prepared at any time to send my own son and the sons of all my Nobles up to the number of 200, if necessary, out of Afghanistan to get military instruction wherever your Government thinks that they can get the best. I do not care where they go. I do not say that they should necessarily go to India or to England for instruction. I say that you should choose honestly what you think the best school of military science, whether it is in Germany, Japan, or any other country, and I will on my part undertake to send my officers there for instruction.

"I have come to India on a private visit, and did not mean to speak such words, but my heart is full. I have felt forced to speak them.

"If I ever forsake my friends, before they first forsake me, I am no Muslim. But I must be strong to help them, and you must help me to be strong. Are you prepared to do this"?

*Lord Kitchener.*—We wish to see you strong. I have always been ready to help you with arms, but you must have trained men to use them. Arms, supplies, and have men untrained, are of little use.

*The Amir.*—Will you support my proposal?

*Lord Kitchener.*—I for my part will?

*The Amir.*—(Addressing Sir Louis Dane a few places off,) Do you accept what I have said, Foreign Secretary Sahib?

*Sir Louis Dane.*—Yes.

*The Amir.*—Then let us shake hands on it. His Majesty then shook hands with Sir Louis Dane and Lord Kitchener.

The above remarks need no comment on my part. They were said with very great deliberation and earnestness.

A move was made to the anti-room and there the Amir talked pleasantly to everyone. He asked for a photograph to be taken of all the party present tonight and given to him. Lord Kitchener promised this will be done.

The Amir stayed till midnight and enjoyed himself most thoroughly. He expressed himself very pleased on our way home to camp.

A. H. McMAHON.

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*Monday, 14th January 1907.*—We were to meet the Commander-in-Chief this morning at 10, three miles away at the level-crossing, and punctually to the minute we arrived there by motor to find Lord Kitchener and his staff waiting to receive the Amir. We mounted horses and rode to the Review ground, where Lord Kitchener had arranged a combined artillery and cavalry display. First one force advanced from the left—and one saw the scouts, searching for the enemy, whom they at last discovered on the right. The enemies' cavalry drove the scouts and their supports back, and then followed cavalry charges, horse and field artillery attacks and retirements and so on, ending with a grand charge of all the cavalry on both sides meeting each other in the plain before us. Many batteries and some eight regiments of cavalry were engaged and the scene was a very fine one. All the cavalry then marched past, and we rode on to inspect some of the camps of the troops now collected in Agra. We rode through long lines of camp, and Lord Kitchener pointed out everything he thought would interest the Amir. Each regiment was drawn up in front of its camp, and thus the Amir rode past miles of troops. The band of each regiment on his approach played the Afghan Anthem, and this much gratified the

Amir. We had had the air committed to writing in music at Peshawar, and the Commander-in-Chief had circulated it throughout the army in India.

Among other things the Amir was shown the military balloon, and he insisted on getting into it, and on being allowed to go up a little way. He begged hard to be allowed to go a long way up, but on this point Lord Kitchener was obdurate and down he had to come.

We then inspected massed batteries of artillery of all classes, horse, field, siege, and mountain. The Amir carefully examined each class of gun and went into minute details of fuses, &c., &c. Thence we rode back to the Review ground, and getting into our motors proceeded to another group of camps some miles away, where various squads of English infantry at physical drill, gymnastics, &c., &c., were shown at work. At one point we found all the Generals and other officers who had been present at Lord Kitchener's banquet assembled, and a photograph was taken of the group. The Amir insisted on three photographs being taken of this, for fear, as he said, that one or two might get spoilt or be failures. He asked for the signatures of all the officers to be put on the photo when ready. After this we returned home. The Amir thoroughly enjoyed the morning and thanked the Chief very cordially for having shown him so much.

It was nearly 3 by the time we got back, and as the Amir had promised to attend the final match of the Agra Polo Tournament, I had some difficulty in getting him started again in time. As it was, we only turned up for the last few minutes of the game.

On our return to camp we only had a short time to spare before starting off again to the Fort to see the great firework display arranged for this evening at 6. For this function the Amir insisted on wearing evening clothes, and as it turned out afterwards it was well he did so.

We found Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Minto and a large party assembled in the Fort, and we watched the fireworks from the side of the Fort facing the Taj. It was a pretty scene.

From there we drove to the camp of the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, who was giving a State banquet in honour of the Amir. He had kindly placed tents at our disposal for the Amir and all of us to change into full dress, and thus save the long drive to and back from our camp. The clothes and servants of all our party, British officers and Sardars (the Amir always takes 14 of his leading Sardars to these big dinners), had arrived, but no trace could be found of those of the Amir himself. It was evident his people had made some mistake and hadn't come. It was no use making a fuss, so I took the Amir and his Sardars just as they were in ordinary black evening dress to the reception tent, where the other guests had already arrived, and handing them over to their host, we went off ourselves to dress. When I returned everyone

was already seated at dinner, and I found the Amir zealously guarding my chair on to which he had placed the dinner card bearing my name. The slight *contretemps* of clothes only had the effect of enlivening the evening, and the Amir thoroughly enjoyed himself. Sir John Hewett introduced him for the first time to Perrier water, which he took a fancy to, whereupon Sir John kindly said he would send him half a dozen bottles.

After the King's health the Lieutenant-Governor proposed the Amir's health in a small speech in which he expressed the hope that the Amir had enjoyed his stay in Agra, and would have a pleasant tour in India. The Amir replied, saying he would never forget his happy time in Agra, and was very grateful for all his friends had done for him there.

After dinner the Amir wandered round as usual, talking pleasantly to everyone. Someone or other pointing to the piano asked him if he had ever seen one before. The Amir smiled, and sitting down at it played us an Afghan air in quite good style. The idea that the Amir is an uncouth Afghan barbarian is beginning to die out.

During the course of the evening Sir John Hewett, pointing to a pencil note made on his shirt cuff, incautiously remarked—"You see Your Majesty how I have noted your Perrier water." "Oh yes," said he, "but please write  $1\frac{1}{2}$  dozen!"

We left, for us, comparatively early, and drove back to camp. The long route from the Fort to the Lieutenant-Governor's camp and from there to our own was beautifully illuminated with countless little coloured lights.

*Tuesday, 15th.*—His Excellency the Viceroy is to leave Agra today, and the Amir yesterday expressed to me a wish to go and pay Lord and Lady Minto a private informal visit this morning. He told Lady Minto yesterday with an air of great mystery that he was going to bring all Kabul with him today to show her.

Accordingly at 9-30 I motored His Majesty and one Sardar to the Viceroy's Camp, where he was met by Lord Minto and ushered into the drawing-room. He chatted away for some time, and then produced two little parcels which he carefully unpacked. One contained a small stereoscope and a bundle of stereoscopic photographs of his palaces and buildings and other things of interest in Kabul. These, he said, he had taken, developed, and printed with his own hand for Lady Minto. He was very proud of them, and indeed they were quite good. The other parcel contained a little gold and jewelled pair of opera-glasses which, he said, he gave Lady Minto in return for the compliment Her Excellency had paid him in using his field-glasses at the Review the other day. After a few pleasant remarks he withdrew, expressing great pleasure at the thought of meeting Their Excellencies soon again at Calcutta.

On his way home he said he had chosen these photographs as the most suitable of all presents, being the work of his own hand. Other big presents he meant to give to Lord Minto at Calcutta, but these were little private personal mementos for Lady Minto herself.

After a few minutes for breakfast we started off in four motors with the Amir, a few Sardars and British officers and Mr. Oertel as guide to visit Secundera and Fatehpore Sikri. We went to Secundera first, where we visited the magnificent tomb of the Emperor Akbar. The Amir wandered all over that huge building, and expressed great admiration at it. I showed him in the same way, as I had done at Agra, all the many ways in which Lord Curzon had repaired and done up old ruins and monuments. I think few things have impressed the Amir in India more than our care for the relics of the past. He often expresses admiration at it. He professes great zeal in the same direction himself, and tells me he has done much in a small way to put right the disgraceful state of neglect in which he found the old Moghul tombs and other monuments in Afghanistan.

From Secundera we motored some 24 miles along a beautiful shady road to Fatehpore Sikri, that magnificent city of palaces which Akbar built and then abandoned owing to water difficulties. Here we wandered round carefully examining everything, the Amir taking numerous photographs. He visited and prayed in the shrine erected over the tomb of the Chisti saint whom Akbar visited to obtain prayers for a son, and who, when those prayers were answered by the birth of Jehangir, ordered Akbar to build this city of Fatehpore Sikri.

I took care to point out, as I had also done in the Agra Fort, the Hindu temple of Akbar's Hindu wife and other traces of Hinduism among the buildings Akbar erected. Also the house of the so-called Christian wife of Akbar. I laid stress on the tolerance and wisdom the old Moghuls showed in their dealings with other religions. The Amir on such occasions always says how little bigotted and how tolerant he is himself.

Here again the Amir expressed admiration of the way our Government keeps up and preserves old ruins.

His great regret was, he said, that he could not spend a whole week here and examine these old buildings to his heart's content, and have time to sit alone among them and re-people and re-clothe them in his imagination with the inhabitants and the surroundings of their past grandeur.

Time pressed, and I at last with difficulty started His Majesty homewards. We had to go fast, and did some long spells at about 40 miles an hour, for the Amir had asked Lord Kitchener to a quiet tea party with him this evening. Pace is nothing now to the Amir, who has developed into a motor maniac of the most advanced type.

His Majesty was very pleased with the way the road to Fatehpore Sikri had been watered. Sir John Hewett had told him yesterday that he would order this.

Lord Kitchener and a few of his staff arrived soon after our return and were received by the Amir and about four Sardars only in a very prettily arranged *shamiana* outside his big tents. Here tables were spread with all sorts of fruits from Afghanistan—apples, pears, grapes, pomegranates of all kinds. Some of them looked extraordinarily fine specimens. After some conversation tea was handed round, and then squads of Afghan troops were marched into a little place prepared for them in front of us, and we were given a display of manual and physical drill, dumb bell, and Indian club exercises and gymnastics. Some of them were quite good, and we applauded. Lord Kitchener expressed, I thought, rather less than the appreciation required of him, and he more than once remarked something to the following effect:—Oh, if I had known your men did these sort of things, I would have shown you our men doing them!! The Amir, in reply to one of these remarks, said quietly—“Yes, but you must remember your army is hundreds of years old. Mine, in matters of this kind, is only eight months old. I only began these exercises three months ago, and have now thoroughly taught my body-guard, who number 2,100 men. They all can do as well as these. I didn’t bring any picked squads as I never thought\* of showing their exercises. My men were too shy to commence gymnastics and be laughed at by their comrades until I myself had to try scrambling over that bar before them and showed them that I did not mind being laughed at myself.”

It was a pleasant little gathering, and we all enjoyed it. We left at prayer time.

Tonight is the first for a long time without some public function, and we all welcomed a rest.

The Afghan party is to split up tomorrow. Some go back to Afghanistan, some go to Delhi to wait, and a comparatively small party is to go round with us to Cawnpore, Aligarh, and Gwalior. We have been trying hard to get the Amir to make up his mind and let us know exactly how this division is to be made. All our transport and other arrangements depend on knowing this. We have only now at last got a rough idea of the distribution of the party.

*Wednesday, 16th.*—The Agra week is over. It has been a grand success in every way. It could not have been better.

Punctually at 8 A. M. I got the Amir to the railway station, where he was met by all the principal civil and military officials as on his arrival. The

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\* I believe this, as we had ourselves today to provide the necessary articles and clothing for these squads.

Amir now treats them as old friends, and there were many hearty handshakes and farewells on the platform. The Amir shook hands with and thanked Captain Bramley, the Police Officer in charge of all the Agra Police arrangements during his visit, and the officers of the 18th Bengal Lancers, who had formed his escort in Agra, personally for all they had done for him. The train started and the State functions at Agra are over.

The Amir tells me he wants henceforth to travel informally. He threatens to send his full dress uniform back to Kabul. I won't let him, as I say he must don it at Gwalior and Bombay, if nowhere else. He wants no more guards-of-honour or escorts, only motors and informalities. I profess not to agree to this. If I did, he might crave for full dress and State processions again. Besides, uniform and inspecting guards-of-honour have proved excellent methods of instilling discipline.

Just as we were starting from Agra a message arrived from Lord Kitchener offering to let the Amir have his motor and Captain Jenkin for the rest of the Indian tour. Needless to say, we closed with the offer at once, and the Amir begs both may follow by the next train.

This morning a sad accident occurred to one of our party. The servant and relation of one of our Attachés in the dark of the morning fell over the edge of the ditch of the Agra Fort just outside the railway station and was smashed to pieces. An Afghan soldier looking over the edge after day-light happened to see the body and gave notice of it.

Today's was not a long railway journey. At 10-30 A. M. we drew up at the Aligarh station. We were met by the Civil and Military officials of the place and by the Trustees of the Aligarh College. We drove along a gaily decorated route to the Aligarh College, where the Principal, Professors, and Trustees of the College received us. The Amir was introduced to each by Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, and as each of the Trustees (influential Mohammedan gentlemen professing literary attainments and coming from all parts of India including Madras) considered it his duty to fire off separate expressions of welcome couched in poetic language, the process of introduction was somewhat lengthy. The Amir to show he was not deficient in the classics, also delivered himself of copious quotations from the poets, and certainly more than held his own. On being introduced to a Shiah gentleman he took the opportunity of expounding his own views on the beauty of tolerance of different sects and religions. He rather perplexed the same gentleman by asking whom he hated most—a Sunni or a Hindu. The Amir hastened to add that for his part he himself was tolerance personified. I think this literary gathering, who thought they would impress an Afghan barbarian by a display of literary fireworks, found the Amir more than their match and were rather relieved when this part of the proceedings terminated.

The Amir then addressed them in somewhat the following style. He had heard, he said, much evil of this Aligarh College. Some of his people had urged him not to visit it. He had come to see things for himself. The gulf between truth and untruth was often no wider than the distance between the eye and the ear. He was going to test things for himself. Until he saw things himself he could form no idea. His opinion after seeing might be favourable or unfavourable, possibly very unfavourable. Did the Trustees desire his opinion? Would they risk its being unfavourable? Let them decide. If they did not want his opinion, he would wander round and see everything like an ordinary visitor and keep his opinion to himself. On the other hand, if they desired his opinion, he would examine everything carefully and expound his views verbally and in writing, the verdict in their favour or not. Would they risk this?

Faces grew long, but the Trustees said they wanted his unbiassed opinion. What, he said, if it was a really unfavourable opinion of the College? Anything unfavourable, replied the now anxious Trustees, would be treasured as guidance for the future. "All right," replied His Majesty, "I'll give you my unbiassed verdict, be it good or bad, *but* I must see everything first."

We were now conducted through a beautifully decorated quadrangle past rows of well-dressed students to some sumptuously furnished apartments, prepared for the Amir's accommodation. These rooms the Principal, Mr. Archbold, told me were class-rooms vacated for this purpose. The British officers were led to a dining-room where breakfast was served.

It had been hoped that the Amir would breakfast with the odd 50 or more Trustees at a sumptuous breakfast prepared in a big hall. This the Amir has, for some days past, flatly declined to do, and a separate breakfast for himself and Sardars has had to be arranged much to the disappointment of the Trustees. I knew it was no good pressing the Amir too hard on this point. I hope to set matters right later.

I took Mr. Archbold aside and told him that from what I know of the Amir he will turn the College upside down today and won't take bunting as a proof of sound education. As will be seen later, he hardly seemed to grasp this fact even then.

After breakfast the Amir started off to inspect the College buildings. He was taken round the students' living rooms, and then driven to the English House, where 50 of the better class live after the manner of an English public school under the care of a House master and an English lady matron. He carefully inspected everything, bed-rooms, bath-rooms, kitchens, and everything. This done, he again harangued the unfortunate Trustees, saying that what he had seen was good, very good. He had no fault to find with anything and would write a certificate to that effect. The housing, feeding,

care, and discipline were good, but where was the education. As a Mohammedan he would rather be brought up with correct religious education and live in a pig-sty than live in a palace with neglected religious training. What about their religious and other instruction. Let him see it all, or not one word would he write about the College.

Mr. Archbold explained to me that today, in honour of the Amir's visit, was a holiday; the students were scattered everywhere; the class-rooms were turned into our dining-rooms, and so on. I told him I had warned him before, and he must now hustle up at once and collect all the boys he could lay hands on, and let the Amir see their class work without further delay, or his worst suspicions would be confirmed. It didn't matter what room he selected for the purpose.

To give him time, I suggested to the Amir that it was prayer time and he might like to withdraw to the school mosque, which he did.

After prayers we took him to the school library hall and a class of sorts was ushered in for instruction in Political Economy. A long lecture in English was given by the English Professor of that subject, while the Amir listened with the aid of a translator and scratched his head and fanned his head and went through other motions, which, as I have long since learnt, indicate perplexity on his part. Political Economy is not a strong point in Afghan education, and the Amir for the first time today took a back seat in the proceedings.

The next class was one for instruction in English by what is called the direct method. The English Professor who conducted the class did so with great ability and much humour. The Amir followed this with great interest, and expressed pleasure.

Next came a theological class, and now the Amir had the opportunity he had been awaiting. Putting the aged Maulvi, who conducted the class, an old man with a villainous face, aside, he proceeded to take the class himself. The first question he asked seemed to create some confusion in the unfortunate pupil addressed, and it appeared that the youth was a Shiah, for whom the question was not appropriate. Further, the fact was elicited that this particular class were all Shiah! Why they had been produced, Heaven knows, and I began to think the Aligarh College had done for themselves.

A Sunni class was hurriedly produced conducted by a Mulla, of appearance even worse than the Shiah Maulvi (I think the College very unfortunate in their selection of religious teachers). Thank goodness, this was a large class which filled the room, and the Amir proceeded once more to warm up to work. For over an hour he examined these unfortunate youths on the various intricacies of daily, and seasonal, and special religious ritual, obligations of fasting, exemptions and dispensations therefrom, and so on. His last question

which necessitated the intoning of a morning prayer, luckily fell on a youth who came forward and intoned a long prayer in really a most beautiful manner which pleased the Amir so much that he burst into raptures over the performances of the whole class, extolled the shrewdness of his own questions, and praised the ability of the answerers.

This psychological moment was wisely taken advantage of to hurry the Amir into the adjoining Strachey Hall, where a very large audience had long been waiting to witness the delivery of an address to His Majesty. The address, a very long one, was started, and showed signs of going on till doomsday, when the Amir said he had heard enough, and rose to address the assembly. He spoke well and forcibly, and his remarks are of such interest that I attach a translation of his speech in full. It will be seen that he was pleased to find favour with the College, indignantly refute evil reports of it, and exhort the students to seek Western education. His speech was received with great acclamation, and I need hardly say that his liberal donation to the College was loudly applauded. I doubt if even the Aligarh Trustees quite realize the future good the Amir has done their institution today.

I had hinted to him that he really ought to do something to make up for the disappointment he had given the Trustees over breakfast this morning, and I was glad to hear him announce from the platform at the end of his speech that he hoped to see some twenty-five to thirty of them at dinner with him tonight.

Later on he gave the Trustees a written certificate of his approval of the College. I also attach a copy of that somewhat remarkable document.

After dinner he retired early to his train to turn in for the night much pleased with himself and his day's performances.

Translation of His Majesty the Amir's reply to the address presented to him at Aligarh by the Trustees of the Aligarh College on the 16th January 1907.

Many people used to say different things about this College. I came here to find out facts for myself. I am thankful to the Government of India for allowing me to visit this College, in which most of the students are Mohammedans, and the Mohammedans to come and see me.

I now come to the point. I have come here today and very carefully examined the students of this College in the principles of Islam as known to me. I am thankful, and very thankful, that the students of this College are thoroughly acquainted with the fundamental articles of their faith. I am the person who will shut up the mouths and tongues of those who speak ill of the College.

I will never say that no one should learn European Sciences; on the contrary, I will say learn them, learn them, but after completely learning the principles of Islam. I have myself founded the Habibia College in Afghanistan in which I have ordered European Sciences to be taught to students after they have learnt the Commandments of their faith. The students that I have seen here are all well-versed in the principles of Islam.

I regret that I am unable to give pecuniary assistance very generously for the reason that I am spending large sums of money on education in my own country. Notwithstanding that, I will give (to the Aligarh College) rupees five hundred a month for ever. My advice to the Mohammedans is that they should all acquire religious education up to the standard I have examined them today, and then they can devote their attention to anything they like.

In addition to the said monthly sum, I give a lump sum of rupees twenty thousand.

I now say good-bye to all the gentlemen who are present here. I will dine tonight with the Trustees of this College numbering about twenty or twenty-five persons.

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Translation of an autograph certificate granted by His Majesty the Amir of Afghanistan to the Trustees of the Aligarh College at Aligarh on the 16th January 1907.

On Wednesday, the 1st Zilhijja 1324, corresponding to the 16th January 1907, I came to inspect the Aligarh College. I had heard some people say that the students of the said College are not properly acquainted with the fundamental articles of the faith of Islam. I have, however, examined personally, with my own tongue and in my own presence, the students of the said College in some important fundamental articles of Islam and questions connected with prayers and fasting, and they have answered all my questions in conformity with the fundamental articles of the faith of the people of Islam. I have also inspected the buildings of the said College and seen the way of living of the students which I find quite suitable and good. After Mohammedan students have become acquainted with the fundamental articles of Islam and its important questions and obligations, there is no harm whatever in their beginning to receive the instruction current in Europe.

(Sd.) SIRAJ-UL-MILL-AT-I-WADDIN.

*Thursday, 17th.*—We arrived at Cawnpore at 9 A. M. and were met by the principal Civil and Military officers and leading commercial representatives

of the place. The Cawnpore Light Horse had insisted on providing an escort for the Amir, and they escorted us to the Woollen Mills. After about 1½ hours' minute inspection of that big factory, we motored to the Muir Mills, where the Amir stayed some 2 hours, examining all the processes of cotton manufacture.

From there we proceeded to a very handsome camp prepared for us, where we left the Amir to rest and breakfast, while we, British officers, breakfasted with the Cawnpore Chamber of Commerce.

At 1 o'clock we were off again and spent a long afternoon inspecting the leather-tanning and boot and harness manufactory of Cooper, Allen & Co., and afterwards that of the Government Harness and Saddlery Factory.

How many more factories we might not have visited I can't say, but the Amir went on till he was too dead tired to move another step.

The Amir is very much at home in factories and workshops, and he surprised all the gentlemen who conducted him about by the shrewdness of his questions and his grasp of machinery in general. He was immensely interested and impressed by all he saw and told me he had no idea there were any such big factories in India. I told him there were some 25 to 30 such in Cawnpore alone.

He made large purchases of boots, several thousands of pairs for military use, and bought much in the way of portmanteaux, &c., &c.

In the evening he inspected a small exhibition of Cawnpore products which the Chamber of Commerce had arranged in tents in our camp.

It had been arranged for him to proceed to the railway station at about 10 P. M., but about 7-30 he suddenly asked me to take him there forthwith as he wanted to dine in his carriage and turn in early for a long night's rest. I said nothing was ready, I didn't know where our train was, at the big station or in some distant siding, and so on. "Never mind," he said "you and I will enjoy a quiet drive all the more if we don't find anything when we expect to." So off we started together, and what with a coachman who didn't know the road, and the looking for our train in a place two miles from where we eventually found it, we certainly had a fairly long drive of it.

The Amir was delighted. He loves informality, and the idea that we were able to go about on the quiet and see people busy arranging illuminations and things for his supposed arrival two hours later tickled him immensely. Eventually I deposited him safely in a state of much satisfaction in his railway carriage, and dismally drove off myself at 8-30 to look for a dinner to which we British officers had all been invited by the President of the Chamber of Commerce at 7-30, at a place half an hour's drive away. Returning later to the station we found the route to the railway station and station buildings very prettily illuminated. The houses and shops along the

route were very tastefully illuminated, and Cawnpore seems unsolicited to have done a very great deal in honour of the Amir. Accounts of His Majesty's proceedings and behaviour are preceding him from place to place, and, from all I can see and hear, the Amir is becoming a very popular personage. Certainly people, British and Native, give him a very remarkably warm welcome wherever he goes.

*Friday, 18th.*—A reception deputation of Gwalior State Sardars and officials boarded our train about 7 A. M., at a way-side station called Antri, and about 8, punctually to the time fixed, we reached Gwalior station, where we were met by His Highness the Maharaja and a large number of his chief Sardars and officials. The reception was a full dress one, and the Afghans and ourselves were in full dress uniform.

I must take this opportunity of noting that I have had rather a difficult time for some days with the Amir over this visit to Gwalior, and the programme of events which the Maharaja had kindly arranged for the Amir's honour and delectation. These among other things include an afternoon of military sports, a big Review, and a large dinner party. The Amir, who of course has no idea of what an important Native State such as Gwalior is like, and is absolutely ignorant of the splendid way in which things are done there, has been somewhat suspicious of what was before him. He has been trying to disarrange all the programme of events and to omit every fixture except shooting. I imagine that he thinks everything will be done on a small and indifferent scale.

I have managed by degrees without leading the Amir to expect anything grand to rescue the programme from the chaos into which His Majesty has been trying to convert it, and all the proposed fixtures are now to stand good, except one, and on that the Amir has been so far obdurate. He will have no Review. The military sports must suffice. Knowing the importance which the Maharaja attaches to a display of his troops, I have tried hard to make the Amir agree to go to it. But up to now he has flatly declined.

I got a despairing telegram from Mr. Cobb, the Resident at Gwalior, only yesterday, saying how much to heart Scindia takes this refusal. I need hardly say that this is not a very satisfactory state of mind for the Amir to arrive at Gwalior in, or for the Maharaja to receive him in. However, I have trusted much to the effect which the first impressions of Gwalior will produce on the Amir, and felt hopeful that this point like many others can be put right when the time comes. Mr. Cobb, who met us at the station, again laid stress on the Maharaja's disappointment and soreness on this point, and I told him I hoped it would all come right.

The Amir, accompanied by the Maharaja, drove off in a magnificent State carriage followed by the rest of us in a long procession of other State carriages,

escorted by Gwalior Lancers along a route lined throughout by Gwalior troops. Entering the lovely and extensive grounds surrounding the Maharaja's palace, we drove through lines of picturesque retainers, and finally approached the palace itself. This lovely pure white edifice glistening in the morning sun gave an idea of beauty combined with vastness and magnificence which few residences in the world can rival, still less surpass. We drove through one archway after another, and then through the centre court-yard, with its pretty gardens and fountains, into the main entrance gate. Leading us up a flight of lovely marble stairs through the Grand Durbar Hall the Maharaja conducted the Amir to the princely suite of rooms prepared for his accommodation. Nothing that money can buy, or good taste select, has been omitted from this lovely palace. Looking out from the marble corridors we passed on our way to his suite, the Amir saw the beautiful gardens stretching far away below him, everything to him must have appeared a scene out of fairy land. I could see how immensely he was impressed, and little wonder at it. Seeing his mood I laid my hand on his shoulder and said—"Surely you aren't going to disappoint our kind host by not seeing his troops tomorrow." "Certainly not" said the Amir, and so the matter ended.

The Maharaja breakfasted with the Amir and has quite taken him under his personal charge. I feel more free than I have been for a long time.

I have been given a beautiful suite of rooms in the palace, and so has Dobbs. A large camp is pitched outside the palace for the Afghan following. Another camp for the British and Native Attaché staff. There is a large visitors' camp also, in which and the Guest-House are some 50 English guests of the Maharaja, among them the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Colonel and Mrs. Drummond, and others.

The Amir was driven to the mosque for Friday prayers. He said it was one of the best mosques he had seen in India. I pointed out that it was maintained by a Hindu Prince.

At 4 o'clock I fetched the Amir and motored him to the military sports, which were held some way off on the Review ground. We were met by the Maharaja on arrival and taken up to a large and high Grand Stand. In other stands alongside were the other visitors. The Amir noticing the absence of ladies on our stand, said to me "either the ladies must be asked up here or I must go down to them!" I assured him they were only having tea, and would shortly come up, which to his satisfaction they did.

The sports were excellent and comprised some fine cavalry, artillery and other displays. A good musical ride executed by squads of cavalry dressed in all the various Gwalior uniforms in use from the earliest times up to now. Men in the chain armour of long ago mingled with the up-to-date Lancers of today. The proceedings finished by a very effective torch light tattoo, after

which we all motored home with the search-lights from the great Gwalior Fort playing on us along the route. The Amir was distinctly impressed, and praised the roads, the buildings, and everything he had seen in Gwalior.

I must not omit mention of his bath-room. It's the first up-to-date one he has seen with shower bath, douche, and all the rest of it. He spent most of the morning bathing in it, and says it's the finest thing he has ever seen.

In the evening the Maharaja dined with the Amir. Poor Maharaja, the Amir's hours strike him as erratic. The Amir never remembered dinner till after 10 P. M. !

We, his British guests, had a princely dinner in the Guest-House.

A. H. McMAHON.

*Saturday, 19th January 1907, Gwalior.*—To enable the Amir to get some shooting today the Review was arranged for the early morning.

The Maharaja drove the Amir and myself in his motor along roads lined with Gwalior Irregular Troops and retainers in quaint costumes to a spot near the Review ground, where we mounted horses and rode on to the ground. The troops drawn up in line gave a salute, while massed bands played the Afghan anthem. A delicate question had arisen about this salute, as the Maharaja did not want the ordinary word of command "Royal Salute" to be given to his troops, as he considered this an honour only applicable, as far as his State is concerned, to our own Royalty. It was suggested that to obviate this difficulty, and at the same time to convey a compliment to the Amir, the Afghan word of command should be given. The words of command *Tandai* — *Pak* (present arms) were accordingly telegraphed here by me and given both on arrival yesterday and at the Review today, and caused general satisfaction to all parties concerned.

The Amir took the salute as arranged, and the troops then marched past. Two batteries of horse artillery, one of heavy artillery, three regiments of Imperial Service Lancers, a company of Sappers and Miners, and four regiments of Imperial Service Infantry comprised the force present today. They marched past in splendid style and looked a very fine body of men. The gallop past of the artillery and cavalry, and a charge of the cavalry in two bodies against each other across the ground were excellently executed, and an advance in line with a final salute of the whole force completed the ceremony. The Maharaja called for and lead three cheers for the Amir and thus finished a very pretty and impressive spectacle. The Amir complimented the Maharaja on the appearance and efficiency of his troops and said he could see what trouble the Maharaja as their Commander-in-Chief had devoted to them.

Addressing the Gwalior General, who had today commanded the troops, and his staff, he expressed great pleasure at what he had seen.

We motored back to the palace, and received welcome tidings that a kill had been reported in one of the State jungles, and we might expect to see a tiger.

A small party, consisting of the Amir and three Sardars, Mr. Dobbs, Captain Ramsay, Major Bird, and myself, formed the shooting party. The Amir and his Sardars were equipped in very serviceable shooting costume, the Amir carrying his own rifle and cartridges. These he had loaded himself.

We motored to the jungle, which was less than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the palace. There we found the Maharaja awaiting us at a pretty little shooting lodge, with a few more gentlemen, and we mounted horses to ride to our appointed positions. The Amir, one Afghan Sardar, and myself were taken to a little masonry tower by the Maharaja. It was a tight fit at the top of the tower for us and the Duke of Manchester, who accompanied our party, to take photographs.

The beat began and for some time it looked like being a blank, but at last a tiger appeared. It offered the Amir a rather long and difficult shot which was very well taken advantage of, and the tiger rolled over, but immediately after sprang up and was making off very rapidly when the Amir fired again. The Maharaja and I thought he had missed, and so both fired, and both of us hit the beast as it disappeared into the jungle. Immediately after another tiger appeared, and the Amir might have had a difficult shot at it, but refrained saying he was afraid to hit some beaters who appeared on some rising ground above it. It disappeared into the jungle, and would doubtless have escaped, but Major Brooke of our party, who was with the beaters, bowled it over with a running shot. This we did not know of at the time, and some considerable time elapsed before we ascertained that both tigers were dead. The Amir had behaved as though tiger shooting was an every-day event of his life, but he was supremely delighted at getting his tiger, and was allowed to remain in the belief that both his shots had hit it. We went down and an hour or so was taken up in posing the dead tigers and ourselves and in the taking of numerous photographs of the party. The jungle is alongside the main railway line, and the weekly English mail from Bombay passed by, not more than 100 yards from where the tigers lay dead!

We rode back to the shooting lodge, and refreshments were served in the garden under the trees. The Amir thoroughly enjoyed himself, and we spent a very pleasant afternoon.

The Maharaja motored the Amir and myself back in the evening and showed us his museum and green houses and his 10 African lions, and motored us round his huge gardens till dark, much to the Amir's enjoyment.

Early in the day I got a private note from the Amir asking my advice confidentially as to whether there was any objection to his bestowing on the Maharaja the Order of the Sun. This is a very handsome diamond star which the Amir wears, and as far as I know, no one but himself and one or two members of his family possess it. The note went on to say that if the permission of Government had to be obtained, could I obtain it either from the Government of India or His Majesty the King. I replied that I would reply later on in the day. The first essential appeared to be to find out if the Maharaja would accept it, and I sounded him quietly today on the subject. I gathered indirectly that he was not keen about it. He said all he had done for the Amir was from his wish to please Government, and he did not value any reward or Order coming from anyone else. I expected this, and so I quietly conveyed to the Amir my reply to his query. I said that the better class of Indian Princes were so sensitive about hospitality that to them even the gift of an Order like the Sun might be resented as an overt attempt to pay for their hospitality.

Tonight is the State banquet, and we sat down some 90 at table. The dinner, like anything else in Gwalior, was beautifully done. A little electric railway train which runs round the table after dinner rather interested the Amir. As a rule this carries liquors and so on, but out of deference to Moham-medan feelings it carried tonight only *sharbats*, cigarettes, and cigars.

After the King's health the Maharaja proposed the Amir's health in a nice speech, in which he expressed his pride at being the only Indian Prince who had had the honour of entertaining the Amir. He welcomed him to Gwalior and wished him a happy time throughout his tour in India.

The Amir replied saying he was very grateful to Government for allowing him to come to Gwalior and make the Maharaja's acquaintance in his own State. He would never forget all the kindness shown to him in Gwalior, and thanked the Maharaja for his kind hospitality.

After dinner we adjourned to the big Durbar Hall upstairs, where the ladies joined us, much to the Amir's delight. He spent the rest of the evening talking to them. He paid special attention to the Duchess of Manchester and Mrs. Drummond, whom he had met at Agra and now looks upon as old friends. I had great difficulty in getting him to take his departure, although it was well past 12 o'clock. I was cheered today by hearing someone say that the Amir is quite a *succes feu*.

*Sunday, 20th.*—The Maharaja motored the Amir up to the old Gwalior Fort this morning at an early hour, and the Amir wandered round it till rather later than I had intended with the result that he did not get back till nearly 11.

We were to have had another tiger-shoot, and news came in of a good tiger having killed last night in a jungle about 18 miles away. To get there meant 9 miles by motor and 9 miles on horseback. Everything was arranged for a start, when at the last moment the Amir said he would rather not go. He is afraid of the sun, and feared that 18 miles riding in a hot sun would knock him up. He said he had had such a heavenly day yesterday that he was unwilling to spoil the recollection of it by a less pleasant one today. He had already got a tiger and would rather forego the chance of another today. The Maharaja was, I fear, rather disappointed, but there was nothing to be said, and, after all, the Amir's reasons were very sound ones. The shoot was therefore cancelled, and the Amir spent the afternoon in wandering over the palace with the Maharaja, who very kindly both breakfasted and dined with him. The Amir's hours for meals are so very erratic that I pitied the poor Maharaja.

Personally I benefited enormously by having the Amir taken off my hands so long, as I was enabled to devote the whole day to disposing of some of my arrears of work now assuming large proportions. Apart from this the day was a disappointing one to me, as I had hoped to get the Amir today round the Maharaja's hospitals and schools and all the other model institutions of his capital. This, alas, could not be managed, as the Amir could not be got to leave the palace.

In the evening two large trays of Kabul fruit arrived from the Amir with two autograph letters which with the fruit I was requested to convey to the Duchess of Manchester and Mrs. Drummond in return for their kind enquiries about Kabul fruit last night at the Maharaja's reception.

We left Gwalior about 10. The Maharaja and all his staff saw us off. The farewells at the station were quite affectionate between the Amir and the Maharaja, and we all departed with the pleasantest recollections of a very happy visit to Gwalior.

The Maharaja left nothing undone to please and honour his guests, and I hope Government will some day acknowledge the perfect manner in which Scindia has played host to a guest who could not have been at first, at any rate, a *persona grata* to himself.

The visit to Gwalior has been a splendid success in every way, and I feel sure the recollection of it will have a good and lasting effect on the Amir.

I take this opportunity to note the extraordinary number of communications which have been reaching me lately from Hindu communities, associations, and societies from various parts of India—Bengal, Benares, Delhi, &c., &c. These all beg to convey the thanks of those bodies to the Amir for his thoughtfulness in not allowing his followers to slaughter kine at Delhi on the coming *Id*.

*Monday, 21st.*—We arrived at Delhi at 9 A. M., and were met by Mr. Merk, the Commissioner, and all the Civil and Military officers of Delhi. It was originally settled that Mr. Merk, the Commissioner, should accompany the Amir in his carriage from the station, but on seeing this item on the programme, some days ago, the Amir asked that it should be altered. He is always touchy about this carriage business, and we had a little trouble to get him to allow the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces drive with him at Agra. Now he says, either I must sit with him or no one. The difficulty of getting the Commissioner to take an inferior place in a carriage procession in his own capital, was got over by arranging for Mr. Merk to go on ahead in a motor, while the Amir inspected the guard-of-honour at the station on the ground that he should receive the Amir at the Circuit House, where His Majesty is to reside.

I mention this detail to show how difficult the Amir is in small matters of ceremony.

The Amir is to live in the Circuit House while in Delhi; a large camp has been pitched for his party round it, and a camp for myself and staff along side. It all looks very nice and well got up. Captain Drummond, who has been in charge, has done excellently.

Soon after arrival the Amir began to be impatient to start off sightseeing. As I wanted to do another day's work, I asked Mr. Merk and Mr. Dobbs to take the Amir round the Fort and other places of interest. On getting to the Circuit House they found the Amir's staff standing outside in the verandah in a state of considerable fright, while the Amir stormed at them from within. As these two officers got up to the house the Amir slammed the door in the face of the whole of his staff, saying he would not have a single one of them near him. No one would give Mr. Dobbs any explanation of all this, and, as no one would carry a message inside, Mr. Dobbs ventured to open the door and go in himself. He found His Majesty sitting fuming by himself. He said he had quarrelled with his staff and wouldn't take one of them with him, but go out alone with the British officers. Accordingly Mr. Merk and Mr. Dobbs with Captain Jenkin as *chauffeur* started off alone with the Amir in one motor followed by Mr. Humphreys, Deputy Commissioner of Delhi, and Major Bird in another.

All the fuss appears to have arisen from the Amir's servants having left at Gwalior the particular clothes he wanted today, and worse than that, his camera. All the small paraphernalia, such as water flasks, field-glasses, hats, &c., &c., which the Amir always takes with him, were distributed among the above British officers, and off they started. It is the first time the Amir has spent a whole day alone with us without one of his staff, and according to Mr. Dobbs he seemed to thoroughly enjoy it.

On the way to the Fort the Amir, who seems to have an intimate knowledge of the events of the Mutiny, wanted to know exactly where Nicolson fell.

The Diwan-i-Khas and the Hammam were carefully examined at the Fort, and the Amir moralized for some time, by the dais on which the peacock throne used to stand, regarding the rise and decline of Empires, repeating several times the words "*Har kamāl dar khud zawwāl darad*" ("Perfection carries the seeds of decay"). He again commented on the wisdom of Lord Curzon in devoting care to the preservation of old relics of the past. He expressed regret that dogs are not excluded from the Fort like they are from the Taj. On leaving the Fort he said he preferred that at Agra twenty times better.

Next the party motored to the Kutab. He prayed at a shrine *en route* and saw some of those wonderful diving men who jump down wells. He disapproved of this as being too dangerous, but distributed gold among them, whereupon he was so beset by them that he ran off like a schoolboy with the British officers after him.

At the Kutab Minar he insisted on going to the top, and stayed there some time. For the first time he seemed to have been struck with the immensity of the plains of India, and could hardly realize that from so high a tower one could not even see the Himalayas. He asked how far the cultivation he saw extended; and was told that the wheat cultivation he saw extended from Amballa to Benares, and from Benares the rice belt began.

When having tea with the British officers in the Dāk Bungalow close by, which has been located in the tomb of Adam Khan, he seemed disturbed at the idea of a tomb being thus appropriated, but was told that this desecration is one of very many years ago.

The party thence visited the shrine of Sheikh Nizam-ud-din Auliya, where the Amir prayed. From there they went to Humayun's tomb, where the Amir noticed the double triangle which forms part of the ornamentation on the corners outside the tomb, and said they were Freemasons' marks. He said it was one of the dearest wishes of his heart to become a Freemason, but he was afraid of what his people might think of him.

Mr. Merk began at this stage to plead the late hour of the day, saying he must get back to make arrangements for our shoot tomorrow. The Amir, Mr. Dobbs tells me, took boyish delight in nudging those around and pretending to Mr. Merk that he was anxious to stop and see various other ruins on the way home.

Eventually they got him home, where they found a very crest-fallen staff on whom the Amir began to vent his sarcasm. At the same time he fell to

and began loading his own cartridges for tomorrow's duck-shoot. He was particularly anxious about the whereabouts of a shooting elephant *howdah*, which he had brought from Kabul, and wanted for tomorrow's shoot. On there being some uncertainty about this, he turned to his civil master of ceremonies and said—"Tell me, pray, have I brought my *howdah* with me in order to send it to the Paris Exhibition." The official addressed rushed from the room.

While the Amir's day passed in these happy circumstances, I was able to get another day's office work done, and after dinner went over to take the Amir down to the railway station. I found him in the best of spirits having personally loaded 400 shot cartridges for tomorrow's shoot. He tells me he always loads his own, and that every sportsman should. We drove down to the station and started by train at 10 p. m. for Karnal, where a duck shoot is arranged for tomorrow.

A. H. McMAHON.

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*Tuesday, 22nd January 1907.*—We arrived at Karnal in the early morning, but did not leave our train until 8-30, and were then met on the platform by the Deputy Commissioner, Major Powney Thompson. We had brought our four motors in the train with us, and drove in them to the shooting place some 24 miles off, where a nice little camp was found pitched. Mr. Bruere was in charge of the shooting arrangements and took us off on elephants to the lake close by. Here the Amir was placed in a boat screened with branches and pushed out a little way into the lake, while the rest of the shooting party were stationed under cover along one side of the lake. When everything was ready, a bugle was to sound and beaters were to enter the shallow lake on the opposite side and send the water-fowl over our guns. The lake was black with geese and duck. The bugle sounded and firing began. The birds rose up in a cloud and went straight up into the air and never gave us a chance. They circled about for a few minutes far above reach of shot and then made off. The fact is the whole countryside had collected to see the Amir, and wherever one looked there were groups of country-people standing about. Gaily decked elephants bulked out on the horizon, and local native officials in full dress uniforms would insist on decorating the landscape round. No self-respecting duck will stand that sort of thing, and they all disappeared at once. Only a very few shots were fired. The Amir had fortunately got a few, although very difficult shots, and had shot brilliantly getting a goose and three duck.

We then remounted our elephants and went to the next lake a mile or so away. That too was full of geese and duck. I got all the country-people kept well away, and hoped for better sport. The arrangements, however, were not very good, as Mr. Bruere, who was to show us our places, disappeared. I

was conducting the Amir to what looked a good place when His Majesty suddenly said he must write a telegram to Lord Kitchener. He said he had seen in the newspaper that morning that the Commander-in-Chief had had a fall with his horse, and must telegraph his condolences. He accordingly wrote a long message in Persian, which I took down in English and promised to send off at once. While this was going on Mr. Bruere, who thought we had all got into our places, began driving the lake, and the first intimation we got was a general exodus of all the birds in the place. Our guns were not loaded and nothing was ready. The Amir seized his gun and brought down a goose with a very good shot. We all then dived into bushes, but it was too late, as all but a straggler or two had left for good. Such little shooting as there was, was done by the Amir, who shot splendidly.

Of the total bag of 2 geese, 6 duck, and 2 teal, the Amir got all but the 2 teal. He seemed thoroughly satisfied.

Again mounting elephants we proceeded back to camp, taking on the way a bit of scrub jungle in the hopes of getting a peacock for the Amir, who was extremely keen on shooting one. As luck would have it, we only saw one, and that was a good male bird which gave the Amir a chance which he successfully made use of. The Amir also got a partridge and a hare, and with this small but mixed bag we returned to camp.

The two Nawabzadas, Rustam Ali Khan and Umar Draz Khan, Mandals of Karnal, kindly entertained the Amir and his party at a sumptuous breakfast, after which we motored the 24 miles back to Karnal. A small drove of monkeys which we happened to surprise on the road and which fled jabbering up into the roadside trees, swearing at the motors, pleased the Amir immensely. He had never seen a wild monkey before.

On the way I expressed regret to the Amir at the poor sport we had shown him. He said, on the contrary, he had had a splendid day. He judged his day's outing not by the size of the bag, but by the pleasant way the time was spent. He was too good a sportsman, he said, to reckon a day's sport by the quantity of meat killed, and he saw no pleasure in killing for killing's sake. I congratulated him on being a genuine sportsman, and said some people were butchers first and sportsmen afterwards. All's well that ends well, and His Majesty is extremely pleased with his day. He really shot extremely well, and can evidently hold his own with most of our best shots.

We left Karnal about 5-30 and reached Delhi shortly after 8. We changed at once into the narrow-gauge train provided for the Amir, and left for Ajmer at 9 P. M.

We had another special train ready to take a large number of the Amir's party to Ajmer with us, but His Majesty said he would only take those who

had gone to Karnal with us. He is again very angry with his people, as they have managed to leave not only all the game we shot behind at Karnal, but also a box containing his private papers and a quantity of gold.

As we were starting from Delhi, the Amir took me quietly aside into his carriage, and to my intense astonishment asked me with much mystery if I could manage to get him made a Freemason. He said it was the wish of his life, and he begged me to see if it could not be managed, secretly if necessary, at Calcutta or Bombay. I said I'd do my best, and being a mason myself would only be too delighted to do so. He thanked me warmly.

He once before surprised me by talking of freemasonry on the drive from Landi Kotal to Peshawar, but I took no serious notice of that, as I thought he might be laying a trap for me. He has since been noticing freemason's marks on stones in the various Mogul buildings, and surprised me by recognising them. Few people, even freemasons, do so. From what source he has derived his knowledge of freemasonry and his desire to become one I have yet to learn. I told him I must have some further talks with him on the subject. I beg those who may read these lines to keep the matter strictly to themselves. I see great good to be gained by complying with the Amir's request, if such be masonically possible, but I also realize the necessity, for the Amir's sake, of preventing the fact becoming public property, at any rate for some time to come.

Things are moving on strange and unexpected lines.

*Wednesday, 23rd.*—We arrived at Ajmer at 8-30 A. M. and were met at the station by the Hon'ble Mr. Colvin, Agent to the Governor-General of Rajputana, the Commissioner of Ajmer, the General Officer Commanding the Nasirabad Brigade, and other Civil and Military officials, together with the leading representatives of the Municipality.

The Amir and his Afghan party drove off in carriages under a cavalry escort to visit the celebrated shrines of Ajmer, while Mr. Colvin took the British officers of our party to the Residency. Lovely quarters for the Amir have been provided in the beautiful white marble pavilions erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan on the big Ana Sagar dam just below the Residency. This dam looks down on one side over a pretty lake, the Ana Sagar, and on the other over very nice public gardens. All round are the Ajmer hills with elegant white buildings, ancient and modern, scattered over them. A more beautiful spot than that chosen for the Amir's residence could hardly be imagined. The pavilions were most tastefully got up and furnished in a manner quite in keeping with the buildings themselves.

The Amir did not make his appearance till about 12, and I am told he had a hard morning's work.

He went first to the *Dargah*, the celebrated shrine of Ajmer. Here, according to ancient customs, a most elaborate procedure had been prepared. So many of the Shrine Committee, the Guardians, *Matwallis*, and *Khadims* were to meet him here and present *Tabarruks* of swords, bows and arrows—so many were to meet him there and present similar *Tabarruks*, and so on, until he at last entered the holy dome itself, where after more *Tabarruks* he was to be left to pray attended by only two of the saintly *Chowkidars* (watchmen) of the shrine.

Alas, the Amir upset all these proceedings, I'm informed, by making a hurried bolt for the shrine itself, out of which he turned the *Chowkidars*, and there he remained quite alone for some time. Never before in history has the shrine been left for one moment unguarded by its *Chowkidars*, and I am afraid the unbroken continuity of ancient *bumbledom* in the Ajmer shrine has been burst up for good and all. I'm equally afraid His Majesty will be regarded in future by the custodians of the shrine with very mixed feelings and hardly with devoted affection. I can't help smiling, for a more pestilentially fanatical crowd than that which runs these shrines and fatten on the offerings of ignorant devotees, it would be hard to imagine. Many and many a narrow-minded fanatical preacher has from this shrine, to my personal knowledge, sent out to stir up our frontier Mullas to renewed efforts in bigotry. Every seditious priest in Asia comes here to get fresh material out of the mischievous propaganda so freely (but not gratuitously) dispensed here.

It cheers me to think of the wild expectations these religious spiders of the shrine had fed themselves up with on the coming of this big fat Afghan fly. Little men had given their all, what might not the King of Islam give? Alas, he gave them next to nothing, but left them much to think about.

Each of the two\* shrines possesses two cauldrons, *degs*, a very large one, and one a trifle smaller. All respectable worshippers are supposed to pay for filling one or other of these *degs* with rice and raisins and meat, which, when cooked, is looted by the denizens of the shrine who wallow in the mess and smear themselves over with it before gorging on the contents. A nice letter had been written some time ago to the Amir, inviting his attention to these *degs*, and asking which "*deg*" at each shrine he would be graciously pleased to fill. His Majesty proudly replied that he would fill them all, and this doubtless raised further expectations. Shortly afterwards, however, we had to break to him that the customary charge made by the shrine for filling the two larger *degs* was Rs. 2,100 each, and the lesser ones Rs. 1,500 each—total Rs. 7,200. Thereupon the Amir wrote that he was graciously pleased to give Rs. 1,500, which must suffice for the *degs* at both shrines!

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\* As far as I know, it is really only one shrine, but is divided into two for purposes of increased profit.

To return to his morning's wanderings. The Amir after completing his pilgrimage to his own, but perhaps not to the custodians' satisfaction, proceeded to visit the ruins of Arhai-din-ka-Jhompra, where he spent much time decyphering the old Cufri inscriptions. He at last arrived at his camp, highly delighted with himself, but somewhat tired out. He broke into raptures over the Ana Sagar Bund and his beautiful pavilions. The hills and the dry air, he said, made him feel back in Afghanistan, and if only there were a boat on the lake he would be senseless, *be hosh*, with delight. I told him we could get boats in plenty by tomorrow if he would care to stay longer here. I hinted at his taking advantage of this lovely place and his spending the *Id* here instead of at Delhi. I wish he would, for the *Id* at Delhi is causing me some anxiety.

The Amir would, I could see, much like to stay on here, but he has committed himself to many things at Delhi and can't now get off them.

After a short rest he was impatient to see more of Ajmer, so off we started in motors to the Mayo Chiefs' College. On the way I got him to look in and visit a wonderful Jain temple belonging to a rich banker named Nemi Chand. This man and his father before him have spent 42 years and lakhs of money in making a representation of what they consider their idea of heaven. In a high circular building is a weird collection of golden buildings and processions of carriages, elephants, and all manner of animals. A high central tower of gold represents the highest peak of the Himalayas, on which they say the Deity took his first bath on his coming to this world. The various processions represent his going to, and returning from, his bath. From the ceiling are suspended numbers of aerial boats in which various lesser deities are floating about, playing musical instruments or scattering flowers on to the world.

The Amir examined everything with much interest, and was very polite to Nemi Chand, who took us round and reverently described everything.

On our way to the Mayo College, the Amir expressed astonishment at what he had seen, and remarked to me with a smile that that kind of paradise he was quite content to see only from the outside.

We were received at the Mayo College by the Principal and his staff and conducted round the beautiful buildings. We saw the rising generation of Rajputana Maharajas and Chiefs at their studies, a charmingly nice gentlemanly-looking lot of boys of various ages. The Amir was evidently impressed, for he refrained, on the score of fatigue, from exacting a vigorous examination of their educational methods, as in the case of the Aligarh College.

From there we proceeded to the big Railway Workshops on which Ajmer prides itself. Here the Amir was quite at home and examined everything for hours until he was too tired to move another step. I then took him back to his train, and as, from stress of physical fatigue, he was inclined to be a

trifle fractious with those who were seeing him off, I had the train started forthwith regardless of time-tables. We glided slowly away from Ajmer in the soft lights of a pretty sunset which made the pretty town and its surrounding show itself to best advantage as one of the most beautiful places in India.

*Thursday, 24th.*—We reached Delhi at 8-30 A. M., after our fourth successive night in a train. I found the Amir in the best of humours and quite affectionate in his morning greeting to me. He had had a splendid night and spoke highly of the bed with which his narrow-gauge carriage was furnished. I pleased him by saying I would steal it and have it put in his big train, in place of his bed there. I ordered this to be done.

We were met at the station by Mr. Merk, the Commissioner, and other officers as before. The Amir looks on Mr. Merk with much favour now, as he speaks Persian very well and gets on excellently with him. We were to have motored forthwith to inspect mills and factories, but the Amir wished to return to his camp for a few minutes. The fact is his servants are a careless lot and have left various necessary changes of shirts and under-clothing, which the Amir wants, behind here at Delhi, and he had to return for a change of clothes. He told me yesterday how badly these servants behave, and said he would take none of them back to Afghanistan. I asked what evil we had done that he should leave them with us. As a matter of fact, these servants, or Gholam Bachas as they are called, are really A.-D.-C.'s. They are nice young fellows, all sons of big Sardars and nobles, but there are too many of them, and in regard to the many odds and ends of things the Amir takes about with him, each thinks the other has taken charge of something with the result that things get always left behind. This and the way they are afraid to bother the Amir by asking beforehand what he will want to take with him anywhere leads to frequent trouble.

At 10 we started off again in motors and first inspected the Ganesh Flour Mill, belonging to a Hindu company. The Managing Director is an old blind Hindu gentleman. The actual Mill Manager is an Englishman, who took us round and explained everything. The Amir examined everything and expressed admiration at the way wheat undergoes the many stages of churning and grinding and becomes flour without being touched by human hands.

He was very polite to the Hindu gentlemen who did the honours of their mill to him and consented to being photographed on leaving. He declined the honour of being named as patron of the mill.

Next we visited a Hindu biscuit factory, and watched the various processes of biscuit and bread making, which were shown to us by the English Manager. Here again he was very polite to the Hindu Directors, and he now takes *attar* of roses, and submits to being showered with rose leaves and undergoing other

forms of Hindu politeness in a bland and pleasant manner. At this factory, politeness further extended to offers of biscuits, bread, cakes, and buns and all the products of the place, which we took full advantage of as the Amir and all of us were fairly ravenous.

We next proceeded to a Hindu-owned Cotton Mill, and examined all the processes of cleaning, carding cotton, and making cotton-thread.

We got back to camp about 1, and the Amir spent the rest of the day in resting and making various arrangements for tomorrow's *Id*.

He also gave an interview, with what results I know not, to Mr. Johnson and Gleadowe-Newcomen of the Cawnpore Muir Mills (Cotton Mills), whom he had asked to meet him in Delhi with a view to starting a cotton mill in Kabul. The Amir today asked me to summon Mr. McRobert of the Cawnpore Woollen Mill, as he wanted to get his advice about machinery and hands for a woollen mill at Kabul.

I look upon tomorrow's *Id* with some anxiety. Delhi has a bad reputation with its hordes of city hooligans, and the high feeling which as a rule exists between the more or less equally divided Hindu and Mohammedan population.

A few days ago things looked unpromising, and I was beginning to be prepared to recommend the Amir foregoing his *Id* here. To explain this I must go back a short while to the time when the Amir received, on his first arrival in India, a telegram from Delhi, saying that 101 cattle were going to be sacrificed at this *Id-i-Qurban* (festival of sacrifice) in Delhi in honour of his presence here. No one now can trace who sent this telegram. Hindus and Mohammedans in Delhi both repudiate it.

At Sirhind, when receiving a deputation of Hindus, it may be remembered that the Amir announced his intention of sacrificing no kine at the *Id* at Delhi, only goats. This announcement spread like wild fire over India, and telegrams and letters of thanks have been showering in on me for communication to His Majesty from all sorts of Hindu communities throughout most of India.

Apparently Hindu mischief-makers in Delhi have gone further and have given out that not only are the Afghans not going to sacrifice kine, but that kine-killing on the *Id* will be forbidden to all Mohammedans in Delhi. This of course aroused the passion of the Mohammedans who have enjoyed this privilege from time immemorial. A few days ago it seemed not impossible that this misunderstanding might give rise to a Donnybrook in the form of another big Delhi riot on *Id* day, in which the parts to be played, respectively, by the Amir, his party, and ourselves, might be more interesting than safe.

Thank goodness these troubles have been averted, for the influential people on both sides seem determined to remain at peace. A joint meeting of the Hindu and Mohammedan leaders of Delhi, held two days ago, decided that

both parties should combine in doing the Amir honour. They are both to illuminate the city on the evening of *Id* and to invite the Amir to an exhibition of Delhi products. This is all as it should be. The Amir is pleased and says he will be delighted to drive through the city and see the illuminations, but cries off the exhibition.

I trust now that *Id* will pass off quietly. It would have been very unfortunate if we had been obliged to tell the Amir that we could not depend on keeping order in one of our important Indian cities, and we should never have heard the last of it. No hint has yet reached him of any anxiety on our part.

The Afghan Envoy, who, I may here remark, has completely effaced himself for many days, appears to have kindly invited, without, as far as I know, any order from the Amir, all the Afghan refugees living in India to meet the Amir here at Delhi at the *Id*. Swarms of these have arrived, and the Afghan Envoy some while ago asked us to provide for them all. Luckily the Afghan camp we have provided is a huge affair capable of accommodating much over a 1,000 men, so no trouble has been caused.

So far from the Amir being keen on seeing them, he has as yet given audience to none of them.

A. H. McMAHON.

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*Friday, 25th January 1907, Delhi.*—Today is the *Id*. The Amir started off about 8 A. M. with some 90 carriages full of his party to attend the *Id* service at the *Idgah*. I sent his usual cavalry travelling escort with him, but had the rest of the cavalry escort ready in camp to send off, should the Delhi crowds be reported to be troublesome.

I hear there were enormous crowds on the way and at the approaches to the *Idgah*. Everything was orderly.

The Amir returned at 10 and started off at about 1 to attend the Friday service at the big Jumma Masjid of Delhi. I took the same precautions. Again the crowds were tremendous, and the Amir tells me he could never have got into or near the mosque without his troops forming a lane for him. Beside all the huge Mohammedan population of Delhi, crowds had come in from Jaipur, Ajmer, and elsewhere for *Id*. The Amir was, I hear, asked to conduct both the *Idgah* and Masjid prayers, but declined. No incidents of any kind occurred, and the Amir returned to his house about 2-30.

At 3 with all the British officers of the staff I arrived by appointment at the Circuit House to call on the Amir and pay him the customary *Id* visit. He greeted us warmly, and we all gave him our good wishes for *Id*. We sat down and had tea, and after a pleasant visit took our leave, taking with us, according to custom, bags of sweetmeats, which the Amir gave us. It is

usual to place all the sweetmeats of which a tray-full is placed before each person, into a silk cloth provided for the purpose and carry them away. This we did.

Up to that time the Amir had still not seen any of the Afghan refugees collected in his camp, nor had he seen the deputation of Mohammedan and Hindu leading representatives who have been patiently awaiting an audience since 11 this morning.

The Amir had been invited by the combined Hindu and Mohammedan communities of Delhi to go and see the illuminations they are preparing in the city in his honour, so at 7 P. M. I started off with His Majesty and Mr. Merk and a large following in carriages. We drove through the city and round the Jumma Masjid and back again through the city. There were dense crowds along the road, but everyone was very orderly, and no incidents occurred. I took care to impress upon the Amir that the importance of the occasion and the honour done him was not due to the illuminations themselves, but to the fact that Hindu and Mohammedan had put aside their old feuds for the occasion to unite in giving him this compliment.

I was very glad when the day was over. All has passed off well.

Up to the last moment today I expected the Amir might again raise the question of guns. He asked me, while at Agra, whether Government would allow a battery to fire for him the salutes he was accustomed at Kabul to fire on the *Id*. I asked how many guns were fired. He said 31 in the morning and 101 in the evening. When he said 101, I am sorry to say, I couldn't resist laughing outright, I said I'd see about it. On referring the matter to the Government of India I was told that no guns could be fired, as it was contrary to our custom in India to use military agencies to celebrate any religious occasion, be it Christian, Hindu, or Mohammedan. Fortunately the Amir has never once mentioned the matter to me again, and my laugh appears to have been effective. I have since learnt that he really does fire 101 guns on the *Id* at Kabul.

An unfortunate thing occurred today. One of the Amir's favourite servants or A.-D.-C.'s, Fateh Mohammed, has bolted today. I suppose he must have been pitched into about things being left behind at Gwalior or Ajmer. The Amir is said to be greatly agitated about it, but he has said nothing to me or any of my party. As soon as I heard of the fact, I had quiet enquiries made by our police, and Fateh Mohammed was found hiding in Delhi having shaved off his beard and moustachios. I have ordered an eye to be kept on his movements, but no other action to be taken.

*Saturday, 26th.*—Notwithstanding the long, busy day of yesterday the Amir and a small party started with Mr. Merk and myself at 7-30 A. M. to do some more sight-seeing.

We motored first to the Jumma Masjid, which the Amir said was too crowded yesterday to enable him to see anything of it. The Amir and all of us put on the big slippers over our boots which the guardians of the mosque provided, and in these we paddled round examining the building and taking photographs. We ascended to the top of one of the high minarets of the mosque and sat there some time enjoying the fine view of Delhi obtainable from the summit. We discarded our slippers on leaving, but the Amir insisted on taking his away as a memento of his visit. He paid Rs. 200 to the servants of the mosque,\* and we preceeded on to the old ruins of Firoze Shah's capital, where we pottered round for some time. The Amir is very well read in all the history of old Delhi, and constantly corrects or adds to our attempts to describe the origin or history of old ruins by quotations from works of contemporary historians which he has read. There is little we can even tell him with regard to them that he does not already know.

We next motored to Purana Killa, the capital of Sher Shah's time. The Amir was struck by the old mosque here, and gave Mr. Merk Rs. 500 for doing up the courtyard and asked him to get a well sunk at his expense just outside the wall with arrangements by which water can be raised for the use of worshippers at the mosque.

We got back to camp about 12, and the Amir then interviewed various people, among them the Hon'ble Mr. McRobert of the Cawnpore Woollen Mills, with whom he discussed the question of starting a small woollen mill at Kabul. He wanted Mr. McRobert to return with him to Kabul to arrange for starting this. Mr. McRobert is to give him a definite reply at Lahore on the 22nd February.

He inspected a pattern mule-cart for military purposes sent for inspection from Cawnpore and ordered 100 of them.

At 4 P. M. I fetched His Majesty and took him down by carriage under cavalry escort to the railway station, and we started at 4-30 for Calcutta. The Amir bade quite an affectionate farewell to Mr. Merk.

The Amir loves his railway train and his private saloons. He is always delighted to get back to them, however palatial the accommodation we give him at our halting places.

I think we all welcome our railway journeys. It's the only rest we get.

I forgot in my diary of the 24th to mention how the Amir on leaving the Biscuit Factory noticed a row of little English children, mostly girls, the children of the factory managers standing at the entrance. He stopped to talk to them and gave them a gold mohar each. I told His Majesty that if he

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\* He has promised to present a handsome silver lantern to be hung in the mosque itself.

took to this sort of thing, we would have all the English children in India crowding round him. "All the better," said he, "I love children and always give presents to all I see in Afghanistan." His Sardars tell me this is the case, and one said—"Yes, His Majesty will always insist on wasting a heap of money that way!"

*Sunday, 27th.*—The whole day was spent in the train.

We are now a much reduced party. Of the 1,100 odd Afghans who came to Agra, a party of some 500 returned from Agra to Afghanistan. Some 400 more are now returning from Delhi, where we left them yesterday, to Afghanistan. Only about 200 now remain with the Amir, *i. e.*, 15 big Sardars, 37 lesser Sardars, personal staff, officials, &c., 20 *Saros*, body-guard of his own kinsmen, and some 100 servants and followers.

We have managed to get rid also of all the 300 odd horses which the Afghans brought with them. These have now returned. The Afghan Envoy tried to ingratiate himself with the Amir by presenting him on the *Id* with 4 doubtful-looking horses and 2 young tiger cubs. He (the Envoy) kindly asked us to take over charge of this consignment, but we have flatly refused to do so, and I think they too have gone to Afghanistan with the return party.

The Afghans and our own party are now accommodated in two trains. The first of these contains most of the baggage, our four motor cars, and so on, and runs half an hour ahead of the Amir's own train.

On today's journey we had arranged to feed the Afghans at Allahabad, but cholera has broken out badly there and is rife from Allahabad to Moghal Serai, which is four hours' journey further down the line. The Amir doesn't like the idea of stopping any time at any place in this infected area, and so I have had to arrange for our trains to run through.

This meant that the Afghans got nothing to eat from early morning till evening. The Amir of course has his own kitchen on the train and does not suffer by this arrangement. Our Doctor, Major Bird, seems to think a day's fasting a most beneficial arrangement for the health of the Afghan rank and file.

The Amir spent a pleasant day in the train; he loves his railway carriage. I paid him one or two visits during the day, and took him for a stroll at one of the stations where we stayed for a short while in the evening. He spotted a small European child on the platform, who was just able to toddle about by itself, and pressed a sovereign into its little fist which the nurse only just prevented its swallowing. There was no one about or anything which would connect this little gift with a desire to create effect.

*Monday, 28th January 1907, Calcutta.*—We arrived at Calcutta at 8-30 A. M., and were met at the railway station by Mr. Clarke, the Deputy Secretary of the Foreign Office, representatives of the Viceroy's staff, the Commissioner of Police, and other officials. After inspecting the guard-of-honour the Amir entered his carriage and we drove off in the usual procession under cavalry escort. The streets were lined with dense crowds of spectators, and the Amir was received with much cheering and clapping of hands by the people as we drove along. The route lay along the river, and the Amir was greatly interested to see the steamers which crowded the wharfs and quays. "These are the first ships," said he to me, "that I have seen in my life." Whether they impressed him or not I can't say, for he devoted most of his attention to the crowds. He was astonished to see so many Afghans among them. A large number of Ghilzais and others come down here every winter and wander about the country as pedlars.

On arrival at Hastings House, the old residence of Warren Hastings which Government have converted into an imposing Guest-House for Ruling Chiefs, and which, with a large handsome camp pitched in the pretty grounds round the house, is to be the abode of the Amir and his party while in Calcutta, we were received by Sir Louis Dane, the Foreign Secretary, and Colonel Dunlop Smith, the Viceroy's Private Secretary, who welcomed His Majesty to Calcutta. Sir Louis Dane then conducted the Amir to the Durbar-room, and in the name of His Excellency the Viceroy handed over the presents which are being given to him by Government. These presents were displayed round the room and made, I was glad to see, an effective show. The Amir merely glanced round them, as it is not Oriental etiquette to indicate interest on such occasions. The Foreign and Private Secretaries took their leave, and a deputation of an A.-D.-C. from the Viceroy and an A.-D.-C. from the Commander-in-Chief were ushered in. They made formal enquiries about His Majesty's health, and on receiving satisfactory replies withdrew. The Amir then took me back into the Durbar-room and spent a couple of hours examining the presents. He inspected every detail of the new guns and rifles and seemed very pleased. As 100 cartridges only were given with each weapon, he spent some time dictating to his scribes the number of various kinds of cartridges which he desired ordered for each. We then examined the very handsome gold and silver plate which was effectively displayed on a long green velvet-covered table. This too seemed to please His Majesty, who then turned his attention to the self-playing piano and organ and other articles. He ordered a member of Bevan & Co., the musical instrument-makers in Calcutta, to be sent for to come in the evening and play the new gramophone and auxetophone to him. All this implied appreciation, and as far as I can judge the Amir is very pleased, as he ought to be, with the presents Government have given him.

All this took some time, and it was now about 12 o'clock, but not one moment, said the Amir, was he going to waste in Calcutta, and at 12-30 I must be back with our motors, to take him off sight-seeing.

Off we started in the hot sun, and first we drove to the Mint. This interested the Amir immensely as it's a big affair, making now-a-days some 16 lakhs of coins per diem. He has a mint in Kabul, and carefully examined the machinery here with a view to bringing his own mint up to date. After a short interval for prayer in the room where the standard weights and measures are kept, an interval which some of us British staff took advantage of for the more material-spiritual refreshment offered to us outside on the staircase, the Amir started off once more, and we conveyed him to the Indian Museum.

I don't know how long we might not have remained here as the Amir went carefully into the details of all he saw, only I got the Museum staff to pilot him safely past the entrances to various galleries without calling attention to their contents. His own staff were getting nearly dead, and to see the portly Sardar Mohammed Asif Khan snatching such intervals of rest as he could, now against the framework of a Mammoth, or against some massive Hindu idol, was enough to arouse anyone's sympathy.

Once I thought we had got the Amir safely out, but a rash remark led him into the archæological gallery, and we embarked on another excursion round Buddhist remains, until even the Amir's endurance failed and his gouty foot came once more to our aid.

Motors, as he says, always revive him, and so we sped for the Zoological Gardens, where we managed to visit a portion of those lovely grounds and their inhabitants, before strength again failed, and the Afghans took to prayer once more. Poor old Mohammed Asif Khan! He had great difficulty in getting up from his knees once or twice. It was now dark, and we had to go home. The Amir was as tired as he could well be, but delighted with himself and his day's work.

I have tried hard today to get him to fix up some of our Calcutta programme. We gave him some while ago a long list of the principal places to be visited and seen, many of which require special arrangements on our part and timely notice to those concerned. All I can get out of the Amir is the remark that he wants to see all these places, and possibly more, but his chief object in coming to Calcutta is to have private interviews and friendly conversations with Lord and Lady Minto, and so he won't fix up any definite programme!

His Excellency the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal have each invited him to dinner, but I could not get him up to this to say definitely if he accepts or how many Sardars he will take with him. Today I had to tackle him seriously on the subject and settled matters up with regard to the Viceroy's and Commander-in-Chief's dinners, but no settlement can I get out of him about the Lieutenant-Governor. Needless to say I am bombarded with messages from impatient members of the various staffs wanting to know exact details about everything. I feel I

am getting painfully unpopular, as everyone says all this uncertainty about everything is due to pure laziness on my part!

*Tuesday, 29th.*—At 8 A. M. the Amir started off to pay a visit to the Calcutta Medical College and Hospital. He takes especial interest in this, as Major Bird, our Medical Officer, is Professor of Surgery there.

He went round the wards and took great interest in details of the various cases under treatment. In the College he went through the dissecting rooms and watched the students, male and female, at work. He spent some time in the Operating Theatre, where he saw two operations performed, and insisted on standing with the students, saying he was a student himself.

He was taken over the College Museum, full of the usual horrors, and witnessed various chemical laboratory processes such as those for testing the flash-light of oil, and for analysing various substances.

He took very great interest in everything and did not get back to his house till well past twelve o'clock.

At a little after one o'clock we were off again, this time to inspect some of the Calcutta shops. This is the result of several days' quiet enquiry from me as to the propriety of persons of position entering a shop. My assurances on this point have been confirmed by independent evidence. We are to go first to the Army and Navy Stores, whose big building has several times caught the royal eye as we passed. The Amir tells me he often orders goods from the Army and Navy.

We thoroughly inspected the premises, and I am afraid somewhat interfered with the day's custom at that emporium, for we stayed a long time during which no one else was allowed in. The Amir made several purchases, chiefly of furniture and knick-knacks. Each article had to be labelled with his name directly it was bought.

The day was warm, and at 4-30 I suggested we might leave more shopping for another day and go for a cool spell on the river. I had launches ready, and we took a pleasant trip down to the Botanical Gardens. We only had time to go over a portion of this lovely place, which seemed to interest the Amir greatly. He is very fond of gardening, and knows something about it. He ordered a quantity of plants which he named to be sent up to Peshawar for him.

Tonight we dine with His Excellency the Viceroy, and I had to hurry the party home in time to dress. We arrived at Government House, a few minutes late however. This is the first dinner the Amir has been to yet, at which ladies have been present. It was an informal function. The Amir sat next to Lady Minto at dinner and made himself very pleasant and agreeable. He seemed to thoroughly enjoy himself.

After dinner we all adjourned to Lady Minto's Fête. The evening's programme comprised some very effective military displays in the form of a

cavalry *melée*, an artillery musical drive and other things, ending up with the attack and capture of an Arab fort. The Amir seemed to enjoy everything and chatted away with Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Minto throughout the evening.

We then went to the bazar part of the Fête, and the Amir was to have been taken round the various stalls. The first he visited, however, was the one kept by Lady Minto and her daughters, and there he remained thoroughly entering into the spirit of the business and making extensive purchases after considerable haggling, until the hour grew very late, and we had to return home. We did not reach home till after midnight. We are to start again sight-seeing early tomorrow morning. Not later than 8, the Amir says.

I got him at last today to settle up about the Lieutenant-Governor's dinner party on the 1st February. His Majesty says he will go and take four Sardars with him.

*Wednesday, 30th.*—The Amir was to have started at 8, but it was 8-30 before I could get him under weigh. We motored to the Prinsep's Ghât on the Hooghly and went up the river by launch to Cossipore. We were met at the landing stage there by General Scott, Member of Council, General Mahon, Director-General of Ordnance, and Major Bell, the Superintendent of the Government Cossipore Factory, who conducted the Amir round the works, and showed him all the various processes in the making of guns, shell, fuses, and so on. Needless to say the Amir was very interested and went into everything with great thoroughness.

From Cossipore we motored to Dum-Dum and were shown over the Government factory there. The Amir carefully examined our methods of making cartridge-cases, and went in detail into all the various processes of their manufacture. He had many questions to ask, the result of his own experience in this work, and he seemed to much appreciate the way in which General Mahon and others tried to assist him with all the information he required. He was particularly insistent on certain points connected with the composition of the brass used, as it appears he is not very successful in this matter at Kabul. He asked General Mahon if he would analyse some of his Kabul cartridge case brass and tell him what ingredients it was lacking. General Mahon said he would do so with pleasure. I offered the remark that I thought he would find we were always ready to help him, whereupon the Amir drew me aside and said—"The assistance I have just been promised in this small matter of brass manufacture, is, as you know, only what I could easily get by applying to any factory in Germany or Japan or anywhere. I am going to ask for a great deal more assistance than that. Oh yes, I want many things from your Government, and I am going to write them all down when I go back to Afghanistan. You know well you can trust me. I would not have come to India if I did not trust you and you would not treat me with such

friendship if you did not trust me. What I say I mean, and, as I have told you many times, I never tell a lie. I respect truth above all things, and am ready to die rather than tell a lie." I said I respected him for his sentiments and was personally convinced he meant what he said. He thanked me, and we proceeded on our round.

The Calcutta climate is rather trying to one's feet, and there are few things more tiring than long hours of standing about in the way we do. At a psychological moment today, when the Amir was getting rather foot-sore, I produced a couple of portable shooting seats that fold up into a stick sort of thing. The Amir scoffed at the idea at first, but very soon took to the idea when he saw what value I was getting out of my stick.

From the cartridge-case factory we went to the cartridge-filling factory, and examined that. I saw the Amir eyeing our cordite with much longing, and eventually he drew me aside and said—"You know, McMahon Sahib, how I long to make cordite for myself; now can't you get me some instructors to teach me how to do it?" I laughed and said nothing. "Yes, you laugh," he said, "but I long for this thing more than anything." Again I laughed and said—"Do you know how long it has taken us to make this stuff successfully? Do you know how many the failures have been and how only recently we have acquired the secret of success? Is it any wonder I laugh?" "I know, I know," he said, "but I do hope your Government will grant me this help. I will promise to keep the process of manufacture a secret, and no more than 10 or 11 men in my country will ever be taught it."—Without saying anything I wrote "cordite" in my notebook, and putting a big star against it, I said—"Look at what I have written. I have put that star to remind me that you lay great stress on this point. What more can I do?" The Amir saw he could get nothing more out of me, and we continued our perambulation.

By 12-30 we were all glad to get a few minutes' rest, and so we adjourned to the Outram Institute, where breakfast had been provided.

At 1-15 we started off again and motored some 17 miles to Ishapore. Generals Scott and Mahon met us once more; and we proceeded to inspect the manufacture and rolling of steel. This was extremely interesting and impressed the Amir.

Thence we visited the Small Arms Factory, which we carefully inspected, and then spent a long time in the gallery, where the sighting of rifles is tested by firing at a target. Time was pressing as we were far from home, and by 4-30 I managed with much difficulty to get the Amir into his motor, and we drove some 18 miles back to Cossipore, where we found our launches waiting, and we then had a pleasant trip down the river to Calcutta.

On our return to Hastings House time only just sufficed for changing clothes and getting to Lord Kitchener's house in time for dinner. The Amrr had insisted on this occasion on taking 11 of his Sardars with him, so we were a large party. The Amir did very ample justice to a very excellent dinner and chatted in a very cordial, friendly way throughout the meal with Lord Kitchener, who, directly dinner was over took us all to Lady Minto's Fête. The programme of the other night was varied by display of gymnastics, a torch-light tattoo, and so on. When the military displays was over, the Amir was keen on going once more to the Fancy Bazar part of the place and was disappointed on hearing from Lady Minto that that was not open tonight. I noticed that he had brought a bag of gold with him for the occasion.

It wasn't till well past midnight that I got His Majesty home.

I am to be with him by 7-45 A. M. tomorrow, he says, without fail, to go and see the Calcutta Docks and start another quiet day's sight-seeing. We have had only 16 hours of it today!

A. H. McMAHON.

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*Thursday, 31st January 1907, Calcutta.*—We began the day by a visit to the Kidderpore Docks, starting at 8-30 A. M., and motoring to the dock gates. Here we were met by the principal members of the Port Trust, who had a train ready for us. We were taken round the docks in the train, and the Amir was shown everything of interest. The huge figures to which the total value of Calcutta sea-borne trade amounts to in the year somewhat impressed him, as did various other figures which the Chairman of the Trust expounded to him.

From the docks the Amir proceeded by launch to the Botanical Gardens, which he rightly insists upon seeing more of. He motored round the gardens for a while, and then returned to Calcutta, where he said he'd like to do some more shopping. This took the form of buying house furniture of which he bought considerable quantities. As he bought four sets of everything of exactly similar character except colour, I infer that he is providing for his four wives.

It was past 3 when the Amir returned to his house, and it had been arranged that he was to receive a visit from His Excellency the Viceroy at 4. At 3-30 I was sent for in a hurry and found His Majesty superintending arrangements for the Viceroy's reception. He asked me if this would not be a suitable occasion for giving Lord Minto the presents he had brought for him from Kabul. I said, yes, and the household buzzed about like bees, carrying carpets, tables, and presents out on to the lawn in front of the house. The Amir showed me all the presents with much pride, but several times took care to impress upon me that these were for Lord Minto only. He had brought

separate presents for Lady Minto and her daughters, and these he would present to them on a suitable occasion. We had barely time to finish our inspection when Lord Minto arrived, accompanied only by General Smith-Dorrien and an A.D.-C. The visit was to be quite an informal one.

The Amir met the Viceroy at the foot of the steps and conducted him into the house, where we sat for a short time and had tea. Then His Majesty took Lord Minto out into the garden and showed him the presents. These consisted, with the exception of one or two silver articles, entirely of Afghan products. The *pieces de resistance*, of which the Amir is very proud, comprised two huge carpets, each about 90 feet long. I noticed these first in the Khyber when I saw the Afghan elephants staggering under them. They have taken an enormous number of men to carry about ever since. Then there were large quantities of the various kinds of cloth made in Afghanistan—*Postin* coats and rugs and a large quantity of good furs, including a great many Astrakhan skins of various colours. The Amir personally presented each article, describing its origin and so on, and was very pleased with Lord Minto's appreciation of them.

To our eyes the presents may not have appeared of great money value, but to Afghan eyes they represent a very great deal. Many of the articles cannot be bought for money at all in Afghanistan. Then again the manner of their presentation is somewhat unique. The ordinary Oriental procedure is for a subordinate to hand over the presents and for the giver to assume utter indifference regarding them. The person to whom they are given also affects either indifference or dissatisfaction. When I had the pleasure of handing over the Government of India presents to the late Amir in Kabul in 1893 he subjected me to some three hours' scathing criticism of the said presents, both singly and collectively.

Habibulla Khan was then present, and he has several times reminded me of various humorous incidents which occurred on that occasion. The manner in which the Amir now gave his presents to Lord Minto is in strange contrast to former occasions, and marks a considerable change in our mutual relations.

It had been arranged for Lord Minto to take the Amir on, in his motor, to the Tollygunge Club after the visit for a shooting match at clay pigeons, so we started off accordingly to Tollygunge. Secrecy had purposely been observed regarding this engagement, and so we had the club to ourselves.

On arrival there the Amir said he would not actually shoot a match with Lord Minto, as it would never do for whoever was beaten to feel aggrieved. Each should shoot, but no score should be kept. Shooting accordingly began, and although the Amir had never seen clay pigeons before, he soon got into their ways, and made some excellent shooting. So also did Lord Minto. Sardars Mohammed Asif Khan, Suliman Khan, General Smith-Dorrien, and myself

joined in, and eventually we all blazed indiscriminately at the same pigeons. The Amir thoroughly enjoyed himself. A thunder-storm brought the proceedings at last to a termination, and we motored home, His Excellency the Viceroy taking the Amir in his car.

Tonight is the first night for a long time without any engagements, and those of us who fondly hoped for a brief interval of rest and an early evening were doomed to disappointment, for the Amir announced his intention of again visiting Lady Minto's Fête, and off we started about 8-30.

We wandered about for a time, the Amir mingling in the crowd quite in the humour for enjoying himself. We did various strange things, floated in a boat down the Shannon River, sat in a magic swing till we were nearly sick, shot at one or two shooting galleries, and eventually found ourselves in a *petite chivaux* gambling booth. The Amir expressed a strong condemnation of gambling in general on religious grounds, but said he must study the system even if he had to pay for it. He spent some Rs. 50 in backing wrong horses before he secured a winner. He refused to accept the winnings on religious grounds, and having learnt all there was to learn about the mystic words "4 to 1 on the field" and so on, which the bookies were shouting, we went off for a spell of quiet to the military display. Here we found Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Minto in their box, and the Amir spent the rest of the evening talking to them. He was again disappointed at hearing that Lady Minto's bazar stall was closed, and after bantering Lady Minto on selling her goods so cheap that her stall was sold up, a fact which she indignantly denied, he suddenly produced two jewel cases containing a necklace, two bracelets, and a watch which he presented saying that they were to assist in resuscitating her sold-up stall once more.

I got His Majesty home about one o'clock, and I left him insisting upon my being with him not one minute later than 7-45 A. M. tomorrow.

The Amir has been studying the Bengali with much interest the last few days. He can't get over the sight of their fat bare calves. Their bare heads and the scantiness of clothing affected by the commoner people never ceases to interest him. He tells me that he thinks they are a hopeless lot. If we, after 250 years of rule, haven't managed to get them to put on more clothes, he fears that it shows they were not intended by nature to improve. Today after long consideration he has come to the conclusion that they are flies, an insect which he particularly abominates.

*Friday, February 1st.*—The Amir was to interview Major Maynard, I. M. S., the eye specialist, at 7-30 A. M., and I was to take him off in a motor at 7-45. It was 8 before he came out of his bed-room, and 9 before he had finished with Maynard. The latter says he wants glasses for astigmatism, but must have atropine put into his eyes before a definite verdict can be given. As this will

put his eyes out of gear for a few days, the Amir says he can't spare the time, but will do so at Lahore if Maynard meets him there.

We proceeded to the Zoological Gardens and wandered about there till past 11, when the Amir expressed a wish to call on the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, who, I told him, were staying on the steam yacht *Marghuerita*. I sent on word to warn the yacht and took the Amir there. The *Marghuerita* (which belongs to Mr. Drexel, an American) is one of the finest yachts in the world, and furnished in the most luxurious fashion. We stayed a long time and were shown over the vessel. The Amir produced two small cases from his pocket and presented the Duchess with a pretty brooch and the Duke with a gold jewelled cigarette-case and match-box. He is greatly taken with the Duke and Duchess and is delighted to hear that they are going to stay a few more days in Calcutta.

The Amir had arranged to go to Bourne & Shepherd, the Photographers this morning at 10, and on our leaving the *Marghuerita* I sent him and his party off there with Major Bird. I hear he insisted on having 12 or more photographs taken.

Today is Friday, and the question of where the Amir is to say his Friday prayers has been giving us some trouble. Under ordinary circumstances he would have gone to the big mosque in the city, but the approaches to that place are rather narrow, and it was feared that the crowd would be very great. I told His Majesty that we could arrange to have a strong force of police on the spot to control the crowd, but to my great satisfaction he decided not to go, as he said he hated crowds and more especially crowds of Bengalis. He asked me to get some tents put up in the garden of Hastings House, and he would do his Friday prayers in them.

Everything was got ready, but, alas, the Amir seems to have been too engrossed in photography to remember Friday at all, for he didn't return home till 3-30, and had only time to make a short meal before I fetched him at 4 to go to the Minto Fête.

We went first to Lady Minto's stall, which to the Amir's pretended astonishment was by no means sold up. Any complaint he might have had to make the other day about the low prices of articles displayed therein was removed today, for the first thing he put his finger on was priced at Rs. 5,000. This seemed to cheer him up a bit, for he set to bargaining in great style and made numerous purchases. Lady Minto then took him on to other stalls, and he did his duty manfully at all of them. On one occasion seeing me haggling over a small purchase of my own, he whispered to me that we were not doing business fast enough and slipped a handful of sovereigns into my pocket. He thoroughly enjoyed himself, and one might have thought he was accustomed to attend charity bazars every day of his life from the way he entered into the spirit of

everything. If he bought a button hole (he had four on his coat before the end of the evening), he would insist on its being pinned on by the seller and pay an extra sovereign for the pin, and so on. During the course of the proceedings he quietly presented Lady Minto, Mrs. Drummond, Lady Fraser, and one or two other leading ladies of the Fête with some very nice articles of jewellery, making very happy little speeches with each.

It was with some difficulty that Lady Minto at last, and at rather a late hour in the afternoon, succeeded in getting him away from the stalls to the Café Chantant for tea. He asked Major Fraser, who was running that establishment, for a small quiet spot to pray in, saying that he was quite willing to pay rent for the place. I said it couldn't be done under Rs. 100, and on that being paid down, we took him to a retired spot at the back of the stage, which but for the orchestra and an amateur corps of Spanish glee-singers was fairly quiet.

He insisted on paying a somewhat unusual figure for tea, and eventually I succeeded in getting him under weigh for home in time to dress for dinner, as we have to dine tonight with the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir Andrew and Lady Fraser.

On the way home he confided to me that he was disappointed in not being able to spend all the money he had taken with him today. I asked how much that was. He said Rs. 10,000 in notes and £150 in gold. He had succeeded in disposing of the gold, but had some few notes left. All this he told me was of course his own private money, and not State money. I may note that he often mentions to me the great distinction he draws between his private income and his State revenues. He never spends, he says, a penny on himself in excess of his private income.

Belvedere, the Lieutenant-Governor's house, is only a few hundred yards from Hastings House, and so I had ordered carriages instead of motors, and I took the Amir in his State carriage. This vehicle, I may remark, is always getting me into trouble and, from the time we first used it in Agra, has been a source of grief. Nothing ever goes right with it. Either the horses, which are ridden by postilions, give trouble, or the mounted police guide in front goes the wrong road, or the door jams and won't open or shut, or comes off altogether (as it did once in Agra), or something else weird happens. A British officer, a British non-commissioned officer, and a staff of Native subordinates of sorts are now in charge of this strange conveyance, and no amount of care seems to prevent trouble with it. So much so that I have had, a long time since, to treat the thing as a joke, and always tell the Amir the carriage is bewitched. We are therefore always expecting something strange with it, and when the inevitable happens we treat it as a joke.

Tonight was a typical instance of this. Knowing the ways of the carriage, I had given particular orders about the police guide being carefully instructed

about the road. The Police officer on duty with us himself showed the man the right road. We started off a few minutes' ahead of our time, to drive the few hundred yards to Belvedere. We pass Belvedere as a rule about six times a day, as it lies on our way to Calcutta proper. Tonight we started off by a new road to it. The Amir noticed this, but we relied on our guide. The distance seemed longer than usual, and eventually we found ourselves in a tumble-down court-yard sort of place, in the dark, with no apparent room for turning our carriage round. We managed to do so at last, and had to retrace our way. We reached Belvedere 20 minutes late, and nearly had an accident by the horses jibbing at the Belvedere entrance gate. We treated the incident as usual as a joke and it started the evening off well by giving an amusing topic of conversation.

The Amir took Lady Fraser in to dinner, and we had a very pleasant evening. After dinner there was some good singing, and the Amir, who had already played once before this evening on the piano, volunteered a song. He played his own accompaniment. He prefaced his song with the remark that he had seldom sung before, and I believe him, for his voice wants training.

The Amir made himself very pleasant to his hosts and the ladies present, and I had the usual difficulty in getting him started homewards, and then not till about 12 o'clock.

Pure folly let me take the State carriage again, for I felt confident our guide could take us safely home next door, even if he blundered coming. Not a bit of it. We soon found ourselves on a strange road and immediately afterwards in narrow country lanes. We couldn't stop our guide, who sped on in front, and the faster we went to catch him up, the faster he dashed on ahead, and the faster the other carriages pursued us from behind. The Amir laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. I laughed too, but didn't feel amused, for I know these country lanes have a way of ending abruptly, and if ours did so, we couldn't turn our carriage round, and must either trudge home or make a night of it. How far we went or where we went I can't say, but eventually we met a cab of sorts, and I put the cabman on the seat behind our carriage, and made him direct us home. We had been driving 45 minutes by the time we got there. The Amir nearly killed himself laughing and all ended well. He begged me not to have the police guide punished, for he said he hadn't laughed like that for years, and wouldn't have missed it for anything.

We were to have left Calcutta on the 3rd February and go to Sohagpur in the Central Provinces for tiger shooting. The Amir asked me today to stay here till the 5th and knock two days off the shooting. I said this was strange after all the fuss he had made about shooting when our tour programme was being first arranged. "Oh yes", he said, "that was before I knew you. I thought it would all be formalities and official functions, and so on, and I

thought shooting would be a nice variation. Now I see things and people as they are, I no longer crave for shooting."

*Saturday, 2nd.*—The Amir expressed a wish to go out quietly shopping today, so I started him off in the morning with Major Bird, who, being a resident here, knows Calcutta well.

They were out till 5 o'clock, and Major Bird tells me the Amir went to Whiteaway & Laidlaw and bought a large amount of household linen, furniture, underwear, and so on, for himself and family.

In the course of the morning he met the Commissioner of Police in Calcutta, and on his being introduced asked him not to punish our police guide of last night. He said his sides were still sore from laughing over our adventures.

He spent part of the morning, too, in arranging a contract with Burn & Co. for an iron bridge, the first of its kind in Afghanistan, which is to be put up on the road between Lughman and Jalalabad. The Amir tells me he is getting this for Rs. 44,000, and it is in the interests of the nomads who on their way to and from Jalalabad to Lughman have great trouble in crossing the river, either having to leave their flocks behind, or risk losing many in the rapid stream, or pay heavy ferry dues to the raftsmen.

The Amir's long absence today enabled me to get through much arrears of office work, and I am in hopes he will do some more shopping.

Tonight marks a very important event in the history of the tour, and I have been awaiting it for some time, with some anxiety. It is the night arranged for the Amir's initiation into Freemasonry. Directly the Amir begged me to arrange this at Delhi, I telegraphed to Lord Kitchener (District Grand Master of the Punjab) and enlisted his powerful influence in the Masonic world, with the result that all necessary orders, dispensations, &c., have been successfully obtained by telegram from His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught (Grand Master of England). The ceremony is to be performed at the Lodge Concordia of Calcutta, which is a lodge entirely of British officers, and therefore very suitable for the purpose. Everything has been kept very quiet out of regard for the Amir and the effect which publicity of the fact might have on his people. I trust that the matter will be kept quiet for some little while to come, certainly until the Amir returns to Afghanistan, when he will pass out of the strong light of public attention now thrown on him and all his doings. Hereafter when the fact becomes known it will attract little notice, and will not come to the notice of, or not be believed by, the ordinary Afghan.

To maintain secrecy, as far as the Amir's own staff are concerned, it has been arranged that the Amir is to avail himself of an invitation to dine quietly and informally with Lord Kitchener tonight. Accordingly I went to fetch

His Majesty at 7-30, and as he didn't seem to want to take any of his Sardars to dinner with him, I motored him off alone to the Commander-in-Chief's house.

After a pleasant little dinner the Amir, Lord Kitchener, a Freemason A.-D.-C., and I started quietly\* off in a motor to the Masonic Hall, where everything was ready. The proceedings, which included all three degrees of Craft Masonry, were necessarily rather long. Lord Kitchener, Sir Andrew Fraser, General Sir J. R. L. Macdonald, and others took prominent part in the ceremony, which was very impressively carried out. Whatever anxiety I felt regarding the Amir's own attitude throughout the ceremony was misplaced, for he bore himself with much fortitude, and carried out his own part with great earnestness and attention. To those who understand Freemasonry and the ordinary character of Afghans in general and of an Afghan autocrat in particular, the significance of all this will be fully appreciated.

After the ceremony the Amir was introduced to the officers and members of the Lodge, who numbered about 30, and was then motored back to Lord Kitchener's house, where a sumptuous supper was ready. This we did full justice to, and at about 1 o'clock I might have perhaps got the Amir started homewards, but Lord Kitchener introduced the subject of billiards, which led the Amir to express a desire to learn the game, with the result that up till about 2 A. M. we were busily employed in teaching him the niceties thereof. I then took him home thoroughly pleased with himself and much impressed with Masonic ceremony.

*Sunday, 3rd.*—We are to spend the day today with Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Minto at Barrackpore. The Amir has been much looking forward to this, and had expressed his firm intention of starting by launch at 8 A. M. so as to make a really long day of it. Knowing that Their Excellencies would not be ready to receive him at such an early hour, I managed to get him to rest a little this morning and defer a start till 10, which, with the aid of a strong tide against us and reduced speed, brought us comfortably to Barrackpore by a little after 1 o'clock.

Lunch was served under the trees in the garden, a thing that the Amir loves above all things, and he was immensely pleased. After lunch the Amir drew Lady Minto away to where, during lunch, his servants had spread various presents under the trees. These are the presents for Lady Minto and her three daughters, and these were given to them by the Amir with much pleasant ceremony. He pinned handsome jewelled brooches on each, put shawls round them, and handed them piece by piece the various rolls of cloth, and pieces of furs which he had brought for them. All this was done with many pretty speeches and took time. I saw it was no use hoping to get the Amir back to Calcutta by launch before dark when launches are forbidden to run, and so

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\* I notice that the ever watchful press have diversely reported the evening as having been spent by the Amir at the Minto Fête, and in animated conversation with the Commander-in-Chief!

I thought it wise to endeavour to procure a motor. His Excellency Lord Minto very kindly lent his car. I was glad to have it in reserve, for when I did suggest a few minutes later to the Amir that we ought to be moving in the launch, he wouldn't hear of it, and said he couldn't think of going so soon. Why not motor?

After some photographs had been taken and the Amir had played his first game of croquet and so on, Lady Minto asked him to come and look round the garden. She kindly offered to drive him in her pony carriage, but the Amir insisted on driving her, and off they went. He was delighted with the park and gardens, and said he had seen pictures of something like it in England.

Tea was then served under the trees, and at last about 6-30 I got the Amir to start home. He thanked Lord and Lady Minto very cordially for his pleasant day, and I think he has enjoyed it better than anything in all his Indian tour. We whizzed home the 20 odd miles to Hastings House in great style, in Lord Minto's new car, the Amir full of talk all the way. There is no doubt as to his having enjoyed his day.

On my return I found a telegram from Delhi, reporting the death by pneumonia of Fattah Mohammed Khan, the Amir's servant\* who bolted from him at Delhi. I had had the man quietly watched in case we might ever want to know exactly where he was. The Delhi authorities want to know if the Amir wishes any special burial arrangements. I sent a message to the Amir, saying that one Fattah Mohammed, who is supposed to be his servant, had died, and should I order any special burial. I got a reply to the effect that this man had been his servant and had deserted him without cause, and although his people had advised him to ask me to get the man back, he had refrained from saying anything, and had tried to put the man from his thoughts. He wanted no special burial arrangements.

We settled down, as I hoped, to a quiet evening, but the Amir desires to continue his education in billiards, and sent round to ask me at about 9 o'clock to send some of my staff to teach him. I selected three unfortunates who enjoy a reputation for skill, and they had a fairly late night of it. There is a billiard table I regret to find in Hastings House, and they tell me the Amir is much struck with the game. He has a table in Kabul, but up to now did not know how the game is played.

I forgot to note that the Amir referred to his private income again today. He says that his late father gave him an allowance of Rs. 1,80,000 (£13,000) per annum. He has kept to this sum ever since and has never exceeded it. He says he has always easily managed to provide for himself on this amount. I doubt if he will if he stays much longer in Calcutta.

A. H. McMAHON.

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\* The Amir had never mentioned his desertion to us.

*Monday, 4th February 1907, Calcutta.*—After a busy morning spent at Hastings House in interviewing tradesmen and business-people, of whom a large number are perpetually endeavouring to gain access to His Majesty, the Amir started off about 2 p. m. to do some more shopping. He ordered the motors at 8 o'clock and kept them waiting till 2.

I sent Major Bird with him, and he tells me the Amir spent about three hours at the Army and Navy Stores. He was to have visited various other shops, but once in the Stores remained there, making miscellaneous purchases, including 2 billiard tables. The trades-people in Calcutta are annoyed at the monopoly of the Amir's custom which the Army and Navy seem to enjoy, but the Amir says he can get everything he wants there in one shop, so why should he go elsewhere. It was not until evening that shopping was completed and the party returned home.

We had no fixed engagement for this evening, so after dinner the Amir expressed a wish to go to the Minto Fête once more. We first visited the Boxing ring, where the semi-finals of the Army Boxing Tournament were being fought out. The Amir took considerable interest in this, but in the last of the evening's competitions one of the competitors was knocked down and couldn't get up for a minute or two. This the Amir didn't like at all, and told me he thought boxing a very rough amusement, and he didn't want to see it again.

We went on to the Military Tournament and stayed till the show was over. The Duke and Duchess of Manchester happened to be there, and the Amir insisted on the Duchess sitting next to him. He escorted her to her motor, and to my dismay suggested the Duke asking him to his hotel for supper. The poor Duke had no alternative, so off we went to the Grand Hotel. A frugal repast of biscuits, cake and coffee was all that could be raised at that thoroughly Indian establishment, and to that we sat down. The Duke and Duchess are very great favourites of the Amir. They humour him to his heart's content, and he enjoys it. He was full of poetry tonight, and gave us copious extracts from Persian classics, followed by some piano renderings of Afghan music, and finally an Afghan song.

About 2 o'clock I was successfully getting him started home, when the Duke, in spite of warnings, must insist on expounding a French puzzle, one of those idiotic catch things expressed half in writing and half in drawing. Needless to say, the Amir promptly sat down again and capped the Duke's performances with various Arabic puzzles of a similar nature. Arabic at the best of times is not exhilarating, and Arabic puzzles to us were about as amusing as the French puzzle was to the Amir. It was long past 3 when I did at last get the party broken up and conveyed His Majesty home very pleased with himself and his day. He is to go and lunch with the Duke on Thursday on the *Margharita*. The redeeming feature of the evening's entertainment to me was overhearing the Amir tell the Duchess how grateful

and impressed he was by the wonderful kindness shown to him in everything connected with his visit to India by the Indian Government, and especially by His Excellency the Viceroy.

This morning the Amir decided to stay three days longer in Calcutta. We are to leave on the 8th instead of the 5th, and abandon the Sohagpur tiger-shoot altogether. I am sorry for this, as, although it shows how pleased the Amir is with everything done for him here, there is a danger of those who entertain him getting tired of him.

*Tuesday, 5th.*—We didn't get home till nearly 4 o'clock this morning, but the Amir was ready to start out at 8. As he again expressed a wish to go shopping, I started him off with Major Bird.

Bird was fated to have a somewhat anxious day, for the Amir was no sooner started in his motor than he said he wanted to go and call on the Duke and Duchess of Manchester. He was told this was impossible at that hour, but he sent Bird to the Grand Hotel to enquire. Their Graces, needless to relate, after their late hours last night, were not up and seemed reluctant to receive His Majesty before 11-30. This sad fact was broken to him, and he retired to spend the interval in his favourite resort, the Army and Navy Stores, where he purchased large quantities of tinned fruits and jams, keeping an attentive eye on the time. Punctually at 11-30 he arrived at the Grand Hotel and paid a long visit, which included luncheon, and lasted till 3-30, when Bird managed to get him on the move again, and they returned to the Army and Navy Stores to continue their purchases.

Late in the afternoon I received a message from the Amir, asking me to take him to the Industrial Exhibition. This is a show of Indian products and manufactures which was originally started from political motives, not altogether of a loyal character, but which, under the tactful handling and liberally bestowed patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor, has been converted into a very innocent affair. I had never intended to take the Amir to this place, but Sir Andrew Fraser for some days has been pressing me to do so, on the ground that, if the Amir does not visit it, mischief-makers will say that we prevented his doing so. I therefore with some difficulty got His Majesty to consent to visit the place, and hence his present request.

I asked Sir Andrew Fraser to come with us and motored him to the Army and Navy Stores, where we found the Amir still hard at it, making purchases of a miscellaneous nature. His staff looked jaded, and so did the Army and Navy Stores people. Extracting the Amir quietly but firmly from the Druggist and Perfumery Department, where he was esconced, we got him started for the Exhibition, and arrived there amid the strains of the Afghan anthem very indifferently played on a distinctly *Swadeshi* band. The place was thickly packed with Bengalis, and we struggled round with

some difficulty. The Exhibition is a nicely got-up one and very prettily illuminated at night. We spent about an hour\* there, and then had to hurry home to dress for dinner.

I think the Amir felt he was in disgrace with me for his flippant conduct this morning, for at the Exhibition he put his arm round me and said—"Oh McMahon Sahib, I felt very lonely without you today, and don't know what I shall do when the time comes for our separation, and I don't see you, not only for a few hours, but for days!"

We are to dine privately at Government House tonight, so at the proper hour I went to fetch the Amir. We were starting off when, as usually happens when I want him to be punctual, one of his staff produced something for him to look at. This time it was a lot of new photographs of His Majesty just received from the photographer. These had to be examined and a selection made. The selected ones had to be done up in a parcel. One of the Afghan staff held the paper, another the string, a third the scissors, and a fourth got in the way of the other three. The photographs were handled with as much reverence as if they were tying the Amir himself up in brown paper. All this took time, and needless to say we arrived late once more at Government House.

His Excellency the Viceroy received the Amir at the top of the grand staircase and led him in. He and Lady Minto then conducted him through the marble hall and showed him a portion of the house, including the ball-room. From a series of rather embarrassing questions which the Amir asked Lady Minto as to why and wherefore she had not managed to let him see a ball, which he very much wanted to see, it became very obvious that, somehow or other, he had come to know of the State Ball which is to come off on Friday night, the day of his departure. Endeavour had been made to keep him in ignorance of this, as it is important to get the Amir out of Calcutta on Friday, the 8th, owing to the coming arrival of the Prime Minister of Nepal, who is to occupy Hastings House, where we now are.

There was only one thing to be done to save the situation, as far as the Amir's feelings are concerned, and that Her Excellency Lady Minto at once did. She promptly asked the Amir to come to the Ball on Friday night, and he accepted with evident pleasure.

The Amir chatted pleasantly with Lady Minto throughout dinner, and when dinner was over, declined to accompany Lord Minto to see the finals of the Boxing competition at the Minto Fête, saying that it was obviously his duty to remain and look after the ladies in His Excellency's absence. During

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\* I notice that the grateful Bengali Press is indignant at our staying so short a time.

dinner I had got him to promise not to stay later than 10-45, and he would have gone at that hour if he had not been employed in signing his name on the various photographs he had brought with him to present to Lady Minto and her daughters. Her Excellency, moreover, then asked him to play something on the piano, and he sat down and played various weird Afghan airs and treated us to a song. It was 11-45 before I got him to take his leave. Afghan potentates have a glorious disregard of time, and it is one of my hardest tasks to instil some idea of it into the Amir's mind. I find that, if I can fix some definite time for anything, I can generally get the Amir to keep to it, but if once that particular time, from any cause or other, is allowed to pass, it is the hardest thing in the world to get him to move from wherever he happens to be.

*Wednesday, 6th.*—The Amir was to have started off at 8, and Major Bird and the motors were ready at that hour. As he had not started at 10, I went over to see him and found him busy interviewing various trades-people. The house is full of bed-room furniture, hot-water cans, tin baths, and house-furnishing equipment. The lawn outside is covered with packing cases, and I foresee the necessity for a special goods train to convey all this stuff to Peshawar.

At about 11 the Amir collected his sun-hats, gloves, motor goggles, water-bottles, and all the usual paraphernalia of our daily outings, and we stood up to go when he asked why we shouldn't take a little food before starting, so we all adjourned to the dining-room. We had a long breakfast of several courses, and were once more on the point of departure, when a fresh batch of photographs were produced by a man from Bourne & Shepherd. Minute instructions then followed as to the vignetting of one portrait which he wants to give Lady Eileen Elliot, the preparation of another for Lady Minto, and so on. It was 2 o'clock before we did at last get under weigh.

During the morning the Afghan Envoy came in. He enquired humbly whether the Amir would honour his house with his company at dinner tonight. (The Amir promised weeks ago to do so.) The Amir treated him with very scant courtesy, but said he might possibly come. Both question and answer were conveyed not direct, but through one of the Amir's staff, although the Envoy was actually standing close in front of the Amir. This is the first time I have seen the Envoy for many days.

We went first to the factory of Burn & Co., large iron-workers, with whom the Amir has had extensive dealings. We were taken over the works, and the Amir gave orders for various things, and Mr. Halliday of the firm, who has already been to Kabul, is to go up again to Kabul in March to execute other work. The Amir is particularly anxious to improve his brick-making, and has often asked me to get a Bull's kiln for him and a man to teach his people how to work it. I told him, after enquiries, that he couldn't do better than get this from Burn & Co. They offered him the kiln for about Rs. 1,000 and a

European to work it at Rs. 500 per mensem. "No," said the Amir. "I don't like a fixed monthly pay for that sort of thing. I don't want to provide a man with permanent employment for life, but I want my men taught to make bricks, and I offer Rs. 4,000 down in a lump sum for that. Give me some one who will agree to provide the kiln and teach my men, and he can have the Rs. 4,000 whether the work takes only a week or lasts a year" This was agreed to, and the Amir paid the Rs. 4,000 there and then to the head of the firm as guarantee of his own part of the contract.

At about 4-30 we went on to pay a long-promised visit to the Foreign Office. The Amir had not seemed wildly anxious to visit this establishment, of which he does not appear to entertain a very favourable opinion, but I told him it would be a good thing just to look at the place and see the tables where all the dark and wicked plots he has heard of are concocted. This struck him as a good idea, and hence our visit.

His Majesty was welcomed on arrival by Sir Louis Dane and conducted over the premises which are rather handsome, and taken into his own and some of the Secretaries' and clerks' rooms. Sir Louis and the Amir had some humorous bantering over the iniquity of the establishment. We also visited one or two of the rooms in the adjoining Military Offices and saw Lord Kitchener's office room.

The afternoon had been a thirsty one, and on leaving the Foreign Office, the Amir welcomed my suggestion to go and have tea at the Café Chantant in the Minto Fête. We first visited a stall kept by Lady Collen, which deals in dolls. The Amir bought a large quantity and made us all buy some too. Armed with a large box full of these we proceeded through the Fête, the Amir presenting dolls to every small child he could find. At the Café, which is worked by Mrs. Allen and a staff of lady waitresses, the Amir insisted on paying most generously for everything, scoffing at the idea of getting anything good enough for him, be it tea, sugar, or anything else, under one sovereign for each item. *Marions glacés* he priced at £4. He made a light but rather expensive meal with a slight interval for prayers in a tent at the back of the stage. He was greatly amused when I told him that Mrs. Allen was rather distressed at the magnitude of his payments, and after making her a pretty speech to explain that he had great sympathy with the charity for which the Fête was organized, and was making his payments, like she was giving her service, to God. To set her mind at rest on this point he insisted on embarking upon another meal of coffee and ices at similar terms. He is very greatly impressed with seeing English ladies working so hard every day as waitresses in the cause of charity. Mrs. Allen is to arrange without fail to have a tea table ready for himself and me tomorrow evening. We are to be waited upon by four of the prettiest waitresses in the establishment, and they are to sit at intervals between waiting and have tea with us. All

this being satisfactorily arranged, we left, and I was just hoping we were really off for home when His Majesty dived into the flower show tent. Here misfortune awaited me in the form of Mr. Chatterjee, a very able and enthusiastic gardener and botanist. For a solid hour the Amir and he discussed plants in general and the best way of growing certain plants in particular, regarding which His Majesty seems to know a good deal. It was well past 8 before I could get him started homewards. I had to remind him he was going to dine with his Envoy. "Never mind about that," he said. "It's a very unimportant trifle, and I don't class it as an engagement."

On the way home I had to tackle him about the date of our leaving Calcutta. He had told me earlier in the day that he would settle it with me tomorrow. I could see that this meant his wanting to defer departure till the 10th, and I have received most pressing demands today from the Foreign Office and elsewhere to get the Amir out of Calcutta without fail on the 9th.

I knew it would be fatal to wait till he had asked me definitely to arrange for the 10th, so I tackled him forthwith and without going into the real reasons advised him to leave on the 9th. We must not, I said, further offend the Governor of Bombay, who might already be hurt at our delaying arrival there from 11th to 12th. Besides, the naval display was a thing not to be put off. Also what about the coal mine we are to visit on our way to Bombay? It may not be working on Sunday. He said he really wanted to stay till the 10th. He would start as early in the morning as I liked. Bother the coal mine. If I would only send for some coal experts for him to talk to, he did not want to see a coal mine itself. All right, I said, but we really must not change our date of arrival in Bombay. Why not start on Saturday night instead of Saturday morning? That would be far better than early Sunday morning.

I do not think the Amir believed any of my arguments, but he saw I really wanted him to start on the 9th, and he said—"Well, for your sake I agree to start on Saturday night, and start Saturday night we will after prayer time."

I hope the matter has ended, but I deeply regret the necessity for opposing his inclinations on this point.

By this time we had reached home, and the Amir went off to dress. He asked me to come with him to dinner with the Envoy, but I pleaded work, and escaped that function. He says he may escape from it early in the evening himself and go to the Minto Fête. He will send me word in time for me to meet him there.

He started off to the Envoy's house about 10 o'clock. It's somewhere in the slums of Calcutta, and the idiot of an Envoy has, I hear, arranged to give another batch of presents to the Amir tonight, and also to produce for His

Royal master's delectation various professional male and female singers, European and Native. He certainly is a sublime fool.

I waited till past midnight expecting a summons to meet the Amir at the Minto Fête, but none came. I hear that at the Envoy's house the Amir treated him with slight courtesy, refused to look at his presents, ate his dinner which was served about 11 o'clock, and left abruptly a little after 12, declining absolutely to witness any of the entertainment prepared in his honour.

Among the various other events of today I have succeeded in getting the Amir to do something to allay the feeling of soreness and dissatisfaction, which, I am told, exists among the Mohammedan community of Calcutta at the way the Amir has ignored them, by declining to accept their address and by failing to go to the Calcutta Mosque. This I thought desirable to correct, and so today I suggested to the Amir that it would be a nice thing to invite the leading representatives of the Mohammedan community of Calcutta (who I explained were a very small and insignificant portion of the Calcutta population) to come and have Friday prayers with him here next Friday. The Amir consented readily and said he would willingly let them, up to about 100, come and pray with him, and he would talk to them afterwards. This is all right, and I have arranged for the invitation to be made known.

*Thursday, 7th.*—The Amir was to have started at 8 A. M. to go shopping, but he spent the morning interviewing tradespeople at his house.

I went at 1 to fetch him to go and lunch with the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, as arranged the other night on the *Margharita*.

He greeted me most affectionately, and asked if I had heard of what he had done last night. He said the Envoy had wanted to produce some female singers and dancers after dinner, and he was so disgusted at the idea that on the pretence of going to say his prayers he had slipped off with one of his Sardars and gone straight home in his motor without any one knowing of his departure. He had left one of his big Sardars there, because he knew that, as long as he was present, no entertainment of the nature contemplated by the Envoy\* could take place. He then spoke very earnestly about the importance he attached to a clean life and how he avoided immorality of any kind. He had boundless opportunities in his own country, as by custom no woman could be in *purdah* or veiled before him. He was prepared to swear a solemn oath that he had lived a clean and moral life and, please God, would continue to do so. He looked upon the English ladies he was happy enough to meet here in India, in the same light as he would his sisters or his daughters, and to think that, while he was associating with them, he should be asked to allow such women as the Envoy had wished him to see last night, to enter his

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\* The Amir's orders to his following are, I know, to the effect that any one convicted of drinking or visiting improper houses in India will be blown from a gun on return to Afghanistan.

presence was a thing he could not get over. He spoke very warmly and earnestly, and I made various remarks expressing gratification and congratulation. To any one who has associated so intimately with the Amir as I have the last five weeks or so, there is nothing in what he said today that would cause surprise and I believe all he says on this subject!

He has always given me the idea of a man who has lived a thoroughly clean life. He often in quiet moments, in talking to me, dwells on the religious duties of a ruler, and how he has given his life to God for the sake of, and as far as lies in his power, the example of his people. This he takes care to inform me in no way necessitates bigotry or hypocrisy. Written down in this way, the above may give a picture of a rather self-laudatory individual with an over-rated idea of his own virtue, but when alone the Amir speaks of himself in a very modest manner which carries conviction.

We motored to the landing stage, and were taken off in the yacht's launch to the *Margarita*, where we found the Smiths (who have hired the yacht for a journey round the world from Drexel, Mrs. Smith's brother), the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, and the Maharani of Cooch Behar.

We had a sumptuous luncheon, and the Amir made himself very pleasant. He took various photographs of the party, and he and the Duke and Duchess of Manchester exchanged small presents. We stayed on board till 5, and there were some very affectionate farewells exchanged on our leaving. The Amir hinted at the possibility of some day availing himself of the Duke's invitation to pay him a visit in England. The idea of going to England is, I think, beginning to take hold of him.

Next we went to the Minto Fête, and the Amir proceeded straight to the Café Chantant, where Mrs. Allen had, as she promised yesterday, arranged a nice little table for the Amir and myself, and four pretty lady waitresses to attend on us. It was not to be a cheap tea like yesterday which only cost £20, so a silver tea-pot was produced, and we had gold spoons in our cups. With the usual interval for prayers at the back of the stage, we stayed a long while. On Mrs. Allen anxiously asking why the Amir did not eat so much as the day before, he explained that he was going to dine at the Lieutenant-Governor's, and was keeping himself in preparation for Lady Fraser's excellent dinner. Last night, he remarked in English, he was only going to dine with a "fool man", and so hadn't worried about what he took beforehand. He thoroughly enjoyed himself talking to the pretty waitresses, whom he made sit down and chatted with. He helped them all to tea. Before leaving he produced the surprise bag he always has carried with him, and after paying each of the four waitresses £10 for the tea, he produced with much mystery five little parcels and presented Mrs. Allen with a very pretty gold jewelled wrist-watch and chain, and the waitresses with very

pretty brooches and rings. These were not for the Fête, he said, but for themselves as personal mementos. He always makes these gifts in a very pretty way with happy remarks to the recipient.

On our way home he again alluded to the incident of last night, and it seems to rankle in his mind. He said how could he allow himself to associate in the pleasant friendly way he does with the pure-minded English ladies he meets if he was a man who cast improper eyes on them. He would be ashamed to speak to our ladies if he did.

We arrived rather late at the Lieutenant-Governor's house, but the Amir had luckily warned Lady Fraser that this was likely. After dinner the Amir was shown a Highland reel and a sword dance, and there was some good singing. The Amir played one or two Afghan airs on the piano and again sang.

He had brought two photographs to present to Sir Andrew and Lady Fraser, and by mistake two extra photographs had come with them. How could he dispose of them he asked. He then proceeded to get up a lottery for them. The names of the 15 ladies present were put in a bag, and the drawing was conducted with great ceremony by the Amir, assisted by the Lieutenant-Governor. It was very amusing and everyone seemed delighted, especially the lucky drawers of the photographs, which the Amir duly signed and presented.

We were to have gone on to the Minto Fête, this being the last night of it, but the Frasers seemed loth to part with the Amir, and he was too happy to want to leave. The inevitable result happened, and it was long past 12 before I got him to start home.

Tomorrow is Friday, and I had arranged for the leading representatives of the Mohammedan community to come and have Friday prayers with the Amir. He now informed me that he thought it better to go to the mosque and see them all there. I again warned him about the bad approaches to the mosque and the tremendous crowd he would meet. He said he would like me to arrange for the mosque.

A. HENRY McMAHON.

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*Friday, 8th February 1907, Calcutta.*—I informed the Commissioner of Police, Calcutta, as soon as I could this morning of the Amir's intention (expressed at 2 A. M. this morning) to attend Friday service in the Nakhoda Mosque. He was distressed at the short notice given, and said he could not accept the responsibility of ensuring the Amir's safety either on the way to or in the mosque, as the crowds would be so great, and the approaches so bad, he would not have time to collect the police force required. I replied that, from what I knew of the Amir, this objection would not stop his going. He begged

me to state it to His Majesty. This I did with the expected result. The Amir said he had promised to go and would go. He sent me in writing, in his own hand, a statement to the effect that the Commissioner of Police was in no way to be held responsible. I asked the Commissioner of Police, Mr. Halliday, to do his best to meet the case.

The Amir spent the morning doing business and seeing tradespeople. Among other people he gave interviews to was one Dr. Saise, a coal-mining expert, late in the employment of the East Indian Railway Coal Mine Department. The Inspector-General of Mines, whom I had asked about this man, said he was not a very dependable fellow. I mentioned this to the Amir, but he said he had promised him an interview and would I kindly send for him. I therefore summoned Dr. Saise, and sent him to the Amir.

He has agreed in writing, which the Amir showed me, to send a coal expert to inspect his coal-field and report within (I think) ten months on Rs. 1,000 per month.

At about one o'clock the Amir started off for the mosque. It was reported to me that there were tremendous crowds on the road and barely standing space in the mosque, but the police arrangements were excellent and the crowd a very orderly one.

Shortly after 4 I went round to see the Amir and take him to watch the final of the Regimental Football Tournament. His Majesty greeted me most affectionately and said he had missed me all day. I said he had been busy, but that, he said, made no difference as he had felt lonely without me. I see little prospect of doing my own work if he keeps up this frame of mind.

We motored down to the football ground, and Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Minto arrived there shortly afterwards. The Amir is to lunch with them tomorrow to say good-bye, and he has announced his intention of arriving at 11 o'clock so as to have long talks with them both. In the course of conversation Lady Minto said she hoped they would see him again. He said he hoped so too and thought of paying another visit to India soon. Would she receive him as their guest at Government House if he came to stay with them alone as a private gentleman? Lady Minto said they would be delighted.

Tonight is the State Ball, and punctually to the minute at 10-15 we arrived at Government House. The Amir was unattended by any of his staff except his interpreter, and came quite alone.

On the way there he told me he now thoroughly understood the advantages of having only a small following with him. He saw all our biggest people going about unattended, and he thought it a splendid thing. If ever he comes to India again, which he said he hopes to do, he will bring hardly any one with him. He said if he had brought all with him who wanted to come on this present trip to India, he would have brought several hundred thousand men.

The prospects of receiving honour, good feeding, free board, lodging, and conveyance were a great attraction to his people. He had had great difficulty in selecting the number he did bring. He would never bring many with him again. He is going, as it is, he said, to send back about a hundred of his present reduced following to Afghanistan tomorrow.

I rather think he is displeased with his staff. He has seldom taken any of them about with him lately. I must watch this, as I don't want him to make himself unnecessarily unpopular with his own people. I had suggested his bringing his two big Sardars with him tonight, but he wouldn't.

On arrival at Government House, Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Minto led the Amir in procession through the ball-room, and Lady Minto and His Majesty seated themselves on the dais. The Amir, however, was soon on the move again, as he said he wanted to wander round informally, and he did so all the evening talking freely to all whom he recognized.

He took Lady Minto in to supper, and after that function wandered round again. He searched round for all he knew and talked to them. He was struck by the way that everyone's attention seemed to be engrossed in dancing and consequently the comparatively small amount of attention paid to himself. If he had known two days ago, he said, what a ball meant, he would have learnt dancing and enjoyed himself like the others.

I made one or two fruitless efforts in the latter part of the evening to get him to retire. Once I told him that all big people left fairly early at these functions. "Let them," he said, "but I presume someone or other is always the last man to leave a dance, and tonight that last man is going to be me."

Notwithstanding this painful threat he bade his hosts goodnight at the end of the last dance, and we returned home.

The Amir was inveighing against newspapers today. I forgot what led to the subject, but he said how untrustworthy they were. He said he had been much struck some while ago by reading in some newspaper some very scandalous remarks about our late Queen, and he asked if such were possible what reliance could be placed on newspaper reports. He had seen many inaccurate remarks about himself.

*Saturday, 9th.*—This is our last day in Calcutta, and the Amir has loyally stuck to his promise to me to say no more about postponing his departure to the 10th. I know how loth he is to leave.

At the ball last night he told me he wanted to see Sir Louis Dane this morning to explain something in a recent letter of his. Accordingly Sir Louis arrived at 9 this morning and had a short interview with His Majesty, at which I gather the only topic discussed related to the inspection by us of arms purchased by the Amir.

The morning was spent in business, and I managed to get the Amir to give another interview to Major Maynard, who again examined his eyes. He is to come to Lahore and make a final examination after putting the eyes out of gear with atropine.

The Amir was very impatient all the morning for the time to come for him to go to see Lord and Lady Minto. This had been changed from 11 to 12, and eventually it was about 12-30 before we got to Government House. The Amir had insisted on seeing Lady Minto and her daughters first, so he went up to their drawing-room and was soon deeply engrossed in teaching them all Persian. He was very amusing about the alphabet, and very strict about the manner of their pronounciation of it. Lord Minto joined the party later, and we adjourned to lunch. After luncheon the Amir presented several photographs to members of the family, and eventually at about 3-30 bade them all an affectionate farewell. Before the Amir left Lord Minto made him a present of a handsome sun-dial which could be arranged so as to fire a gun by means of a magnifying glass.

The Amir was very sorry to say good-bye to Lord Minto and his family, and expressed a hope that he would come and see them again.

We then went to the Races, and the Amir took very keen interest in everything. He carefully inspected the horses in the paddock, watched the jockeys being weighed, got weighed himself (15st. 13lb) and succesfully evaded the attempts of a horse-courser of sorts to stick him with an English race-horse. He insisted in a most gallant manner on filling his box with Lady Fraser and other lady-friends he had met before. He put them into the front places and sat behind in the most approved manner. What puzzled him greatly was the method of putting weights on to horses, and after a vain attempt to get a lucid explanation of this from the Clerk of the Scales, the Official Handicapper and Stewards, he asked them to send him a book of the Turf Club Rules, so as to study the subject at leisure. He is anxious, he tells me, to introduce racing on our lines in Afghanistan!

After the last race he desired to be introduced to the parents of one of the pretty little waitresses who had attended on us at the Minto Fête Café Chantant the other evening, and whom he saw here. Her father is Commissioner of Calcutta, and they now asked us to tea in the Turf Club enclosure. After tea the Amir presented the daughter with a pretty little wrist-watch as a memento of the occasion.

We then started homewards, and on the way looked in to pay an informal visit on Sir Andrew and Lady Fraser. The Amir has a great regard for both. He very kindly presented Sir Andrew with a handsome silver double-handed cup with suitable inscription to put on his dining table as a memento of the

happy times the Amir had spent at that table. The Amir is to return some day, he said, and dine again at that table.

We returned home to dress for dinner which we are to have tonight with Lord Kitchener. This dinner requires explanation. Our train tonight is to start at 10-30. The Amir yesterday expressed a wish to go to his railway carriage straight from the races. This I knew would mean his getting restless as usual and making me start the train off, hours before time, and that would offend the various officials who would come down to see him off at 10-30 and find him flown. To avoid this and also end up his Calcutta visit with eclat, I asked Lord Kitchener last night at the ball to ask us to dinner tonight. He consented with pleasure, but when he verbally invited the Amir a few minutes after, that potentate who never ceases condoling with Lord Kitchener on his unmarried state, insisted on four or five ladies being asked to meet him. This poor Lord Kitchener had to agree to do.

We were to have arrived at 7-45, in view of our early start by train, but just as I was getting the Amir started off in time, he suddenly recollected various presents he wanted to make, and these had to be fetched, and letters written and so on, until it was 8-20 before we reached the Commander-in-Chief's house. On the way there the Amir told me how sorry he was to leave Calcutta. He felt, he said, like a schoolboy going back to school.

The dinner was a very cheery one, the Amir pressing Lord Kitchener very hard on his bachelor-dom. The need of a son to carry on his name was insisted upon, and eventually Lord Kitchener was given three months within which to select and marry a wife, or incur the Amir's displeasure.

After the ladies left the table Lord Kitchener said something about the pleasure and benefit he hoped the Amir had derived from his visit to India.

"Yes," said His Majesty, "I have now seen people and things with my own eyes, and am no longer at the mercy of those who may try to deceive me, intentionally or ignorantly. There was once a king who secretly brought an elephant into his country and shut it up in a dark room, and sent his people, who had never seen an elephant, into the room to ascertain and report what the elephant was like. They went and each man carefully felt the portion of the beast nearest to him. On coming out, one man described the elephant as though it was all leg, another as if it were all tail, another as all trunk, another as all body, and so on, and not one described it as a correct whole. This is the sort of information that I have been getting about you and your country. Now I have seen for myself, and if any one tells me 'you are all trunk or all leg, I will blow him from a gun.'"

On adjourning to the drawing-room I reminded the Amir that our train was to start at 10-30, and showed him my watch. "Not one minute before 12 am I going to leave this," said he, and he seized my watch and put it into his own pocket. Seeing he really meant it, I sent down to the railway station to inform the high officials who had gone there to see the Amir off. Lord Kitchener also sent to ask them to come up to his house and say good-bye to the Amir there instead, so up they came. The Amir presented a handsome silver centre-piece and some furs and pieces of cloth to Lord Kitchener, and distributed some signed photographs among Lord Kitchener and the ladies present. He was in excellent form and kept everyone amused except myself, who knew the effect our late start would have on our railway timings for the next two days and on our arrival in Bombay. I waved my empty watch chain at him at intervals but to no avail, and it was nearly one o'clock before I got him to leave.

Lord Kitchener escorted him to his motor, and the Amir, before getting in, turned round to say good-bye, but not a word could he say. He made several efforts, and, not succeeding, sent for a glass of water, which he drank, but still could not speak. In order to control his emotion he turned to me and asked in a low voice if Lord Kitchener would help him in the matter of cordite, which he referred to the other day. On Lord Kitchener saying he would see about it, the Amir clasped his hand, but still could not trust himself to speak, and eventually got into his motor with the words "I can't speak", and we drove off.

He showed great emotion as we drove to the station and used his handkerchief freely. It was not until we arrived almost at the station that he was able to speak, and then he told me how much he felt these farewells, and how seriously he treated friendships.

On the platform he presented Malik Khoda Bakhsh, the late British Agent in Kabul, with the Afghan Order of Izzat and made a short speech to him praising his services.

It was about 1-30 before our train at last started three hours late.

Trains have given us a good deal of trouble today. The Amir decided last night to send back some 70 of his party to Peshawar, and I ordered the necessary railway arrangements to be made for these men. This has only been done with the very greatest difficulty owing to the want of sufficient railway carriages available, even in this metropolis of India. The paucity of rolling stock throughout India is remarkable and has constantly caused us trouble on this tour.

A. HENRY McMAHON.

*Sunday, 10th February 1907, Train.*—When I went to see the Amir this morning he told me he had not been able to get to sleep last night for several hours owing to his being so upset at leaving Calcutta and all his friends there. He is a very warm-hearted man, and I believe all he says about not treating friendship lightly.

I showed him a telegram received from Mr. Dobbs, who has gone on to Sohagpur, saying that a tiger, 2 *sambhur*, 3 bear, and 20 peacock had been shot on the first day's shooting at Sohagpur. I said—"Just think what we have missed by not going to Sohagpur." "Don't worry about that," said the Amir, "no shooting, however good, can compare with friendship, and I wouldn't have given up my time with my friends in Calcutta for all the shooting in the world. I am, as you know, going to abandon my shoot at Bahawalpur so as to have more time at Bombay and make friends there."

The country through which we passed today has just had three days' heavy rain and looks very fresh and green. The Amir is very much taken with it.

Most of us took the opportunities afforded by railway travelling, of getting some rest and sleep today after the long days and late nights of Calcutta. I managed to get some rest too, by pleading headache and thus escaping a day with the Amir in his carriage. I took tea with him and had a long talk in the evening. He was very anxious to treat me medicinally for my headache, but I managed to evade this.

*Monday, 11th, Train.*—We were only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours behind time yesterday evening, but somehow we succeeded in losing another  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours during the night's run and are now five hours behind time. We are to have a State arrival in Bombay at 7-30 tomorrow morning, and as this does not now look possible I decided to telegraph to Bombay at once and postpone our arrival till 3-30 in the afternoon.

My very heavily worked English staff are now adepts at changing our programme at a moment's notice. They have had plenty of experience in this line, the amount of labour it involves is extraordinary.

This delay in our arrival at Bombay, among other things, involves putting off the Amir's visit to the Fleet and the naval display fixed for tomorrow afternoon.

We passed Jubbulpore this morning, and the Amir noticed a lot of the Railway employés' wives, mostly Eurasians, who were kept back behind the barriers erected to keep the public from the platform. He had them brought up and talked to them and insisted on presenting them each with an Afghan gold coin as a memento. He asks that in future no ladies are to be excluded from railway platforms.

I spent most of the day with His Majesty in his carriage. He is greatly impressed with the never-ending sea of corn-fields and rich cultivation we pass through day after day. He constantly refers to the benefit he is deriving from visiting India and seeing things with his own eyes. He again told me today how his people had tried to prevent his coming to India. Some even went so far as to give out that anyone who supported the Amir in his idea of visiting India was an infidel (*Kafir*). Those, said the Amir, who spoke like this from ignorance, were possibly well-intentioned people, and merely fools. Others, who were not ignorant of India, and who had tried to prevent him coming, by misrepresenting India to him he now looked upon as being infidels themselves.

In the evening I took the Amir for a ride on the engine, and he thoroughly enjoyed it. We passed through some very pretty forest scenery today, and saw a lot of black buck here and there. We passed through Sohagpur in the afternoon, and I rubbed it in again about missing all the sport there, and said what elaborate arrangements Mr. Miller, the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, had made for him. He asked me yesterday to invite Mr. Miller to the station, so that he could thank him personally. This I did, but Mr. Miller was prevented from coming, so the Amir conveyed his thanks through the other officers who met him at the Sohagpur station. They rather gave the show away, by saying that the last two days' sport had been blanks, but this, said the Amir, was not unusual in all sport, however good arrangements may be made. Good sport or bad, he would give up everything for the sake of having a few days longer with his dear friends in Calcutta.

The comparative rest of the past two days has given the Amir time for quiet reflection, and in the evening he sent\* for Attaché Khan Bahadur Maula Bakhsh to commit those reflections to writing. I attach them herewith. They are of interest, especially if read, not in the order of sequence of ideas, as dictated, but in the sequence of paragraphs suggested by me in the margin.

#### OFFICE NOTE.

As I was passing the Amir's saloon this evening at Bir, where His Majesty's special train stopped for dinner, His Majesty called me and spoke to me for a long time. The following is the substance of His Majesty's remarks:—

Para. 2. { "Several different subjects engaged my thoughts in the train today, and I am glad I have been able to solve the questions which were troubling my mind. Recently a man came to me in Afghanistan and produced a piece of black substance which he had found in Ghorband, a place about 64 miles to the north-west of Kabul. I saw at once that it was coal, and I asked him to show me the spot where he had found it. He took me there, and on

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\* The Amir has since checked this record and approved of it. He has said nothing to me on the subject, but I understand he means me to bring it to the notice of Government.

close examination of the spot and after some excavation, I discovered that there were about nine places within a radius of about twenty miles containing coal and other minerals such as iron, copper, &c. I was the second person who went to the spot to find out what the tract contained, and the first to discover coal and other minerals there.

There is no geologist or mining engineer in Afghanistan, and I was anxious to secure the services of one. During my stay in Calcutta I took the opportunity to send for Dr. Saes, and I have made the necessary arrangement with him to work the mines. But I was at a loss to know how to make the best use of the coal, &c. I once thought of removing my workshops from Kabul to Ghorband, but I saw that it would be a troublesome undertaking, and that the difficulty of transport for conveying the outturn of the workshops would continue. I am glad I have solved this difficulty also, and my mind is now relieved. I have made up my mind to construct a railway from Kabul to Jabl-us-Seraj and Ghorband, which would facilitate traffic and the conveyance of the coal and minerals to the workshops at Kabul.

Parwan, or Jabl-us-Seraj as I have called it after my own name or title, is a place of great importance. It is situated about 43 miles to the north-west of Kabul at a point where five roads from different directions (Herat, Turkestan, &c.) meet. From Kabul there is one road for 38 miles. From the 38th mile one road goes to the north to Jabl-us-Seraj, which is 3 miles, and another to the west to Ghorband, which is 26 miles from that point. I am not an engineer, but I know enough to be able to say that, if properly fortified, the Jabl-us-Seraj can be held with a small number of troops, and it will make an impregnable barrier against any foe advancing from the north-west. If English engineers see it, I am sure they will confirm what I have said. I am now engaged in raising the necessary fortifications there. When they are completed, I will have the support of the British Government at my back, and my front will be quite impregnable.

I have been carefully looking at the tracts through which I have passed in India, and I have come to the conclusion that India is a most valuable country, and that the British Government must be very thankful to God who has given them possession of it. But they must also possess the means of protecting it from an invader who can only be Russia. Such means lie in Afghanistan alone. If Russia gets into Afghanistan, Afghanistan will be ruined, but India will also be lost with it. It is absolutely necessary for the British Government to have a friendly and contented Afghanistan and to always conciliate the Afghans in every way. It was a lucky moment when I made up my mind to pay a visit to India. Both the British and Afghan Governments were suspicious of each other. I believe my visit has removed those suspicions altogether. Some people in Afghanistan tried to prevent my coming to India by saying that my life would be in danger. But I did not listen to them. I am glad I did not do so, because I find *that some of them were ignorant friends and others were liars*. In fact, I look upon the man who knowingly and intentionally interferes with the friendship between the British and Afghan Governments as an infidel.

It is not worth the while of any foreign power to take possession of Afghanistan, as it will not pay the expenses connected with it, and they will be unable to keep it *because the people of Afghanistan will not submit to any foreign power*.

Afghanistan is only valuable as a friend and a buffer, particularly for the British Government. What I\* said to the Commander-in-Chief was out of disappointment: what I say now is by way of reminder (*takood*) and hope. If my statements are doubted, that is a different matter;

\* I can't remember what particular remarks he refers to.

A. H. McMAHON.

but if I am believed I am speaking the truth, what I say should be listened to. I believe I have convinced the highest authorities in India that I am sincere, and I hope the British

Para. 2.

Para. 1.

Cabinet will take the same view of the situation as the Indian authorities. *I think the Indian authorities have been convinced that I am sincere and their real friend. If this is the case and the British Cabinet do not agree with them in this conviction, then woe to India and Afghanistan. As I am a sincere friend, I must speak the truth.* What I have told them has been said as a well-wisher. I conclude my remarks with the following couplet of Sadi, which I addressed to the British Government :—

[Couplet in vernacular.]

(TRANSLITERATION.)

Banazd-i-man ankas nikukhwah-i-tust ki goyad fulan khar dar rah-i-tust.

(TRANSLATION.)

I look upon that person as your well-wisher who says that that thorn is lying in your way”

11-2-07.

(Sd.) MAULA BAKHSH.

P. S.—I submitted a translation of this note to the Amir as desired by him, and asked His Majesty if it contained what he had actually said. His Majesty said it contained a correct summary of what he had said with the exception of a few slight omissions (italicised in the text) which His Majesty pointed out to me. I have supplied these omissions as dictated to me by His Majesty.

Tuesday, 12th.—Owing to the postponement of our arrival in Bombay from 7-30 A. M. to 3-30 P. M. we were able today to do the journey down the Ghâts by daylight.

I was summoned by the Amir at 8 A. M., and was with him all the morning. He enjoyed the scenery on the way down the Ghâts very much and was full of spirits. He told me a lot about his new idea of building a railway from Kabul to Ghorband to tap his coal and copper mines. I am to send for Mr. Hayden of the Geological Survey of India to see him at Bombay, as I have recommended him as quite the right man to undertake the mineralogical survey of Afghanistan.

His Majesty still harps on his regret at having to tear himself away from his friends at Calcutta. He doesn't expect to find such good ones at Bombay, but he asks me to arrange for him to dine out every night during his stay there: I am doing my best to prepare him for the heat, &c., of Bombay, and picture everything, including his house, in the most doleful colours. I find this always pays best.

The Railway people, now that we have a lot of time to spare, pushed us along last night, and we made up some lost time, with the result that we have to dawdle along today so as not to reach Bombay before the fixed time. The day, however, was a cool one, and the scenery pretty.

At 3-30 to the minute we drew up at the Victoria Terminus and were received by His Excellency Lord Lamington, Governor of Bombay, and all the principal Naval, Military, and Civil officers of the Presidency in full dress. The station was prettily decorated. I introduced His Excellency the Governor, who introduced the principal officers, and they introduced their respective staffs. After inspecting the guard-of-honour, a move was made to the carriage, and we started in procession through Bombay. The crowds were enormous, and the Amir was greeted with much enthusiasm.

On reaching the house, which has been arranged for the Amir's accommodation, Lord Lamington took his leave, followed by his officers, who are to wait at Government House for the Amir's return visit, which was to take place in half an hour's time.

It was rather a trying half hour for me, for the Amir, as sometimes happens on his arrival at a new place, was a bit fractious. The reaction after a long journey\* and a big State arrival ceremony easily accounts for this. He said he would only take me with him to the Governor's house. I said he might do what he liked as to his own staff, but I'd take the whole of mine. He looked at me and said nothing for a minute. "What is the dinner tonight at the Governor's going to be?" "A State dinner," I said. "Any ladies?" "No," I replied (I quite forgot I had written some time ago saying ladies should attend), "the ladies will come to the Reception after dinner." "Well, I'll only go to the Reception," said the Amir. "All right," said I, "we will only go to the Reception, but ladies at dinner tonight you can't have." Again the Amir looked at me and said nothing, but went to bustle his staff up a bit. They are wise men and difficult to find on these occasions. I always find on the very few occasions, when the Amir does get on the rampage like this, that it's best to take no notice but smile blandly at him. He sees I am quietly laughing at him, and he doesn't like it. When the half hour was up I started the staff, the Amir's staff of course went too, off in carriages. The Amir was to follow last of all in the State coach. He always hates seeing his staff sent on ahead of him, and wanted to know where his State carriage was. I pointed down the long row of carriages coming up to the door, and off the Amir went down the line, and before I could stop him, got into a carriage, not the State coach, but the one next before it. I laughed and got in, too, and in that we started off, but not until our turn came, escorted by the Governor's Body-Guard.

The whole question of the Amir's visit to the Governor of Bombay has been a thorny one for a long time. The Amir, when the Bombay programme was first submitted to him several weeks ago, absolutely declined to pay a

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\* We had been three nights and nearly three days in the train.

full dress visit to the Governor, even if that officer so far departed from precedent as to receive him at the railway station. The whole question of visits was then dropped. As one of the results of his eye-openings in Calcutta, the Amir himself re-raised the question, and said he would pay a full dress visit on the Governor if the latter met him at the railway station. Hence the present visit, and my anxiety that it should go off all right. If I had not had full confidence in the Amir's innate good breeding, I would have felt additional anxiety on the present occasion.

As it was we arrived in good temper at Government House, and the Amir was received by His Excellency the Governor, led up the Durbar-room to the throne end, and there he introduced his staff, British and Afghan, to the Governor. We all took our seats and the usual stilted interchange of platitudes, which characterises State visits, was proceeded with. Tea was brought round. Lord Lamington said he hoped the Amir liked his house, but was sorry it had such a small garden (it's on a hill with a steep drop in front of the house down to the open sea). The Amir said he liked the house very much, and although it had a small garden, it had a nice large-sized tank in front of it!

On our return to the Amir's house (he went in the State coach this time) the Amir expressed great satisfaction with his residence. It certainly is a nice place, and we have had it very beautifully furnished. The view from it over the bay to the Colaba end of Bombay is very fine.

The Afghan Sardars and followers are housed in a very nice house, a little distance from the Amir, and the Native Attachés and assistants are in a camp below close to the sea-shore. We British officers are all guests of His Excellency the Governor at Government House.

Although it was now dusk I met the ever-energetic potentate out for a motor drive, and took the opportunity thus afforded of looking round to see how I could comply with the Amir's wish to dine out every night. We are, as at present arranged, to stay here till the 20th, *i. e.*, eight days. We are to dine at a State banquet at the Governor's tonight. For tomorrow night I gently broke it to the Chief Justice, Sir Lawrence Jenkins, that an invitation to dinner would be very acceptable, and he kindly expressed his willingness to receive us.

I got the Amir and his Sardars to Government House punctually at 8-45, and Lord Lamington conducted him to the Durbar-room, where the other guests, some hundred or more, filed past and were introduced, after which we went to dinner.

After the King's health the Governor rose and proposed the Amir's health in a pleasant speech of welcome, to which the Amir replied, saying that in coming to India he had come among friends. Before he came the friendship

was only a thing of words, it was now a thing of life. It was like a small plant before he came, and now it was a big tree under which he and we could now all sit and enjoy its shade, and some day would enjoy its fruit. He had gained much experience in India, which, he hoped, would benefit his country. Never would Afghanistan abandon its friendship with India until India deserted Afghanistan. He then proposed Lord Lamington's health, which we all drank.

After dinner a big reception was held at which all the elite of Bombay attended. The Amir mixed freely among the throng and chatted with any English people he knew or was now introduced to. He seemed, I think, to be unfavourably impressed with the largeness of the Native element present tonight, and was a trifle distant in his behaviour to such Native Chiefs and gentlemen as were introduced to him. Natives on these occasions are not so well-mannered as Europeans and crowd round the Amir too much. He doesn't like it and sometimes shows it.

Among those at dinner tonight were the Russian Consul-General, I , and his wife. She is a very pretty woman and caught the Amir's eye. He asked who she was. Later on in the evening he asked me if I had noticed that she and her husband left immediately after dinner. He attributed this to his speech! I had not noticed this. What really happened was that they went into one of the other rooms and the Amir did not happen to see them again.

After supper, I got the Amir under weigh and took him home. He seemed very pleased with his evening, and again expressed great satisfaction with the house we have provided for him here.

During the evening I went round and managed to get enough invitations to dinner to fill up all the Amir's evenings throughout our stay here, except Thursday night. This I kept free, as we are likely to be very late in returning from our visit to the Fleet that day.

All of those who kindly volunteered to give a dinner to the Amir, curiously enough, asked me if there would be any objection to asking the Russian Consul-General and his wife to meet the Amir. They seem very popular in Bombay. I was obliged to say I would prefer their not doing so. I have quite enough difficulties to cope with, without regulating the attitude of His Majesty towards these two.

*Wednesday, 13th, Bombay.*—A display of the big guns in the Bombay Forts has been arranged for today, and shipping has been cleared out of certain portions of the bay to enable firing to be carried out. For this reason I was asked to ensure the Amir's punctuality, and succeeded in getting him to Colaba at the time fixed, *i. e.*, 10 A. M. He was received by Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Hunter, Lieutenant-General Richardson, and the principal military officers of Bombay, and taken into one of the batteries containing

two 10-inch disappearing guns. These he very carefully examined in every detail, and was then shown some firing with them at a moving target, some 5,000 yards away. The neighbouring forts also fired with 10-inch and 6-inch guns, and some very pretty practice was made. The Amir himself fired one of the 10-inch guns, and was with difficulty prevented from going into the gun-pit and aiming the big gun himself.

We then visited a 6-inch gun battery, and examined that. Hearing that these guns were soon going to be replaced by new ones, he turned to me and asked me to explain to General Sir Archibald Hunter that now Government were going to condemn these guns, he could suggest a very good place to send them to, *i. e.*, Afghanistan. Addressing General Hunter, he went on to discourse on the fact that we had little reason to dread danger in India from the side of the sea. Its real danger was from the land side, and its real enemy was Russia. Afghanistan is the door of India, and the safety of India depended on keeping that door strong and shut. The Afghans might be willing enough to guard that door, but what good could they do if armed only with sticks. He was our friend and hoped some day soon to prove his friendship.

We then climbed to the top of the tower from which the range finding and gun control of all the shore batteries is conducted, and everything was explained to the Amir. He expressed great astonishment at the conspicuousness of this important tower, and when told it was painted like a light-house and would be taken to be such by an enemy, he expressed doubt on the subject, and suggested other towers being erected, so that the enemy might not know which one to aim at in particular. This suggestion was solemnly recorded by General Hunter and we adjourned to the Artillery Mess close by, where the gunners had arranged an impromptu breakfast for the Amir. General Hunter and the senior officers took their leave and left us to the care of the junior gunner officers, to whom the mess belonged. This pleased the Amir, and he said he as a soldier liked being treated as a soldier in this way. After a pleasant but frugal meal, which the Amir thoroughly enjoyed, he expressed a desire to go shopping at the Army and Navy Stores. I took him there and left him.

He returned home from the Stores late in the afternoon, and I took him on at once to the Races. We were met by the Governor's Staff and taken to his box, and from there we wandered on into the Paddock. Here a most complicated system of betting was propounded by the Amir, which he and Lady Jenkins proceeded to put into practice. Each were to choose three horses each in the paddock, and whichever chose among those the larger number of horses placed at the finish was to win the bet. This was Rs. 200. Knowing the Amir's ideas about gambling, I wondered what he was driving at. At the end of the first race the Amir claimed two of the placed horses as being those he had selected, although, needless to say, they were not so. Having won several bets

with Lady Jenkins on this satisfactory principle, he proceeded to claim instant payment. After considerable discussion, which continued all through tea time, and long after all the races were over for the day, Lady Jenkins gave in and was about to pay up the money, when the Amir confessed he was only joking, and all he was playing for was Lady Jenkins' photograph. This being settled, and after the Amir had returned from prayers on the top of the Grand Stand, we took our departure. Lord Lamington informs me that this is the first time in his Governorship that he has been one of the last of the crowd to leave the race-course.

We dined tonight with Sir Lawrence and Lady Jenkins. It was a large party and the Amir was in splendid spirits. As usual I was seated on his right at table, but tonight he took exception to this and insisted on having a lady on either side, so I was ignominiously sent by him to change places with a lady two seats off. Later on in the evening I heard him inform the table that he had never been so far from me for six weeks and was feeling lonely. What he was going to do when I left him at Landi Kotal and returned to Peshawar while he went on to Dakka he didn't know, but he did know he would cry all the way to Dakka.

There was one advantage from my point of view in this new arrangement of seats at table, as I managed to get some dinner. My time is generally often occupied in translating.

After dinner there was some good music and singing, and the Amir, as is usual now-a-days, both played and sang.

He is immensely impressed with Lady Jenkins and her wonderful shooting expeditions in Africa, India, Kashmir, and Tibet. I had great difficulty in getting him to leave tonight. It was nearly one o'clock before I succeeded.

The Amir does not forget his Calcutta friends in the midst of his new Bombay ones. He has given me several telegrams to send off to Calcutta today, to the former.

*Thursday, 14/h.*—The extraordinary fascination which the Army and Navy Stores had on the Amir at Calcutta continues here in Bombay. He divided his morning between that emporium and a photographer, so I got a morning off to tackle arrears of office work. It is an understood thing between us that I won't go pottering round shops with him. Major Bird takes my place on those occasions. The Amir is very particular about his purchases and shows great care and discrimination. One of the real reasons, I understand, for his apparent love of shopping is a desire to get a general idea of the proper price of various articles, so as to know in future whether his agents in India treat him honestly or not. Hence his selection of the Army and Navy Stores. Many of the things he buys are really meant to be kept as sealed patterns, so to speak, by which the qualities and prices of articles, sent up to

him hereafter by his agents, are to be checked. There is a good deal of shrewdness in this. I expect he has been greatly cheated at various times in the past by unscrupulous agents.

Today is the Naval display, and it has again been repeatedly impressed upon me (I don't know why people should give us no credit for punctuality) that I must bring the Amir to the landing stage up to time, *i e.*, 3 P. M. As the day wore on and the Amir still did not return from the Army and Navy Stores, I began to get anxious, but His Majesty at last appeared, and I got him off in time.

We embarked on a launch at the Appollo Bunder and steamed to H. M. S. *Hermes*, Admiral Sir E. Poë's flagship, amidst the booming of a salute of 31 guns fired by all the ships of the fleet. On arrival the Amir saluted in due form on stepping on board and was received with full honours by the Admiral. He was taken over the ship, visited the engine room, watched gun drill, and was taken to see the hundred-and-one wonderful things which a man-of-war has to show. He was greatly interested, and after his custom made detailed enquiries into everything. About 5-30, after some tea, we went off to H. M. S. *Diadem* one of the two big cruisers which have come here for the Amir to see. His Excellency the Governor met us on the *Diadem*. We were shown over the ship, and this time were taken into the torpedo room and shown everything, including the putting of a torpedo into a tube ready for firing. Going up into the covering tower the Amir was made to fire the torpedo at a moving target, and a very good shot was made at it.

He then fired a submerged mine, and was taken to fire at a moving target with a small tube placed inside a 6-inch gun. He soon got into the way of the gun and made some very good shooting.

We wandered about the ship till dusk, seeing everything, and then watched the Fleet illuminate, all the ships bursting into a blaze of illumination simultaneously. It was a beautiful sight and the Amir was extremely pleased. He was taken ashore in a launch by the Admiral, accompanied by Lord Lamington. Another salute was fired as we steamed ashore and the whole scene was very impressive. Afghans do not show their feelings much on such occasions, but I could see that the Amir was thoroughly impressed, and so were his Sardars.

On landing we got into our motors and started home amidst the cheers of the very large crowd collected at the pier.

I wanted the Amir to take a larger number of his following with him to today to see the Fleet, but he seems to dislike being accompanied by a crowd of them, and only took his five bigger Sardars. On his way home he asked me if I could not send most of his people to Karachi by train instead of

in the steamer with him. I assured him there would be lots of room for them, but I am afraid he will raise this question again.

Tonight was to have been a quiet one with no engagements, and, as such, I had been looking forward to it for some time. This was not, however, to be, for the Amir asked me this afternoon on H. M. S. *Hermes*, where we were going to dine. "At home," I said, "because we are going to be late in returning to shore." "That will never do," replied His Majesty, "you must arrange a dinner out." When I said I couldn't, he said that Sir Lawrence and Lady Jenkins had asked him to dine one night and go to the circus. "Why not go tonight?" "Too late," I said, "the Jenkins will be engaged out," and so on. Not a bit of it, he must write to Lady Jenkins, and find out himself if it couldn't be managed. A note was written by the Amir and sent off then and there, together with one from me denying any participation in this proposal. The Amir evidently looked upon my note with grave suspicion and very nearly refused to let it go.

On landing a reply met us to the dismal effect that dinner was arranged and boxes taken for the circus afterwards. The Amir was jubilant and hurried me off to dress and be back in time to take him to the Jenkins. I just managed to dress and get back at the correct time only to find the Amir busy writing in his private room. Just one hour he kept me waiting, and I pictured the feelings of the unfortunate Jenkins waiting all that time for dinner. When at 9-30 the Amir appeared with a beaming smile and the bland remark that he thought he was late, I was too angry to reply, and declined to acknowledge any of his remarks, but led the way downstairs. "What a bad headache you've got, poor Sir Henry!" said he producing a big fat letter out of his pocket. "That's what kept me so long, and do you know why I was writing it? It's a letter to Lady Minto, sending her some fruit which has just come from Kabul and which I want you to kindly send off for me with this letter at once by tonight's mail so as to ensure its arriving fresh." It was so nicely said that I could not keep angry, and having handed over the valuable letter and fruit to an Attaché started off with the Amir, with the remark that I hoped he wouldn't have a bad time of it with Lady Jenkins after keeping her waiting for dinner so long.

He was all smiles and apologies when we arrived there, and he went up forthwith to Lady Jenkins, and said he knew she would punish him with a fine for being so late, and so he had brought the fine with him. "A photograph?" She asked. "Yes, and not only a photograph," he replied, "but something else," whereupon he produced a very pretty little brooch from his pocket and fastened it on her.

It was quite a private dinner, and we sat down only six at table. After dinner we motored to the circus, where we arrived towards the end of the performance.

It was quite a good circus, and we saw some extremely clever acrobatic tight rope-walking, and other performances ending with looping the loop. The Amir was delighted. He went straight home from the circus, as the Jenkins to my delight did not ask us to supper, so we finished the day at very little after midnight, a record performance. The Amir has taken an immense fancy to his house here. He wants to know if Government would sell it to him. He thinks of buying a good house both here and in Calcutta. I could give him no reply on this point.

(Sd.) A. HENRY McMAHON.

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*Friday, 15th February 1907. Bombay.*—I omitted to mention two small items of interest in my diary of yesterday.

While inspecting the wireless telegraphy room on H. M. S. *Hermes* yesterday, the Amir proceeded to send a message himself and was evidently quite efficient in the use of the ordinary telegraph key board. The telegraphist, however, seemed puzzled, as he couldn't read the message, whereupon the Amir explained that the Afghan telegraph signalling code of letter was different from ours, and he took a piece of paper and wrote the whole code down in Persian, and gave it to the Flag-Lieutenant, saying—"There you have the whole Afghan secret code. Would I give it to you unless I trusted you as friends?"

It is a simple, easy code and very ingenious. I have kept a copy of it.

Later on in the evening we noticed the new moon, and every one went through the various observances required on such occasions. The Amir's method consists of contorting his hand into the shape of the Arabic letters which make the word Allah (God), and looking at the moon through his fingers. As some of us crowded round to see how this was done, the Flag-Lieutenant unwittingly stepped into a bucket full of water and upset it in the midst of us. The Afghans were very impressed with this, as the spilling of water on first seeing the new moon is an extraordinarily good omen. The Amir took it so much in earnest that he pressed the Admiral to let his Flag-Lieutenant accompany us to Karachi, and the Admiral had to consent.

So much for yesterday.

Today the Amir started off shopping in the morning, and as usual I sent Major Bird with him. After the usual visit to the Army and Navy Stores, the Amir went off to a native furniture shop which some of his people wanted him to visit. Major Bird tells me that the prices named for the various articles of furniture the Amir looked at were remarkably low, and as he heard each the Amir got more and more angry, saying that so and so was a liar, a

scoundrel, a thief, and so on. The said so and so, it immediately afterwards transpired, was the unfortunate Afghan Envoy. Evidently the Amir was checking shop prices with those of things which the Envoy had at some time or other bought for him. The low prices now asked make Major Bird think that the visit to this particular shop has been arranged by those interested in the Envoy's downfall. That event, I should think, has been definitely assured long ago. I haven't seen that worthy for ages.

Being Friday the Amir went for prayers to the mosque. He had left the selection of a mosque to me yesterday, and I chose the Jumma Masjid as being best adapted for police arrangements.

In the evening I took him to the Bombay Yacht Club. The rule about excluding native visitors, even those of the very highest rank, from this and the Byculla Club of Bombay is very rigidly enforced, but on referring to the Committee the question of the Amir going there they kindly informed me a few days ago that, as the Amir is not a native of India, the rule would not apply to him, and they would be delighted to see him there. Today he has been invited to the Club to tea by Sir Lawrence and Lady Jenkins. It is the first Club he has entered and he was much interested in seeing one. Being English mail day the Club was full and the Amir met several people he knew, among them Lady Victoria Dawnay, who leaves for England tomorrow. The Amir greeted her as an old friend, and made many enquiries about the health and welfare of her sister, Lady Minto.

On the way home we took him into the Skating Rink for a few minutes, and then hurried him home to dress for dinner. We dined tonight with the Hon'ble Mr. Fulton, Member of Council, whose house is so close to the Amir's that he said he would walk there, and when the time came he and I quietly strolled round by ourselves to Fulton's house. The Amir is progressing well in the way of informalities. I should like to have seen the Amir's face and those of his staff if I had suggested such a thing at Peshawar.

Mr. Fulton, who is a very quiet person, had invited a few nice people to dinner, but they were nearly all strangers to both the Amir and myself, and I felt rather anxious at first about the success of the evening. The Amir, however, took charge of the proceedings from the start, and after a pleasant dinner jumped at the suggestion of Bridge. How or where he has learnt this game I don't know, but he astonished me by playing an uncommonly good game. He insisted on having a lady on either side of him by way of assisting him, and the other players had to have two assistants too, so the game was at times somewhat conversational. After a few interludes on the part of the Amir in the form of discourses on the Persian language, history of the Afghans, and the journey of Alexander through India, the score of one game all was reached at about 1 o'clock. With good luck the rubber might have finished at 2, but unfortunately some one used

some obscure word which necessitated reference to the dictionary, which always accompanies the Amir everywhere in a small despatch box carried by an attendant. The same box contained photographs which had then to be signed and distributed among the ladies present, and Bridge was forgotten. The Amir took considerable interest in the Portuguese Consul-General, Viscomte de Wrem, who has been some five years in India without learning English. On being told that the language he was speaking in was French, the Amir showed off his own knowledge of that language in the shape of the only two words he knows, *i. e.*, *au revoir*, which he explained were the best words he had ever learnt, and as far as he himself was concerned on his present visit to India, worth a whole dictionary full of ordinary words. I got him started homewards about 2 o'clock and we walked home.

*Saturday, 16th, Bombay.*—This morning the Amir expressed a wish to visit the Arab stables, so off we went there. We had a large number of Arabs shown to us, and the Amir showed remarkable talent in the way he selected good horses. He knows a lot about horses, and the Arab dealers soon found it was no good showing him their inferior animals. I had two or three experienced Cavalry officers at hand to assist, but His Majesty chose his own animals and was seldom at a loss. He astonished us all by a new method of telling a horse's age. Instead of looking at the teeth, he quietly passes his fingers along the outside of the back of the jaw. What he judges by I don't know, and none of us could find out, but the results are very correct, as we tested him with some 50 horses and he only misjudged the age twice. This seemed to have a sobering effect on any wild ambitions on the part of the crafty Arab horse-dealer. The Amir claims that his method of ageing horses is better than ours, as he can tell age after teeth-marks, &c., become unreliable. After a long, patient inspection of a large number of animals some 11 or so were put aside by the Amir for veterinary examination, and of these he bought 8, all strong, weight-carrying young animals between 3 and 5 years old. The Arabs found him a tough customer to haggle with, and had to part at very moderate prices.

At an advanced hour of the day the Amir told me he would like to visit Poona tomorrow, so the indefatigable Mr. Dobbs went off to arrange for a special train and all the other details of a day's outing at such short notice.

We didn't get back from the Arab stables till 2, and after a hurried lunch took the Amir down to the Races, where he had a busy afternoon laying small wagers with his lady friends. His system of betting makes it difficult for him to lose, and he won various photographs. At the same time he produced sundry little field-glasses from the surprise packet box his attendant carries about with him, which he presented to various lady friends.

His Excellency the Governor drove him from the Races to Government House, where we had tea. Tonight we were to dine with General Sir Archibald

Hunter, and I got the Amir there fairly punctually. The dinner was a very pleasant one. The menu cards had on them the English and Afghan flags crossed, and this pleased and gratified the Amir immensely, a fact which he informed the table.

After dinner there was a good display of Highland dances and a Torch-light Tattoo outside the General's camp. The Amir enjoyed himself thoroughly, and it was about 2 o'clock before I could get him to take his leave. This habit of his staying so late is a very trying one, and I get a good deal of abuse for it. It's not my fault, as I do my best to get our Royal Guest off early, but it's a difficult job.

*Sunday, 17th.*—We started by special train for Poona at 8-30 A. M. There were only the Amir and two of his Sardars and his British staff, together with one of the Governor's A.-D.-C.'s and General Bromfield, Adjutant-General of Poona.

The Amir had been very insistent yesterday on Lady Jenkins accompanying us today, and I thought it best to agree, but this morning I had to break the sad news to His Majesty that Lady Jenkins wasn't very well and thought it better not to come, especially as she had much to do to arrange for the dinner party she is giving the Amir tonight. His Majesty was very sad at hearing this and despatched a letter of good wishes for her rapid recovery.

Our train was a corridor one, and directly we started the Amir insisted on leaving his own saloon and coming to breakfast in the dining car with myself and the rest of the British staff. There he stayed for three hours till we reached Poona. The journey up the Ghâts was very pretty, and the Amir greatly enjoyed it.

Why or wherefore the idea of this Poona trip originated, I don't know. The Amir said he had read of Poona in old histories and so wanted to see it.

The journey gave me a good opportunity of getting a little bit of business done, which I had begun to despair of getting through. Some time ago the Amir told me to get for him a good mineralogical expert to examine his country for mines and minerals. Mr. Hayden of the Geological Survey of India is about the best man in India for this task, and I obtained leave for him to come from Calcutta to meet us here in Bombay, and took him with us today as being the most likely opportunity of throwing him and the Amir together. It succeeded very well, and by the time we got to Poona the Amir had asked him to come to Afghanistan, the terms of his appointment were fixed up, and it was arranged that he is to meet the Amir at Peshawar and accompany him to his country.

All this involved a lot of talking, in the course of which the Amir gave me a long dissertation on the trouble he is taking to push his country and people up the steep hill of progress and civilization. He has to move carefully, as he is only one man and where would he be, and what use would he be to

either himself or to us, if he had not his people with him. He must never do, and we must never ask him to do, anything which will turn his people against him. I said that in this present matter, *i. e.*, the development of the mineral wealth of the country, his people ought to see that his good and their good were one. To them it meant much, if, as I felt confident he would, he let them share in the benefits of increased State revenues. Of course he would, he said, and they knew it. They knew, too, that he would devote much of his increased revenues to means for properly protecting his country. If only he had the money, he would build not one but a thousand forts along the Russian frontier.

As for himself, he said, we could already see the benefits he was deriving from his visit to India. Where were now his old suspicions of our evil intentions? Could anyone a few months ago have believed that he would have engaged an officer of the Indian Government, like Mr. Hayden, to let him loose all over Afghanistan? Would he do it now, if he had not lost his suspicions of our evil intent? Not he.

We got out at Kirkee, the station before Poona, where we found our motors awaiting us, and drove to Ganeshkhind, the Governor's residence. We strolled round the house and grounds and then motored on to the Poona Boat Club, commonly known as Roshnville. Here we found the luncheon we had sent on from the train, ready for us under the trees at the edge of the river.

As Poona did not know of our arrangements, no one was there to bother us, but we had the pleasure of the company of Mrs. and Miss Bromfield and Mrs. O'Gowan, to whom we had telegraphed an invitation to lunch. We sat down and had a pleasant meal, the Amir making himself very agreeable to the ladies.

After that Miss Bromfield and I took him out in a little motor-boat. It began to pour with rain the moment we started, but the Amir would not hear of our turning back. He and Miss Bromfield had umbrellas, I hadn't. He was very solicitous about Miss Bromfield not getting wet. We had a pleasant, but for me a damp, cruise of about an hour, and returned to the Club. We then motored on to the Poona railway station, whence we started back in our train about 4-30.

The Amir made me sit in his carriage all the way back, and as there was no one else present he talked very freely. We first discussed the Russo-Japanese war, and the Amir spoke very admiringly of the way we had trained Japan ready for that war. Russian methods prior to the war and the way she occupied Manchuria by peaceful penetration and fraud were alluded to, and the Amir was confident that if Japan had stayed her hand another year Manchuria and Korea would have been Russian territory for ever.

He inveighed against the people who are foolish enough to think that Russia has no evil designs on Afghanistan and India, and spoke very bitterly of the weakness and folly of Persians in surrendering themselves as they do to Russia. He recognized Russian designs on Khorasan and Seistan and told me how these threatened both our flanks. He said it was folly for either Persia or Afghanistan to think that friendship with Russia would bring any benefit. It was to England, and not to Russia, that Persia and Afghanistan must look for friendship and assistance, for the simple reason that our interests are identical; Russian interests are not. Russia wants more territory; we do not.

He told me he intends next year to go on a long tour through Western Afghanistan, which has not seen an Amir for very many years. He feels it is his duty to do so. He will write and ask me to come and meet him at Kandahar or Chaman. I invited him up to Quetta.

I had many temptations to discuss the business aspect of above problems from our point of view, but abstained.

We reached Bombay about 8 and proceeded to dinner at Sir Lawrence and Lady Jenkins'.

The Amir is now so much at home at social functions that it is no longer necessary for me to sit next him at dinner, as I have done till quite recently. Tonight I found myself placed almost opposite the Amir, but fairly well-screened by a large centre piece of flowers. He noticed this at once and had the centre piece removed, informing the table that he would get very sad and lonely if he didn't see his best friend, Sir Hennery.

After dinner the Amir was set down to Bridge, and the game was a repetition of the one at Mr. Fulton's the other night. The Amir played very well, but what with the number of assistants that had to help each of the players and the amount of conversation on outside topics, the rubber remained still unfinished when I succeeded about 1-30 in getting the table dispersed. It was past 2, however, before we actually got under weigh, and nearly 3 before I deposited the Amir at his house. I am getting distressed about these late nights. It is very trying to his hosts. The Amir of course is loth to leave any place where he is enjoying himself, and as his time in India is drawing to a close I think he realizes that he must get all the value he can out of his remaining time; hence these late hours.

I had 17 hours of his society today.

(Sd.) A. HENRY McMAHON.

*Monday, 18th February 1907, Bombay.*—This morning the Amir went to visit the stables of the Australian horse-dealers, and a large number of horses were brought out for us to see. They had only landed two days ago and were as a rule rough, unbroken animals, but the Amir is an excellent judge of a horse and soon picked out a good lot. He bought 21 of these, and a very good serviceable lot they were. He again astonished the dealers by his method of telling a horse's age without looking at the teeth. We have not found out yet how he does it.

Unlike the Arab dealers, who begin a bargain by asking an impossible price and eventually accepting a lower one after a long, noisy squabble, these Australian dealers name a price and stick to it. This impressed the Amir, who at the end of the morning thanked Mr. Baldock, the man we were dealing with, for the very fair and reasonable way he had treated him.

Besides horses the Amir purchased a large number of merino stud sheep for improving the quality of Afghan wool. These are to be sent from Australia next autumn.

The day was now getting on and the Amir was hungry, so we took him to lunch at the Byculla Club. He is greatly taken with our system of clubs and made me thoroughly explain their constitution and principles. He says he wishes he could start similar institutions in Afghanistan. I can picture several of my Afghan friends sinking their private and family funds and foregathering round the tea table of an afternoon, at the Royal Ghazi Club at Ghazni or the British Outlaw Club at Kandahar.

We spent the afternoon at the Races, and in the evening went to dine at Admiralty House with Admiral Sir Edmund and Lady Poë, the Naval Commander-in-Chief. There was a guard-of-honour of blue jackets, and after dinner we saw some good horn-pipe dancing, and then settled down to Bridge. At this our third attempt to bring a rubber to a conclusion, I believe we would have succeeded as we managed to reach the last and concluding game soon after one o'clock. Unfortunately the Amir took exception to the Admiral showing his hand to his partner, who was dummy, and in the verbose argument that followed the table broke up.

Some of the party were dancing in an adjoining room, and this attracted the Amir's notice and he went in to look on. He was tempted by some injudicious person or other to dance, and made several patient efforts to learn to waltz, but effected little progress. He thoroughly enjoyed himself, and I had great difficulty in getting him away, after 2 o'clock.

We had arranged to leave Bombay on Wednesday, the 20th, but tonight to my horror the Amir asked me if we couldn't arrange to defer departure until Friday, the 22nd. I said I would reply tomorrow morning. These changes of dates are very embarrassing.

*Tuesday, 19th.*—I put the present programme of the remainder of our tour before the Amir this morning. He asked me to arrange for two days more in Bombay, *i. e.*, to 20th, and said he would like one day being cut out of our stay in Lahore and one day less in Peshawar to make room for this.

The chief difficulty is that of the two big cruisers, H. M. S. *Diadem* and *Spartiate*, who have come here for the Amir's visit. Their detention longer here raises serious difficulties about the conveyance of naval relief crews to China and England. I suggested to the Admiral that they might be allowed to go, as the Amir has seen them and they are to take no important part in the rest of our programme here. He telegraphed to His Excellency the Viceroy for permission to let them go, and this being accorded they are to depart tomorrow.

The Amir spent the morning shopping, and then went to the Yacht Club to lunch with Sir Lawrence and Lady Jenkins. He went on with them afterwards to Santa Cruz, some 15 miles out of Bombay, to play golf. This is his first experience of that game, and he threw himself into it with great keenness. He is going to buy a golf outfit and start the game at Kabul.

We dined with His Excellency the Governor tonight, and the Amir presented Lord Lamington at table with a very handsome silver bowl as a memento of his visit to Bombay. After dinner we all went on to the circus. The performance was good and the Amir enjoyed it. When it was over Lord Lamington invited the Amir to return to supper at Government House, but he declined on the plea of fatigue, and I got him home at the extraordinarily early hour of 12-30. This hasn't occurred for a long time, and there is no doubt the Amir is feeling fatigue at last. One can't live at this high pressure long in the climate of Bombay without feeling it. I was quite glad to hear him admit being thoroughly tired out tonight, as I felt the last few days that I couldn't go on like this much longer myself, but didn't want to be the first to give in.

The Amir in talking today said once more that he had lost his old suspicions of us and our intentions. He would do all he could on his return to Afghanistan to remove the suspicions entertained by his people. It would take him at least six months, he thought, to do so. He meant to take every opportunity he got at Durbars and elsewhere to impress upon his people the necessity for cultivating friendship with us.

He is anxious to impress upon them the vital importance of progress. Afghanistan, he says, must either rise to a high place in the world or sink. There is no half-way house.

He again mentioned today his desire to buy the house he now occupies at Bombay, and evidently thinks I am taking some action in the matter. I must refer the matter to Government.

*Wednesday, 20th.*—The Amir spent the morning shopping and paid another visit to the photographers. After luncheon he went to the Regimental sports of the Royal Scots Regiment and then proceeded to the Races. Racing seems to interest him a good deal, and he often mentions his resolve to start racing on proper lines in Afghanistan.

Tonight we were to dine at the Muir Mackenzie's, but Mrs. Muir Mackenzie unfortunately fell ill today and the dinner has been put off. The Amir won't hear of a quiet evening at home, so I arranged for him to go to the theatre, and took him there after dinner.

The piece played was *See See*, a musical play in which the scene is laid in China. The acting, music, and dresses were good, but the plot, if it could be so called, was more than usually uninteresting. It is the first theatre the Amir has seen, and he was naturally interested in the play at first, and I was very hard put to it to interpret the nonsensical nothings that the actors were saying, and to explain the idiocy of the plot. The exertion proved too much for both of us, and as we had a comfortable box we both slumbered peacefully till the curtain fell.

There is no doubt about it; the Amir is getting fairly tired out.

We are to leave Bombay on the 22nd, and the Amir has asked me to arrange to invite all his Bombay English friends of whom he has given me a small select list, to come and say good-bye to him. They are to do so not in public at the pier, but on our steamer the *I. M. S. Dufferin*. This, the Amir explained, is because he can't trust his feelings and may be overcome by emotion. We shall have a lively start I expect.

*Thursday, 21st.*—Everything has been arranged for our start tomorrow, and I have been incautious enough to assure people that we really are going tomorrow. My feelings can be imagined when I got a message from the Amir this morning asking whether I could not postpone our start till Sunday, the 24th. If the naval gunnery practice can't be held on Sunday, can I postpone our departure till Monday, the 25th?

I replied that under no circumstances could any naval display take place on a Sunday, and that therefore the question to be settled was whether we start on the 22nd or the 25th. I assured him that the hospitality of Government was not strictly restricted to dates, and that, as far as our tour arrangements were concerned, I could arrange to postpone our departure. The whole difficulty lay in two things:

Firstly, the risk of getting laughed at for always changing our dates. There was a distinct danger of that, and I said I didn't wish the Amir to incur it.

Secondly came the difficulty of private hospitality. We were dependent, I said, as far as the Amir's evenings are concerned, on private invitations

to dinners and so on, and however willingly people issued such invitations I felt diffident about taxing their kindness for prolonged periods. I explained also that I and all my British staff were guests of His Excellency the Governor, and if the Amir stayed longer in Bombay, we could not let Lord Lamington be longer burdened with us and must go to some hotel. All these I said were each in themselves only small difficulties, but added together they amounted to a big difficulty, and it would all end in our getting laughed at for never knowing our own minds and always changing our plans at the last moment.

It is quite time that the Amir should realize this aspect of the case. His reply, however, was much as I expected. He did not mind being laughed at by friends. As for private hospitality he can always dine at home, and as for ourselves we might go to a hotel, but he begs me to arrange to stay till the 25th as he wants to complete some business here connected with the purchase of arms for his troops. The Agent he has been expecting, one Mr. Wallace from Calcutta, has not yet arrived, and he says he is waiting to see him.

There was no use saying more, so I accepted the inevitable and proceeded to arrange for a longer stay here. The question of private hospitality is an extremely delicate one, for of course the Amir won't like spending his evenings at home, and it would be a dull ending to his visit here. Bombay differs much from Calcutta in some ways, especially in the matter of society. The number of big people who can entertain the Amir in proper style is comparatively few, and the number of those who want to do so is still fewer. There is a want of go about Bombay society as a whole, and the individual exceptions to this, though brilliant, are very few. Whether this is due to the constant weekly consignment of fresh arrivals on their way from or to England with letters of introduction who deaden hospitable instincts, or whether it's due to the climate I can't say, but there is a lack of enthusiasm in Bombay society which makes the prospect of arranging an indefinite number of evening parties for the Amir's entertainment somewhat depressing. The brilliant exceptions I have referred to have done us nobly, but I naturally hesitate to tax their kindness further. However, it must be done.

The Amir spent the morning in business and shopping, and arrived late in the afternoon at the Horse Show. I met him there on arrival, and was grieved to find His Majesty in a distinctly fractious mood. Why hadn't he been told about the Horse Show in time to enable him to arrive before it was nearly over. It was useless to remind him of all the invitations to it which he got yesterday, and of how often he had been told about it today. No, he wouldn't look at the horses! He was too late. He wouldn't look at the prize-giving, as he hadn't seen the horses, and so on. He was as petulant as a child and soon frightened the Governor and his party out of the box. They remembered they had to look at the Dog Show, and left us. Having secured

the able assistance of Lady Jenkins from the adjoining box, we two proceeded to take the monarch in hand, and had a lively quarter of an hour. He wouldn't smile and refused to laugh. He couldn't dine, as arranged with the Jenkins tonight, and so on. However, he began to thaw at last, and said he would laugh if we took him away from the Horse Show, so we took him for a drive and soon had him in his usual good spirits. We deposited Lady Jenkins at her house, and the Amir, who by this time was in the best of good tempers, promised to be there for dinner at 8-30.

We were fairly punctual and spent a very pleasant evening. After dinner we had some Bridge, and a fourth attempt was made to finish a rubber, but this again failed, as the Amir got very sleepy and took his departure soon after 12 o'clock. These early hours are most refreshing.

(Sd.) A. HENRY McMAHON.

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*Friday, 22nd February 1907, Bombay.*—The Amir promised last night to breakfast at the Jenkins', so I took him there about 12 o'clock. We had a pleasant breakfast party, and the Amir insisted on our all being photographed in a group, which was accordingly done. Lady Jenkins asked him if it was not the best group he had ever been photographed in. He first said "Yes," and then corrected himself and said—"No, it is the second best, the best group was the one with my dear friends, Lady Minto, Lady Bileen, and others at Barrackpore." I mention this incident as it is one of many I have seen, illustrating the care which the Amir takes not to say an untruth, even in jest. I have very many times heard him correct himself, when making some remark in jest, and substitute a correct for an incorrect statement.

Today being Friday I have arranged for His Majesty to attend Friday service at the Zikariah Mosque, and he went off there about 2 o'clock. At about 4 I met him again at the Motor Show which is held today and consists of a combined exhibition and Motor Gymkhana. All the élite of Bombay were there, and many of them were competing in the various motor events, some of which were very amusing. The Amir enjoyed it all, but he is not very well today, and is suffering, as I heard him explain to several people, from the effects of eating too much cucumber yesterday.

There has been some difficulty about getting a dinner party for the Amir tonight, and so we, the officers of his British staff, have asked him to dine with us at the Yacht Club, and have invited his favourite lady friends to meet him.

I got him to the Club with unusual punctuality, and we had a pleasant dinner. The menu contained all the Amir's favourite dishes, but, alas, he had

to restrict himself to a simple invalid diet tonight. He was in excellent spirits notwithstanding, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the evening.

*Saturday, 23rd.*—The Amir was quite worried this morning, but pretended to be very angry with Major Bird for not coming over in the early morning to enquire about his health. He says he can quite understand any amount of mortality among Bird's patients in Calcutta, if this is the way he treats them.

We started him off shopping about midday. Major Duke, whom I sent with him, tells me that they paid their usual visit to the Army and Navy Stores, and then went on to Treacher's. Treacher & Co. are originally chemists, but have a large shop of miscellaneous goods. The Manager there has gained the Amir's favour, and I was annoyed today to hear that the Amir is giving him a contract for the supply of a fairly large number of military arms and ammunition. This is probably the contract which a very substantial firm, Sir Charles Forbes & Co., are trying to get. The Amir is usually so shrewd in his business dealings that I can't make out why he has chosen the Manager of Treacher & Co. for this important business. I hear some of his subordinates have been squared; but they have so little voice in anything the Amir does that it is hard to understand how they could affect his decision except by misrepresenting the status of the respective firms.

Today is the big day of the annual race week of Bombay, and on this day it is the custom for the Governor to drive to the races in partial state. He has asked the Amir to accompany him.

He himself is to lunch as the guest of one of the Stewards at the Byculla Club and drive to the races from the Club. The problem set to me in the small hours of this morning was how to effect the meeting between the Governor and the Amir. The Amir's movements in the middle of the day are so erratic that to depend on his meeting the Governor at any fixed place at any fixed time was hopeless. He might be immersed in business at the Army and Navy Stores and keep the Governor waiting an hour or so. The only remedy seemed to be to arrange for the Amir to lunch at the Byculla Club, too, and so I got an obliging friend to invite us all there. The Amir complicated matters a little, as is his wont, by insisting on Lady Jenkins and one or two other ladies he named being invited too.

When I arrived at the Byculla Club, in order to be there to meet the Amir on his arrival, I found all the elite of Bombay assembled to take part in the various luncheon parties, which according to custom are given there on Cup day. The atmosphere I also quickly discovered was distinctly disturbed. Our poor host, who, thanks goodness, was himself a prominent member of the Club Committee, was being pitched into by the other members of the Club Committee, some for not letting them—the Committee as a whole—invite the Amir, others for inviting the Amir to the Club at all. He was

looking harassed and care-worn, but before I had time to express my sympathy, I was fallen upon by a wildly indignant lady, the wife of the Steward who was entertaining the Governor at lunch, who said I had spoilt her whole party by taking away certain ladies for the Amir's table. These ladies I could see had been having a real bad time of it, and one was almost in tears. I never have had such a bad quarter of an hour, and it was a real relief to hear our motor horn at last, and see the Amir coming up the stairs with his genial smile and taking possession of the whole place. I blandly introduced the indignant lady to the Amir and got His Majesty safely off to our host's table. My ruffled feelings were not calmed down by seeing the forbidden word "ham" conspicuously figuring on the luncheon menus, in front of us. To seize the menus, on the pretext of using them for writing important messages, was the work of a moment, and the incident escaped the Amir's keen eye.

I got the Amir started off with the Governor the very minute Lord Lamington was ready to go, but even that did not save me from a parting shot on the part of the still very indignant lady who angrily said I had made her miss the first race, and such things ought not to be allowed. It is quite time we left Bombay.

The races passed without incident, and the Amir was busily occupied all the afternoon selecting horses in the paddock and making bets with his lady friends on each race, on a system of his own which seems to ensure his winning most of them.

Tonight we dined again with the Admiral, Sir Edmund Poë, and spent a very pleasant evening. The principal event of importance was the finishing of a rubber of Bridge. This is the fifth attempt we have made to do so, and never succeeded until tonight.

The comparatively early hours we have kept the last few nights have restored the Amir to his usual energy, and tonight I began to be afraid I should never be able to get him away at all. It was 2-15 before I succeeded in doing so. He distributed, as usual, several photographs, and the signing of these always takes time. As everyone usually wants to get one, the reason for our late departures is, as tonight, often due to this, but it does not prevent my being abused all round for keeping the Amir late.

(Sd.) A. HENRY McMAHON.

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*Sunday, 24th February 1907, Bombay.*—The Jenkins had asked us to spend the morning and lunch with them today, so at about 12 I took the Amir there, and we spent a pleasant but quiet morning pottering about the garden, trying the Amir's new golf clubs on a driving machine of sorts that Sir

Lawrence has, and then seeing if we could get any hair to grow on Sir Lawrence's bare head with the new vacuum hair-producing hat which he has bought and firmly believes in. These and such-like pastoral pastimes brought us quickly to luncheon time. The Amir has given Sir Lawrence Jenkins a handsome silver bowl which was placed on the table and duly admired.

After lunch I had to hurry the party off to the Apollo Bunder, as Lord Lamington has asked us to spend the afternoon at the Caves of Elephanta. I have never been keen about an expedition to this place, as it means a long sea passage across the Bay to the Elephanta Island, and I have always been afraid of the Amir feeling ill-effects from the movement of a comparatively small boat and being in consequence put off from his journey by sea to Karachi. The betting already in the Afghan camp is that he will change his mind at the last moment and decide to go by land. I have taken the precaution, however, of sending both our railway trains away to Karachi.

We arrived at the Apollo Bunder in good time and found some of the Governor's house party and staff awaiting us in a steam-launch. Lady Jenkins and some other ladies also accompanied us by Royal Command. They were not all very anxious to go, as they were not the best of sailors.

There was a strong breeze and we rolled a bit, and I began to curse the day I ever consented to this expedition. Some of the ladies were beginning to feel it, and I watched the Amir with anxiety, but luckily he showed no signs of distress and we got safely across. We couldn't get very near the shore in our launch and had to land in small boats in which we got fairly well tossed about, but this too was accomplished all right.

We spent an hour or so wandering over the wonderful cave temples, and the Amir, as usual, taking great interest in everything. We had another successful voyage across the harbour, but didn't get back till late, which gave me only just time to get the Amir back to his house and dressed in time to take him to dinner at Government House.

The evening was a pleasant but uneventful one. The Amir played the piano, sang, and distributed photographs among the ladies as usual, and to my pleasant surprise took his leave shortly after 12.

I believe we really are starting tomorrow, or I should say today, for up to 1 A. M. the Amir has said nothing about again changing his plans.

*Monday, 25th.*—Yes, I believe we are going to start today. I accompanied Lord Lamington about 9-30 to pay a private informal farewell visit to the Amir. Friendly sentiments were exchanged on both sides, and the Amir cordially thanked Lord Lamington for the extremely nice house provided for him here and for all the arrangements made for his comfort. The Governor bade farewell, and I was about to accompany him back to

Government House, when the Amir called me back and made me sit down and have a talk. He said how keenly he was realizing that the time was approaching when he and I should have to part, and he dreaded the day of our parting very much. He said he would cry all the way to Dakka!

I sent him off to do one last morning's shopping at Bombay with strict injunctions to be back in time to start for the Apollo Bunder in time for the official reception and departure there. We are to be at the Bunder at 2-30.

After a busy morning, I went to the Amir's house to fetch him, and found he had not returned from the shops. He turned up at last, and after hastily swallowing a few mouthfuls of food started off with me. All the rest of his and my staff had gone on ahead to receive us at the Bunder. We motored to a place close to the Bunder, and there we got into the State carriage awaiting us and drove with a cavalry escort to the Apollo Bunder pavilion, where we found the officials of Bombay assembled to see His Majesty off. We were three quarters of an hour late, but as I had warned people of the likelihood of this it didn't matter.

The Amir bade a most friendly farewell to all the friends he had made among the Bombay officials. To some of them, like Sir Lawrence Jenkins, the Hon'ble Mr. Fulton and others he has taken a great liking, and he bade them farewell with regret.

We entered the steam-launch and steamed out to H. M. S. *Hermes* amid the thunder of a salute from all the men-of-war in harbour. The Amir, I notice when visiting ships, always dons riding breeches and gaiters. Today he carried a long telescope under his arm, which he said he has noticed is the custom in the Navy, and he therefore presented a semi-nautical appearance befitting the occasion. The rest of us were in uniform hampered with helmet spikes, spurs, and various other things that get unpleasantly in the way on board ship.

The Admiral, Sir E. Poë, received us on board, and H. M. S. *Hermes* got under weigh immediately. We steamed at full speed some 17 miles out to sea to avoid fishing boats and then dropped our target. On the way the Amir had been amusing himself firing with a service rifle at bottles thrown out into the sea. He made some wonderfully good shooting, and we finished off all the empty bottles the *Hermes* would supply. This gave opportunity for again calling attention to the wireless telegraph, and I got the Amir to have a message sent therewith to Bombay to provide our steamer, the *Dufferin*, with an ample supply of empty bottles.

Gunnery practice began with rapid firing with 6-inch guns, one at a time, to see how many hits would be made in one minute, as we steamed rapidly past the target several thousands of yards away. Some excellent shooting was made.

Then followed some battle practice, all the guns firing broadsides together, and again excellent shooting was made. We went up to the target which, though only 20 feet long and 12 feet high, was riddled with holes, and after taking it on board returned to harbour as fast as we could go.

The Amir was greatly interested and impressed by the gunnery practice and seemed to thoroughly enjoy himself. On the way back he again took to rifle practice and shot several seagulls on the wing.

On reaching our moorings the launch came alongside and we transhipped to the I. M. S. *Dufferin*. Here on board were assembled, by urgent request of the Amir, Lady Jenkins and two others of his especial friends among the ladies of Bombay. It was long past the time when we were supposed to start for Karachi, but the Amir insisted on taking the ladies down to tea in his cabin and there we sat for a long time, the Amir postponing the sad moment of farewell as long as he could. I had at last to insist upon the party breaking up, as the Indian Marine were getting frantic, and prophesied evil things regarding our arrival in Karachi. The Amir gave the ladies some very handsome presents, wrote various letters to others of his friends who were unfortunately unable to come today and see him off, and eventually our farewells were got through and the Amir escorted our visitors to their launch. He showed great emotion at saying good-bye. It was now 9 o'clock and we were supposed to start before 5, so we lost no further time in getting under weigh, and Bombay was soon a thing of the past.

We have had a very pleasant and a very fully occupied fortnight's stay at Bombay. The length of it has presented various difficulties, but these, I'm glad to say, were all got over—thanks to kind and generous hospitality on the part of Lord Lamington and various private individuals, among whom Sir Lawrence and Lady Jenkins stand out in conspicuous prominence. Nothing could exceed their united kindness or hospitality or the tact and ability with which Lady Jenkins managed the Amir throughout.

The Amir would eat no dinner, as he said he felt too sad, so after a hurried meal I rejoined him on deck. We went up on the bridge and stayed up there talking till the small hours of the morning, the Amir taking great interest in the details of navigation and full of searching questions as is his wont.

H. M. S. *Highflyer* is doing escort to us and follows astern. I once more brought wireless telegraphy into notice by asking the Amir if he wished to send any messages to friends at Bombay. He wanted to of course, and we got the *Highflyer* to telegraph them. One was a message asking a question from Sir Lawrence Jenkins, to which he is to send a reply to Karachi.

About one o'clock I got the Amir to go down and get some food, and I was able at last to turn in.

*Tuesday, 26th, I. M. S. "Dufferin".*—Any fond expectations I entertained of getting a quiet day at sea for coping with arrears of official correspondence were quickly doomed to disappointment, for the Amir was up and about at a fairly early hour and full of energy. Under the pilotage of Captain Hewett, Director-General of the Indian Marine, and Captain Black of the *Dufferin*, we proceeded to visit and investigate the ship from end to end. We went everywhere and saw everything. The engines of course came in for a full share of attention, and we stayed a long time in the exhilarating atmosphere of the stoke-holes and boiler-rooms.

The *Dufferin* is a very fine ship with a splendid wide, clear deck. The Amir has a long suite of well-furnished rooms on the main deck, and is delighted with them. I have given him and his staff the whole of the 1st class portion of the ship to themselves, while we British officers have shut ourselves off in the second class portion aft. The lesser Afghan officials and followers and our own followers have more than ample accommodation in the spacious troop deck, while our Attachés and Assistants are comfortably provided for in the portion of the ship usually allotted to married families and military hospitals.

All seemed very comfortable, and but few appeared to be feeling any effects from the sea. There was a strongish breeze, but little or no motion in the ship.

Up and down we wandered all the morning till I felt glad when lunch time came. The Amir insisted on my lunching with him, and we had a long repast together with his principal Sardars. I have had many of these meals and always try to avoid them, as the sycophancy of the Afghan Sardars always annoys me. There is a perpetual chorus of inflated adulation going on, and butter is piled on much too thick. The Amir is constantly checking his people for this, and I can see he doesn't care much for it, but I fancy nothing but death will ever stop their nonsense.

After lunch we were soon on the move again, and I took the Amir up on to the bridge. He asked if the *Highflyer* could not come up and show herself to more advantage alongside of us, as he would like to see her closer, so a message was accordingly sent, and the manœuvre was in due course carried out. The *Highflyer* looked very fine steaming past us. The Amir sent a message to Captain Hickey, her Captain, expressing his regret at the death of one of her crew who was drowned yesterday just before we left Bombay. This was acknowledged with thanks.

Sea air now proved too much, and the Amir dropped off to sleep in his chair on the bridge, and the *Highflyer* took the opportunity of dropping back to her place astern. I got away and did some work until His Majesty awoke and got on the move once more. He was full of history today and showed an intimate knowledge of all Alexander's journeys and the experiences of his

Admiral Nearchos. Talking of some tyrant of old days he burst out into a tirade against tyranny of all kinds, and said he considered a tyrant being worse than a mad dog.

After dinner the Amir came round to our smoking-room aft, and played Bridge. There being no ladies present to encourage conversation, we played a more serious game than usual, and the Amir quite held his own in the game.

He wandered round the deck with me till late at night and until he was so dead with sleep that he couldn't see. Then, and not till then, did he retire.

He is thoroughly enjoying his sea trip, and tells me that now the one and only obstacle he has dreaded in regard to a visit to England is overcome and to England one day he hopes to go.

*Wednesday, 27th.*—The Amir had me up on deck before I could finish breakfast, and we went up into the bridge, where we remained until arrival in Karachi. Before we got into the harbour a message was signalled out conveying a reply to the Amir's wireless telegraphy message to Sir Lawrence Jenkins of the night before last. Up went the piece of wireless telegraphy.

The entrance to Karachi harbour is picturesque, and the day was fine and bright. All the ships in harbour were dressed with flags, and the scene was a pretty one. The fort fired a salute, and we drew up to the landing stage. Here a guard-of-honour was drawn up, and the Commissioner of Sind, General Smith-Dorrien, and all the principal Civil and Military Officers of Karachi were present to receive us.

The Amir walked on shore, shook hands with those who had come to welcome him, inspected the guard-of-honour, which was then dismissed, and we returned to the ship. It was now lunch time, and he invited the Commissioner, General, two of their staff, Captains Hewett, Black, and Hickley to lunch with him. We went down to his saloon and had a very pleasant meal, the Amir talking away in great spirits, delighted with his sea trip. He insisted on our drinking such spirits and wine as we are accustomed to. These had been sent for by him from our own mess.

After lunch we embarked on a large steam-launch and went to the Manora entrance of the harbour where an old hulk had been anchored above a submarine mine. This was exploded with successful results, and a high column of water rose up in the air. The hulk was blown to atoms.

We returned to the *Dufferin*, and the Amir gave the officers of the ship a signed photograph for their mess and bade them a warm farewell. He thanked them for their care of him and said he hoped some day to go to England. He would do so on two conditions: one that he could get the *Dufferin* to take him home, and the other that I should go with him.

Our motors, which had been lifted out of the ship, were now ready, and we took the Amir for a long drive, we first went to the Zoological Gardens, which are very good. The Amir bought a lion and some monkeys, and then we went through the town as he said he wanted to visit Speechley's shop. This is a chemist's shop, with which the Amir said he had had some dealings in the past and he had once said that if he ever visited Karachi he would go to the shop. He wanted to carry out his word, so to this shop we went. It is a very ordinary small shop and looked still smaller after the Bombay emporiums. The Amir bought one or two trifles out of politeness, and we then drove him to the Cantonment railway station, where our train was awaiting us. It was now about 8 P. M.

After some conversation with Mr. Younghusband the Commissioner and his wife and General Smith-Dorrien we started off, as usual, a long time after our scheduled time. Today the Amir told me that he had persuaded Mr. Fennell, one of our chauffeurs, to go up to Kabul with the two motor cars we have given him. Mr. Fennell is a very excellent fellow and ought to do well.

*Thursday, 28th, Train.*—We arrived at 8 A. M. at Rohri, where we had arranged to stop in order to inspect the great bridge over the Indus River.

We went in trolleys across the bridge and walked back. The bridge is a triumph of engineering skill, but it is an ugly structure in itself, and the Amir said he was much more impressed by the bridge over the Indus at Attock.

Mr. Tucker, Chief Commissioner of Baluchistan, had come down to Rohri to meet us, and the Amir had a short conversation with him. He was interested to hear that Tucker had served in Ajmer and had something to do with the restoration of some of the Moghal buildings there. He said that few things had impressed him more favourably in India than the care we British have taken of old ruins and relics of the past.

We left Rohri about 11 and had an uninteresting day's journey. A dust-storm got up about noon and lasted all day, filling our carriages with dust.

The Amir spent his day reading. He asked me some while ago to try and get him a good railway engineer, as he is very anxious to make a railway from Kabul to his new coal-fields at Ghorbund and a branch line to his new fort at Jabl-ul-Siraj. He is constantly reminding me about this, and I tell him I am awaiting a reply from Government to my reference on the subject.

He was glad to learn today that I hear there is some chance of his getting a good man. I have extolled to him the virtues of one Mr. Johns, who is one of the most able and energetic Railway Engineers I know. I only hope the Amir can get Johns to Afghanistan, as I look upon this railway idea of his as one of the turning points in Afghan history.

(Sd.) A. HENRY McMAHON.

*Friday, 1st March 1907.*—I went round to see the Amir as soon as he was up, and found him in great spirits. We had a long talk on miscellaneous subjects. Among others he introduced that of Seistan and asked various general questions about the country. He says he realizes what an important strategic objection it is for Russia to aim at, and how their possession of Persian Seistan would endanger Afghan communications with Herat, and expose both Herat and Kandahar. I contented myself with very general observations.

We arrived at Lahore about 10 and were received with a guard-of-honour and by all the principal officials of Lahore. We drove in the usual procession to the camp prepared for us. There were very large crowds along the route, and the Amir got a very warm reception from them.

It was a delightful morning, fresh and bright and cool, and Lahore looked its best as we drove through it. Our camp looked pretty and imposing, and the Amir was very pleased with the tents provided for his own accommodation.

I have always been anxious about our visit to Lahore as I feared the contrast after large centres like Calcutta and Bombay would be rather striking, and perhaps depressing. We had taken some care therefore in trying to arrange a nice camp for him here.

It was a great relief to me to hear from the Amir that he had enjoyed his arrival at Lahore more than at most places. He went on to dilate on the wonderfully friendly and cordial reception everyone gives him, both high and low, wherever he arrives. The kindness everyone has shown him, he says, is extraordinary. I pointed out that it was quite spontaneous and that such things with our free people are not arranged and can never be arranged by Government orders. It shows, however, I said, that the friendly feelings of the Government have permeated into the masses.

He went on to say how pleased he has been with all the English people he has everywhere met. "All are good," he said, "not one bad, not one."

Today being Friday, arrangements were made for the Amir to attend prayers at the Shahi Mosque, and he and all his people proceeded there about 2 o'clock.

I hear the crowds, especially inside the mosque, were very great. After mosque the Amir drove out to visit Shahdara.

About 4 o'clock I took His Majesty to the Military Tournament at Mian Meer, where General Walter Kitchener met him and did honour as host. The Amir was introduced to several ladies with whom he quickly got on to friendly terms, and later on in the evening he sat down to tea with a large number of them round him.

I have been racking my brains how to provide for the various evenings which I see looming before us at Lahore, as the Amir absolutely refuses to dine at home. I gently broke it to General Kitchener that a dinner party tomorrow night would be very acceptable. It was in vain that he pleaded a batchelor establishment, and so on, and a dinner party he had to arrange. He kindly asked the Amir to come, and so that is fixed up. The General's method of arranging was prompt and effective. He pounced upon his unfortunate Chief Staff Officer, Colonel Sullivan, who is giving a select dinner party of the most attractive ladies of Lahore tomorrow night, and transferred him, his wife and their whole dinner party ready made, dinner and all to his house for tomorrow night. I feel our popularity increasing.

We are to dine at the Lieutenant-Governor's tonight, and I got the Amir there punctually. All the élite of Lahore were present and the dinner was a pleasant one. I heard the Amir, in reply to some irresponsible question on the part of the lady next him, say that, if only he had been asked to stay for Mr. Dobbs' wedding, he would have been delighted to do so. My worst fears were confirmed. I had suspected long ago that he really does want to stay for this function. He caught sight of the unfortunate Dobbs sitting next to his *fiancée*, Miss Rivaz, further down the table and sent him various extracts of Persian poetry written on backs of menu cards which Dobbs had to reply to in a similar strain. I think Dobbs regrets he has to be married before our tour is over, but owing to the retirement and departure of Sir Charles Rivaz on the 6th he must be married on the 4th. If we had stuck to our original programme of the tour, the Amir would have crossed the border on the 1st, and all would have been right. I rather think Dobbs' wedding has had something to do with his staying longer in India.

After the usual after dinner toasts we adjourned to the drawing-room-, where we had some good music and singing. The Amir had no shyness in following the great pianist, Captain Sanford, at the piano and played us some weird Afghan airs. We got away unusually early tonight, not much after 12, as it had been arranged for Major Maynard, the Calcutta Eye Specialist, to see him tonight and put atropine in his eyes preparatory to a careful examination of his eyes tomorrow.

*Saturday, 2nd, Lahore.*—The Amir had an interview with the Hon'ble Mr. McRobert this morning before going out. He is the Director of the Cawnpore Woollen Mills, and came here under an arrangement, made when we were at Cawnpore, to settle with the Amir certain matters in connection with the latter's determination to start woollen mills in Afghanistan. I was not present, but Mr. McRobert told me that the Amir had got a complete grasp of the subject, and the whole thing was settled up in a few minutes. McRobert is to send up a Mr. Miller to set up a mill in Afghanistan, and McRobert is to get the necessary machinery, costing two lakhs of rupees,

and send it up as soon as possible. The Amir when settling up little details often takes a long time, but in deciding bigger questions he is, I notice, often remarkably prompt and expeditious.

He is as blind as a bat today from the effects of atropine in his eyes, and I rather hoped this would keep him quiet for a spell, but it is not to be. Armed with blue spectacles he sallied forth shopping in the morning, and at 1 P. M. I took him to lunch with the Michaels. Mr. Michael is Accountant-General of the Punjab, and Mrs. Michael is one of the ladies he met yesterday. They kindly asked him to lunch today. We were a pleasant party, and after lunch played Bridge. We did not break up till it was time to go and see the finals of the Punjab Tennis Tournament in the Lawrence Hall Gardens. All Lahore were assembled there.

The question of Dobbs' marriage has been occupying our thoughts. The Amir, according to present arrangements, is to leave Lahore tomorrow, Sunday, *i. e.*, the 3rd. Dobbs is to be married on the 4th. The Amir, as I have noted before, is certain to stay over the 4th, and Sir Charles Rivaz has, I think, wisely come to the opinion that it will be more graceful to invite the Amir forthwith to stay for the wedding. This he did on meeting him at the Tennis today. The Amir does not like to appear too keen about it, so said he would give a definite reply tomorrow. There is no shadow of a doubt what that reply will be, and I am arranging accordingly. The Gloucestershire have kindly suggested asking the Amir to dinner, so I have asked them to do so for tomorrow night. That disposes of one more night.

After Tennis we took the Amir into the Montgomery Hall, where the Lahore élite are wont to meet every evening, drink tea, and dance. We sat and watched the dancing for some time and then motored home.

We arrived at General Kitchener's home only a few minutes late, and were introduced to a pleasant gathering, kindly provided, as noted in my diary of yesterday, by Colonel Sullivan. The reason for our being there few minutes late was that just at starting the Amir sent for Mr. McRobert, signed up an agreement with him, and paid him down two lakhs in notes. He can be wonderfully prompt at times. We had a very cheery dinner, and the usual music and Bridge afterwards. The Amir enjoyed himself so much that I had difficulty in getting him away. The further we come north the less accustomed people seem to be, I notice, to stay up late. It was only about 1-30 when I got the Amir started, but from the way people looked at me one might have thought it to be about 3.

*Sunday, 3rd.*—The Amir asked me yesterday to arrange an outing today to Amritsar, as he wanted to see the Golden Temple of the Sikhs there. The Civil Officers of Amritsar, when informed of this, were rather opposed to the idea, as they said the Sikhs insist on everyone removing their

boots before entering the temple, and the Amir might give trouble over this. I calmed their fears, and said they might rely on the Amir behaving in a most correct manner.

A small party of us started off this morning with the Amir by special train, *i. e.*, four Afghan Sardars and three British officers. I had given orders that no official notice should be taken of the visit, but immense crowds were assembled at Amritsar station. We got into carriages and drove off. Our route to the temple lay through the city, and in the whole course of our tour in India, the crowds, big though they were, have never come up to the size of those today. Dense crowds lined all the roads and streets, and every house on the road was crammed with sight-seers from basement to roof. All the roads were decorated, and the Amir received a very warm and noisy welcome, so much so that the horses of the carriage in which the Amir and I were in, got mad with fright, and we had to get out and take another carriage.

On arrival at the outer gate of the enclosure in which the Golden Temple is situated we alighted and were met by the leading Sikhs of Amritsar, and conducted into the entrance chamber where we were invited to take off our boots and don some very handsome slippers provided for us. The Amir said he would do whatever they liked, go in bare feet or do anything else they asked. Attendants removed our boots and put on gorgeous velvet and gold slippers in their place, and we were just starting off into the court-yard when the Amir asked if the Sikhs did not object to tobacco. On hearing they did, he insisted on taking his cigar-case and cigarette-case out of his pocket and handing them over to the door-keepers. We did the same. The Golden Temple looked very pretty, standing in a picturesque tank surrounded by a marble court-yard. We entered this temple itself and found several Sikh priests seated there guarding the sacred books of the Sikh faith. The priests commenced a sort of service and offered prayers for the Amir and decorated us with garlands of flowers. The Amir after his custom was athirst for knowledge and asked no end of questions and was soon on the best of terms with all the Sikhs assembled. The musicians struck up and the Amir sat down, and for over an hour we stayed in the temple and had quite a cosy time of it. The Amir asked leave to make an offering and gave a large handful of gold coins to the temple and some Rs. 200 to the attendants. We then went all over the temple from basement to roof and then went off to an adjoining building where various Sikh treasures in the form of old swords, &c., are kept. These were carefully examined, and at last we returned to the entrance gate and put on our boots after a visit of about two hours. The Sikhs seemed highly pleased.

To those who know the hereditary hatred between Afghans and Sikhs, the religious bigotry of the former and the "dour" clannishness of the latter,

it was a curious sight to see the Afghan ruler seated in the Holy of Holies of the Sikh religion making himself perfectly at home with his surroundings and behaving in a most charming manner to his newly made Sikh friends. "I respect all religions," he said, "but despise those who are lukewarm in their own faith."

A man more scrupulous in the observances of his own religion and more tolerant of those of other creeds I have seldom, if ever, met. I don't think his Sardars liked this exhibition of toleration.

From the temple we drove again through a portion of the city, through crowds even denser than before, to the Ram Bagh, the public gardens of Amritsar. It is a charming place with fine big trees, good grass, and lots of flowers. Special precautions had been taken to keep the crowd out, and we had the place to ourselves. We had a good luncheon in a tent, and then sat and dozed in easy chairs under the shade of the trees. A day in a shady garden is to the Amir the acme of bliss, but today he said something was lacking, and pitched into me for not inviting any ladies there.

He had to be content today with flowers instead, and he made himself quite happy discussing gardening, a great hobby of his, with one attendant Police Officer, Mr. Palin, who happens to be a keen gardener and in charge of these very gardens.

We had to be back in Lahore about 5, as the Amir has to carry out a long-deferred duty which he has promised to do, *i. e.*, to lay the foundation stone of the Islamia College of Lahore, so at about 4 I got him back to his train and we started off.

On arrival at Lahore I despatched the Amir and his following to the place where the ceremony is to take place. I refrained from going myself, as I always take care not to show any desire to pry into what he does at functions of a religious nature. I learn that there was a big crowd assembled, that some of the leading British officials of Lahore were also present, that the ceremony was well carried out, and that the Amir made a most impressive speech backing up his expressions of good-will with a very generous donation of Rs. 20,000 down and a promise of Rs. 12,000 a year in future. The speech is such a good one that I append a translation of it.

Tonight we dined at the officers' mess of the Gloucestershire Regiment. The Amir had been rather amusing over this during the day, vowing he would not go unless I could get ladies invited. I said this was against all the laws of the Mohammedans and Persians and couldn't be done. Then he said he would plead illness. If he did, I said, I would take care Major Bird gave him something that he wouldn't like.

We got there in good time and had a pleasant dinner, after which followed a game of Bridge, and then the Amir took his departure at the unwonted early

hour of 12-30. He says he will send the Mess a cup in memory of their hospitality.

The question of a new British Agent at Kabul in place of Malik Khuda Bakhsh was settled up today. The idea of sending up a Native gentleman of somewhat higher social status and position than that of former British Agents has been under consideration. I was asked to ascertain from the Amir if he would in such a case improve the position of our Agent and give him a higher place in his Court. The Amir told me he could not do so at present, as anything he did immediately after his return from India would be watched with very great suspicion by his people. He said he had treated Malik Khuda Bakhsh well and would treat the next man in the same way if he behaved well like Khuda Bakhsh and minded his own business. The days of hole-and-corner spying by British Agents ought now to be over, he thought.

Later on I was asked by the Government of India to submit certain names of approved candidates for this post to His Majesty. I did so with the result that after some days' consideration he told me he would like one of them, Iftikhar-ud-din, who is one of my Attachés, appointed.

Today I received a reply from Government, saying that Iftikhar-ud-din's appointment was sanctioned. Could I arrange for him to accompany the Amir to Afghanistan? I settled this with Iftikhar-ud-din today on the journey back from Amritsar. The selection is, I consider, a very good one on both sides, but I had some difficulty in persuading Iftikhar-ud-din to go.

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*His Majesty the Amir's speech at Lahore on 3rd March 1907 at the Islamia College.*

After offering thanks to God and praise to His Prophet I address you, the Mohammedans of the Punjab and India, who are present here. I have read the address and make a reply to the address which I have thoroughly understood.

What I want to say first is that I am very thankful to, and pleased with, the Government of India for having given so much liberty to my Mohammedan brethren, that they can perform their religious duties with freedom. I here address a few words to you by way of advice. Oh my Mohammedan brethren, endeavour to acquire knowledge, so that you may not wear the clothes of the ignorant. It is your duty to acquire knowledge. I do not say do not read philosophy or the Western sciences. No, acquire them, but after your children have thoroughly acquainted themselves with the principles and laws of the Mohammedan faith, turn their attention towards the acquirement of the new sciences, as unless you acquire Western knowledge you will remain without bread. Should you remain ignorant of Western knowledge,

you will not be able to earn your living. It is, however, your duty to make your children thoroughly acquainted with the rules of the Mohammedan faith. Infuse the love of the Mohammedan religion in their hearts in such a manner that the love of another religion may not enter their hearts. Once they have become thorough Mohammedans it will not matter to what they turn their attention. We are like a compass with one foot firmly fixed in the true faith and with the other foot we traverse seventy-two religions. When once the light of the true faith has entered their hearts it will always remain there. Endeavour to fix the feet of your children in the centre of the faith, and then you can let them traverse the seventy-two religions of the world. Then I wish to say that, as I am establishing a large number of schools in Afghanistan, I regret I cannot give you as much pecuniary assistance as I should have liked to do. But I do not wish to abstain altogether from giving assistance. I only say I cannot give as much assistance as I should have liked to do. From time to time I have been reading accounts and reports about your college in the newspapers. I am thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances connected with it. I am very pleased and thankful that, by the efforts of the Mohammedans, Mohammedan children are saved. I now cut my speech short and come to the point. I used to give Rs. 6,000 to this college annually. From now I increase this grant by Rs. 6,000 per annum. But I make this increase for a specific purpose, *viz.*, for educating the male and female Mohammedan orphans. I am thankful to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab for allowing you to collect orphans from all parts of the Punjab. If His Honour had not done so, you would not have been able to take charge of them. I say again that this extra Rs. 6,000 per annum is for the benefit of Mohammedan male and female orphans, and not for any other purpose. I also give in a lump sum Rs. 20,000 for the construction of the college on any plan that may be approved by you all. I give this in the name of God, and not in my own name. I will pay this sum of Rs. 20,000 in Indian currency for the construction of the college either this evening or tomorrow morning.

In conclusion, I pray that God may keep Islam, of which I am a member, always respected and may protect it in every way. I regret I am unable to give more pecuniary assistance as I have great calls on me, and am spending large sums of money in Afghanistan.

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*Monday, 4th.*—At the wish of the Amir a group of himself and the British officers of his staff were photographed this morning. His chief Sardars were to have been included, but they were not ready in time, and he did not allow them to join us. The Amir was very particular about how we arranged ourselves and is very anxious for the photograph to be a success.

Just before this, shortly after 8 o'clock, Major Maynard had a final examination of his eyes and tells me he has thoroughly satisfied himself as to their condition and requirements in the matter of glasses. The eyes are perfectly sound, but short-sighted and astigmatic.

These two important matters being disposed of, the Amir went off in his motor with Major Brooke to visit the Shalimar Gardens outside Lahore.

While he was away the Lahore Police brought me news that they had heard on very good authority that four or five large cases of rifles had been brought to the tent of the Afghan Envoy in our camp. They were supplied, so they said, by one Taylor of Simla, and the Envoy had given out that they had been sent for by the Amir's orders. In reality they were, I was told, for sale to our border people through the agency of Nur Mohammed, Kuchi, who is a well known rifle smuggler. The Afghan Envoy has a bad reputation in the matter of illicit purchase and sale of rifles.

On the Amir's return to camp I went to him and privately informed him of the report I had received. I said I had no proof of it and only mentioned the matter as I was very anxious to guard his reputation and prevent things of this kind being done in his name. I said I had no means of verifying or disproving the report. Had he ordered the rifles, alleged to have been brought into camp? He said, no, and if any rifles had been bought in, they were not his. He thanked me for my confidence, and said he would ascertain quietly whether the report was true.

Later on in the day he told me he had had the Envoy's tents visited by trustworthy men on some excuse or other, and no cases of rifles were there. I said I was delighted to hear it, and the matter dropped.

He told me he had encouraged the purchase of arms by his men in Bombay and Calcutta, but they had strict orders not to sell to our border people. Today he said he had issued a *farman* prohibiting any further purchase of arms by his men.

Today is Dobbs' wedding day, and we are all invited to the reception at Government House after the wedding. I think the Amir would much like to attend the wedding itself, and I am sorry that he is not going to do so, but there are objections to it. Not on religious grounds, but because the people principally concerned don't seem to be quite sure what part the Amir might not play in the ceremony. Lady Rivaz and the Bishop appear to take a gloomy view on this point, and so on their account I've made it clear to the Amir that, welcome as his presence would be on religious and general grounds, we had better not intrude ourselves into a ceremony, in which the female relations of the bride have rather overwrought feelings. He concurred and said in his country, too, the women often make an absurd fuss at wedding ceremonies.

We attended the reception in good time, and the Amir behaved very nicely. Whether he was afraid of Lady Rivaz or not I can't say, but I've never seen him obliterate himself so much at any public social function before. He gave a very nice wedding present to the bride and made some happy remarks to both the happy couple.

To eface any suspicions that might lurk in his mind about our not liking to see him in our places of worship I got the Bishop to kindly invite him to come and visit the Cathedral, and the Amir consented with pleasure. We should have gone there at once, but something or other delayed us and the visit never came off.

After the reception we went for a motor ride, and in the course of conversation the Amir held forth on the bigotry and ignorance of the Mullahs in his country, and on our frontier. Their knowledge of true religion or even the holy books of the Mohammedan faith he said was *nil*. Their religion consisted in abusing everything that was new, everything that aimed at progress and reform.

This afternoon Miss Bushby arrived from Madras. She wrote and asked the Amir some time ago whether he did not want a companion for his wife and instructress for his daughters. It happened that he did want one and asked me to make enquiries about Miss Bushby, who is daughter of a General Bushby and granddaughter of a late Resident in Hyderabad. The result of my enquiries being satisfactory the Amir asked me to send for her for him to interview. She seems a suitable person, and the Amir engaged her forthwith at a salary of Rs. 1,000 per mensem. She is to start for Jalalabad from Peshawar on 1st April.

We are to leave Lahore tonight at 10 p. m. for Peshawar, so I have only one more dinner to arrange for in Lahore. This was simplified by an invitation to a quiet dinner with the Michaels, to whom the Amir has taken a liking.

We had a very pleasant cheery evening with some music and Bridge, and it was with very great difficulty that I got the Amir down to the railway station by about 12 o'clock. I had warned everyone concerned that we would be late, so no one was kept waiting to see him off.

The only people who suffered by our late departure were our kind hosts of tonight. Why or wherefore they conceived such a wild idea I can't say, but it appears they thought that, if our departure by train was notified to be at 10 p. m., it meant 10 p. m., and on this delusion they had arranged without my knowledge to go to the Railway Volunteer Fancy Dress Ball at 10-5. As the evening wore on, they kept reminding me of this, and they even threatened to tell the Amir that there was a Ball on tonight and invite him to go there with them. Under ordinary circumstances this threat would have

made me wildly anxious, as of course he would have jumped at the idea with alacrity, but suspecting something of the kind on the part of other people today I had already taken the precaution to inform the Amir about this Ball, and told him what a pity it was I could not suggest his going to it, as it was so mixed and no big people could possibly be seen there! I mentioned this to our hosts and no further reference to the subject was made, but I saw one or two fists being shaken at me during the latter part of the evening behind the Amir's back.

It would never have done for the Amir to go to a function of that nature.

*Tuesday, 5th.*—We arrived at Rawalpindi at 8 A. M. and were met by General Sir Moore Creagh and the chief Civil and Military officers of the station.

When we passed through Rawalpindi on our way down to Agra, the Amir expressed a desire to see one of the forts which compose the line of fortifications here. He reminded me of this the other day, and so we have arranged for him to see all he wants today.

Five or six motor cars were waiting ready, and in three we drove about five miles to the Thoumal Fort, which is typical of all the others round Rawalpindi. It has no guns, but the Amir does not want to see guns today, only the ground plan and construction of these forts in order to get ideas for the fortifications he is making at Jabl-ul-Siraj, about 40 miles north of Kabul.

General Sir Moore Creagh took him over the place and showed him everything and the Amir took it all in with his keen, observant eye.

He has taken a liking to Sir Moore Creagh and was glad to see him again. He broke out in the course of the morning into a denunciation of Russia as he sometimes does—"If only," he exclaimed, "I can do all I intend and hope to do, Russia will never be able to grind Afghanistan to powder under her heel as she is now able to do."

From the fort we motored back to Rawalpindi and paid a visit to the Arsenal, which is one of the largest in India.

We were taken into the armoury and saw large rooms filled with stacks of rifles—no less than 70,000 rifles in one room. The Afghan mouths watered at this beautiful sight, and the Amir patted the rifle racks lovingly. "Alas," he said, "my armoury is empty now, for I have sent all my rifles up to the northern frontier. Note that, gentlemen, to the north, and not the south. Does not that indicate my confidence in my friends?"

Seeing some racks of Martinis he said—"These are no use to you; why can't you give them to me? I want them badly."

After seeing other portions of the Arsenal we visited the pattern-room, and here the visitors' book was produced, in which the late Amir wrote his name 21 years ago. The Amir wrote his also. Time was getting on, and we had to return to the station. On leaving the Arsenal the Amir walked round the small guard of British Infantry at the gate, and said to the General—"How I admire your British troops. They are splendid. They have the two things a real soldier wants. Pride in themselves and obedience."

At the station he invited the General and principal members of his staff into his carriage, and after some friendly conversation presented Sir Moore Creagh with his photograph and then took leave of them. Whereupon we started for Peshawar.

I spent most of the day with the Amir in his carriage, as he seldom lets me out of his sight now-a-days.

We arrived at Peshawar up to time at 5 p. m. and found Sir Harold Deane, General Sir Edmond Barrow, and the Civil and Military officers of the place drawn up on the platform. Friendly greetings were exchanged, and we got into our carriages and drove in procession to the Guest-House where the Amir is to live.

As soon as ever the others had taken their departure, the Amir begged me to send for the motors and take him for a drive, so off we started at once before I had time to get my kit and change out of uniform. The road the Amir suggested took us past the barracks of the Black Watch; and as we passed them the Amir pointed out the Provost Sergeant's quarters, and said that is the married Sergeant's home you and I visited on our last stay here. Please go and give the Sergeant's wife this little present I have bought for her. He produced a little case out of his pocket containing a pretty little brooch, and I took it off to the Sergeant's house, but found him and his wife out.

When we were last in Peshawar the Amir wandered over their barracks one afternoon and expressed a wish to see how the married soldiers lived, so I took him into the quarters of the above Sergeant, who and his wife kindly showed him round their rooms and did the honours of the place in a nice, respectful manner.

The Amir's recollection of this little incident and his thoughtfulness in choosing this small present for the Sergeant's wife is very typical of him. I have often noticed that no incident of this tour has so far escaped his memory, nor have the many places he has seen, people he has met, and things he has done, become, as one might naturally expect, mixed up in a hazy jumble. Not a bit of it; he has got everything separately stored away and docketted in that wonderful clear memory of his.

We dined tonight with Sir Edmond and Lady Barrow. Owing to the short notice I had been able to give them of our dates, the party was only a small one, but that the Amir likes.

When the ladies left the table the General asked the Amir about the forts he had seen at Rawalpindi this morning, and said he did not himself consider them of much good. The Amir remarked that, if the enemy once crushed Afghanistan, neither the Attock nor the Rawalpindi forts would be of much use.

Oh yes, they would, said the General, of the very greatest use, and then he went on to explain how, but I intervened, and said this was a view of the case with which we need not expect the Amir to have much sympathy.

The General then said Afghanistan was to us like a shield in a man's hand.

"Yes", said the Amir, "but the shield ought to be made of steel, not paper. You people seem to think that the shield is made of steel and can do the work of steel, but it is only of paper. You must help me to make it of steel. Some of you are afraid to do so, as you still think that, if you give me arms, those arms may be turned against yourselves. You may rest assured that they never will be used against you, but against our common enemy. Never, never will we make friends with Russia. What I say is true, and Sir Henry McMahon, who is here, knows it to be true, but many of you still entertain evil suspicions of me. For instance, some think I give arms to your frontier people. I swear on the honour of my religion, on the honour of my country, and on my own personal honour, that I have never, and will never, give arms to your frontier people. My armouries are empty. Why? I have sent all my arms to the North—No, your suspicions are unfounded. I will bide my time and see how long it will be before you throw aside your suspicions of me. I can do or say no more."

The significance of these remarks was, I think, rather lost on the audience, and I had to fill up the gap with some platitudes decrying 'want of confidence on either side.

In the dining-room we had some music and the evening passed pleasantly. The Amir consented to leave about 12-30, which in Peshawar appears to be a dreadfully late hour.

*Wednesday, 6th, Peshawar.*—On our way home after dinner last night I asked the Amir if he would mind my allowing Major Victor Brooke to leave us. I said he was extremely anxious to get back to Calcutta in time to ride his horse who is favourite for the Annual Paper-Chase Cup. If he starts by the mail tonight, he will get down to Calcutta within an hour or two of the race. The Amir said by all means Brooke should go. He said he would like to see

him today, and wished to give him an Afghan Order. Would I telegraph and get permission from the Viceroy for him and others of us to accept such Orders?

I telegraphed at once and received a reply to the effect that the pleasure of His Majesty the King could not be anticipated as regards permission to wear any Orders that the Amir might give us, but that we had permission in the meantime to accept them, if given.

I sent Victor Brooke over to the Amir this morning, and he accompanied him for his morning's outing in the motor. The Amir took great interest in the prospects of Brooke's horse winning his race, and gave him £10 to back the horse with on his own account. If he wins, Brooke is to send the proceeds of this bet back to the Amir in the form of a present.

As far as I can tell, the Amir really means to leave India tomorrow, and I am arranging accordingly. He is sending a lot of his men on ahead today to Dakka, which means business.

Peshawar is full of rumours regarding the Amir's tour in India. Is it true, a senior British officer asked me, that the Amir received £2,000 a day from Government while in India? Another wanted to know what truth there is in the reports that have reached Peshawar that the Amir throughout the tour has led a life of continuous debauchery.

When this class of rumour is rife about his doings in our own territory, what earthly credence can one put on rumours which reach us of the Amir's doings in Afghanistan? And yet there are people who still base their opinions of the Amir on rumours which reach them from Afghanistan!

In the afternoon I took the Amir to the Highland Sports of the Highland Brigade now being held in Peshawar. He seemed to enjoy himself and wandered about talking to everyone he knew. He has presented the Black Watch Mess with a cup. The Colonel's wife brought up the Provost Sergeant's wife to him, and the Amir gave her the little brooch he had brought for her. A motor drive afterwards brought us to the time for dressing for dinner. Tonight is a big farewell dinner at Sir Harold Deane's. We got there fairly punctually and found about 70 people assembled. Dinner passed pleasantly, and at the end of it Sir Harold Deane proposed the Amir's health in a nice speech, wishing him a happy return to, and prosperous time in, his own country. The Amir made a good speech in reply, saying how pleased he was to return to the house of the friend who had been the first to entertain him in India. He had had a very happy time in India. Before he came he had some few friends on paper; now there were real friends not on paper, but in fact, and their number was many.

After dinner a great many people were introduced to the Amir, but he conferred his attentions chiefly to a few, among whom were the two daughters of Sir Harold Deane and one or two others.

The hour grew late, but I showed him my watch in vain. He produced his, which had agreed with mine before dinner, but was now about an hour behind mine. He said his was right and mine wrong. I saw he meant to stay late, and we did not get away till nearly 2 o'clock. I had not the heart to hurry him too much, as it is his last evening in civilized society for a long while to come.

Before starting from his house for dinner tonight the Amir very kindly presented me with the Afghan Order of the Sardari of the First Class. He also handed over to me for Mr. Dobbs the Order of the Stor. Both are handsome gold Orders. He showed me various lesser Orders of Hurmat, Izzat, and Khidmat, which he says he will present to the other British officers of his staff tomorrow.

He told me that the Order of Sardari conferred the rank and title of Sardar on the possessor; also each of the higher Orders, *i. e.*, Sardari and Stor, entitled their possessors to salute of guns in Afghanistan. He would send us full particulars in the form of Warrants from Kabul.

I asked him who were my fellow-Sardars of the 1st Class in Afghanistan. He said none. His father had instituted the Order years ago, but neither he or himself had yet found any suitable person on whom to confer it. I was therefore now the first recipient, and as such the highest Sardar in Afghanistan. He intended on his return to confer the Order on some of his own sons.

The Amir is dreading tomorrow, and so am I.

A. H. McMAHON.

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*Thursday, 7th March 1907.*—We are to make an early start at 8 A. M. by train today, so at 7-30 I went to the Amir's house and was joined by Sir Harold Deane, General Sir E. Barrow, and other chief officers of Peshawar.

The Amir made them all sit down, and we sat and talked for some time. He made one or two very nice speeches, full of protestations of friendship. He repeated how pleased and gratified he had been at all that had been done for him in India and at the excellent arrangements made for him and so on.

He said that his feelings today were very mixed. He was returning to his country and his family and ought to be full of joy, but he wasn't. His joy was equalled by his sadness at leaving all the friends he had made in India. If all those friends were assembled in Peshawar and he had to say farewell to them together instead of in batches as he had done in Calcutta and Bombay, he could never do it at all.

We might have got off in punctual time, but just at the last moment the Amir delayed matters by writing letters to the two daughters of Sir Harold

Deane, asking them for their photographs. This done they were handed over to me for despatch, and we started in a carriage procession to the station. The route was lined with troops. The crowds of natives were very much less than on our first arrival in Peshawar, but this is easily accounted for by the early hour of the morning. The Peshawari is a late riser, especially on a cold morning like this.

All the chief officers of Peshawar were drawn up on the platform and the Amir bade them a warm farewell, and at last the train started off.

The Amir had asked all us British officers of his staff to accompany him in his carriage, and as soon as the train started he addressed us as follows:—

“I wish to present Afghan Orders on the officers present. They have established a strong claim on me by their services on this tour. They have done for me all that was possible to be done at every place, on every occasion, and at every time. I present these Orders both on behalf of myself and my Government, and I hope that the King-Emperor will be pleased to grant you permission to wear them. Had I thought of it in time, I would have telegraphed and asked his permission for you to wear them without delay, as it is His Excellency the Viceroy is aware of my intention to bestow them.

I have already conferred on Sir Henry McMahon the Star and Sash of the Sardari of the first class, and on Mr. Dobbs the Star and Sash of the Stor. I now bestow the following:—

On Majors Bird and Brooke\* the Order of Hurmat.

On Major Duke and Captains Drummond and Dawnay the Order of Izzat.

On Lientenants Field and Jenkin and Messrs. Pilkington and Waugh the Order of Khidmat.

The Warrants presenting the rank and privileges of each Order I will duly send to you from Afghanistan through Sir Henry McMahon.”

These Orders he pinned on their breasts and shook hands warmly with each.

By this time our train had reached Jamrud, and we all retired to our respective carriages to change our uniform for dress more suitable for the journey through the Khyber.

When I went back to the Amir's carriage I found him ready, but writing a letter which, when finished, he handed over to me, asking me to kindly translate it and send it to Lady Fraser. Two of the railway saloons used by the Amir through India belong to Sir Andrew Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and the letter was to tell Lady Fraser that, as these carriages are now returning

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\* Brooke never went to Calcutta (*vide* diary of yesterday) after all as the race he was in for was put off.

to Calcutta, he has filled them with good-wishes and good-byes to her and all his good friends in Calcutta. He has travelled nearly 7,000 miles in this train and leaves it with regret.

On the platform were drawn up, by request of the Amir, all the Native Attachés of my staff. He addressed a few kind words to them and thanked them for their services to him. He offered a short prayer for their welfare and walked to his carriage. I had hoped he would shake hands with them, but he omitted to do so.

He and I got into a carriage alone, and I contrasted this proceeding with our drive down the Khyber in the same carriage when we had the two fat old chief Sardars in the front seat facing us.

We started off under cavalry escort and were soon lumbering heavily and slowly up the Khyber road. This was the moment I have been patiently waiting for, for many weeks, and I often have vividly pictured it as we have flashed along at various places in our comfortable motor at some fabulous rate of speed. The spell soon began to work and the Amir began to dilate on the advantages of motors over horse carriages. Yes, he was going to make a really good road first from Kabul to Jalalabad and then from Jalalabad to the Khyber, so that he could motor every year to Jalalabad and motor to Jamrud when next he comes to India. I pointed out how indispensable good roads were, not only for motors, but for purposes of administration. Yes, he was going to have them everywhere.

I pointed out the two roads up the Khyber winding along before us, and spoke of the completed third road behind the hills in the Mullagori country. "Better than nothing," I said, "but as far as he, the Amir, was concerned, no good at all." "Why no good?" he asked; so I said that all three combined could now-a-days only supply a very small army, and that this problem of adequate communications was the thing that was worrying the heads and awakening the anxieties of all the friends who wanted to assist Afghanistan when the day came. It would not be a small force that would be wanted then, but a very large one. "Yes," said the Amir reflectively, "not one lakh, but many lakhs of men." "How are they going to be supplied and maintained?" I said, "Everything is getting so heavy now-a-days. Guns, ammunition, and all the requirements of modern warfare are weighty things and require more transport than in old days." "Yes," said the Amir, "they do, every 12-lb rifle now-a-days takes some mule-loads of ammunition to properly feed it. An army is getting a very heavy thing." "It is," I replied, "and to get an army to your assistance in time there must be a railway to the plain beyond the Khyber." "I know," said the Amir, "and will see to it. I cannot say more now. I have many things to write about when I get back to my country."

We talked away the whole drive up the Khyber, and the Amir again said how impressed he has been with British officers. "All good," he said, "all good, not one bad, have I seen."

Again he told me he wanted to come again to India before long. He would only bring 20 followers, all told, and would come as a private gentleman. I said he ought to go to England some day, and he said he wanted to, but would pay one more visit to India first to see his friends there. He asked the best season to visit England in, and I told him. He is extremely anxious to see and meet King Edward, and to England, D. V., he would go some day, he said. He would work at his English and hoped to be able to both speak and write it well when he came next.

On our way down the Khyber last time I thought it politic to casually point out the insignificant little walled fort village by the side of the road which belongs to the notorious Malik Khwas Khan, the Zakka Khel Afridi Chief to whom so much attention is paid as an exile in Afghanistan. I pointed out the little covered way like a drainage ditch leading from the fort to the Government road, which is the only means by which the inhabitants can get to the road without being shot by their neighbours in the other villages close by. Once on the Government road I explained they were safe, as no one was allowed to be shot there. The Amir took little notice then, but today he asked me to point all this out again, and I did so. He asked if Government had confiscated Khwas Khan's village. I said I didn't know, but doubted it. He asked what we would do with it if confiscated. Make a hotel of it, I said. He roared with laughter, and said it was just like the big Taj Mahal Hotel at Bombay. We went on to discuss the jackal-like life these Afridis live, and he said it was a disgraceful existence. I'm afraid Malik Khwas Khan and his friends will find a marked difference in the Amir's attitude towards them on his return to Afghanistan.

We got to Landi Kotal about 1 o'clock, and the Amir willingly accepted the invitation of the officers of the Khyber Rifles to lunch with them in their Mess. Before going to the Mess we went to the wireless telegraph instrument once more. I had arranged for one of the Amir's men left behind at Peshawar to be at the Peshawar end of the line, and so the Amir was able to converse with him and ask questions. I don't think he ever did have any doubts about the genuineness of this wireless telegraphy installation, but if he did, today's trial must have dissipated them.

The Amir came in to lunch at the Khyber Rifle Mess by himself without any of his staff and behaved just like an ordinary private gentleman, as for some time past has been his wont. It is a strange contrast to his attitude on arrival here two months ago. His feeding with the officers at the Mess will be an object-lesson to all Afridi land which, I hope, they will take to heart.

We sat on in the Mess for a long time, and the afternoon was getting well on before the Amir made a move, and the last final stage of his Indian tour began. I have been dreading it for some time.

We mounted our horses and rode slowly down the winding mountain road that leads from Landi Kotal to the British frontier near Landi Khana. The Amir and I rode on in front. He told me he disliked this bit of road very much, as he had had two sad rides along it. The first time he disliked it as it was leading him, he did not know where, and he feared what was before him. Today he disliked it even more, as it was taking him away from all his friends. We conversed all the way down, the Amir very affectionate. He is going to write to me and I am to write often to him. We are to meet when he comes, as he hopes next winter, to Kandahar.

What a strange sequence of means of travelling he has had today, he said; first a railway carriage, then a horse carriage, and now a horse. "It is indeed a troublesome piece of road from Landi Kotal to Landi Khana," he said. "Troublesome all the way from Jamrud to Dakka," I replied, "not only for us two individuals using it today, but of very serious trouble to our two countries some day unless proper steps are taken." "Yes," he said, "I have understood."

I expressed a hope that he would find his family and sons all well, and said I was sorry never to have met his eldest son Inayatulla Khan. "He will, I hope and pray, turn out a fine man some day," said the Amir in a rather sad tone.

We had now reached Landi Khana, and here a large number of Afghan Cavalry were drawn up to meet the Amir. With them were large numbers of tribesmen with banners who gave him a vociferous welcome. He took no notice of either, but waiving them aside in silence rode on with me to the river-bed below, where I had met him on his arrival.

Here Amir and we all dismounted, and he took us British officers to our side and handed me a bundle of telegrams to His Majesty the King, the Viceroy, Lord Kitchener, and many others which he asked me to translate and despatch. Among these was a long autograph message to Reuter. He tried to read these out to me, but after he had got through one or two, emotions overcame him and he could not trust himself to speak. He turned his back to us, and we could see his struggles to recover himself, while Azimulla read out the remainder of the telegrams to me.

He then turned round and grasping each officer warmly by the hand bade each good-bye. He then drew me up a side *nullah* some way to where he thought we were out of view, and there he broke down completely. He threw his arms round me and wept on my shoulder like a child. He kissed me on both cheeks and bade me good-bye, but this brought on his tears afresh

and he wept on my shoulder again, and again kissed me on both cheeks. I felt very much affected and rather weepy too. At last he pulled himself together and told me to go and mount my horse and bid my officers mount too. He got on to his horse and rode up to say another farewell, but his voice failed him, and wringing me by the hand and with tears pouring down his cheeks he put spurs to his horse and galloped down the valley with his people after him. I felt very deeply for him, and so did we all. To what incongruous surroundings and unsatisfying environment he is returning he knows, I think, too well. What his return has in store for him, and how far he will be spared to push his projects of progress and reform through bigotry and intrigue neither he nor we can tell.

All his Sardars bade us a warm and affectionate farewell. All seemed really grieved to leave us, and many kind things were said on both sides. It is strange to think these are the same people who glared stonily at us when we met two months ago.

We waited till they were all out of sight and then rode rapidly back to Landi Kotal. It was already 5-30, and we had to get back to Peshawar to-night. By dint of fast riding and hard driving we got down to Jamrud soon after dark and reached Peshawar by 10 P. M.

I had many telegrams from the Amir to translate and despatch to their various destinations, and this took some time. His autograph message to Reuter is such a remarkable document and such a satisfactory finish to his tour that I quote it here in full :—

“In the name of God. Dated Jamrud, March 7th, 1907. At the time of returning from my journey to India and of re-entering Afghan territory—

My tour in India, which has lasted 64 days, has given me so much pleasure that I cannot find words to express it. Every kindness and friendship has been shown to me by the Government of India, His Excellency the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, and other Military officers and Civil authorities in India, and I have found them all friends of the Government of Afghanistan and of myself.

I am able to declare that, during this short tour of mine in India, I have made more true friends for the Government of Afghanistan and for myself than I could have made in twenty years had I not come from Afghanistan to India. I therefore today congratulate the Afghan nation and myself on possessing such good friends.

My friend, Sir Henry McMahon, will communicate this written message of mine to Rueter's Agency for publication in newspapers for the information of the whole world. Sirajul Millat-Wad-Din.”

Thus ends the first tour of His Majesty the Amir in India.

*Conclusion—*

I am painfully conscious that this diary has many shortcomings.  
Even the little it aimed at has been but imperfectly fulfilled.

I had hoped to adequately describe the events of each day, and by portraying the various doings and sayings of the Amir present a character sketch of this remarkable man, sufficiently clearly defined as to enable that character to be clearly understood by all who care to understand it.

So much for the ideal, the reality is but a bald statement of our daily routine, written under difficult conditions at odd moments when want of time and often extreme physical fatigue have rendered it impossible to do more than jot down the principal events of each day as briefly as possible, with but little regard to language or grammar. These diaries have been sent in in the rough. There has been no time to dot the "i"s or cross the "t"s and the capital "I" is superabundant from want of time to think.

The very important part which the various British officers of the Amir's staff from Mr. Dobbs downwards have played in the daily life of our tour has found no place in this diary, as I purposely endeavoured to keep it free from as much official detail as possible, so as not to overcrowd the central figure. In the same way the names and doings of the Afghan Sardars and Afghan staff have not been recorded here.

Whether any one can dig a character sketch of the Amir out of what I have written in this diary is extremely doubtful. I must therefore endeavour to draw one by itself and briefly place on record the main impressions which have been left on my mind after nine weeks' constant daily intercourse with this very remarkable man.

Like many other men, he has two sides to his character, but in him they are very strongly marked. There is the official side and the private side. In the former we found at first a strong vein of suspicion that made him ever on the look-out for some slight to his own dignity and the honour of his country coupled with a dogged determination to submit to nothing, agree to nothing in which the sanctity of these is not more than fully assured. This suspiciousness has, I am glad to say, been removed completely for the time being. It will ever remain in his character, but I trust may never be awakened again with respect to ourselves. This side of his character made him a very difficult man to deal with in the earlier stages of our tour where official ceremonials were much to the fore. The decided manner in which he stated his claims on those occasions and the quiet insistency he showed until he got all he asked for, are too fresh in our memories to need my dwelling on this point any further. His salute of 31 guns and his position at the Chapter of Indian Orders afford substantial evidence of what I refer to.

There are some who doubt his strength of character. Whether they look upon the traits indicated above as signs of weakness of character, I can't say. A man who knows exactly what he wants and sees that he gets it, may fairly be called a strong character.

A still greater proof, if any be required, is the discipline among his entourage. Any doubts we may have entertained regarding the behaviour of the very large Afghan following who accompanied the Amir to India were quickly dissipated. A more thoroughly disciplined and better behaved party, when under the Amir's ken could hardly be imagined. To those who know Afghans and their ways this speaks volumes for the authority that controls them. Well dressed, well turned out, orderly and obedient, his party gave the minimum of trouble and were all that Afghans as a rule are not.

Strength of character is the predominant feature of the Amir's character. Without it he could never have left his country to visit India. Time after time he has told me the opposition that was raised to his coming. Some even went so far as to proclaim that those who counselled the Amir to go were Kafirs, but he went.

Even the very clothes the Amir wears and those his following now all wear are proof of strength. "When I first wore short European coats," said the Amir, "my people talked of me as a fat-tailed sheep, *dumba*. Now everyone wears them."

Prominent in his official aspect comes his devotion to his country. "I have sworn to devote my life to my country and, God helping, I will," has said the Amir to me more than once, and I know he means it. This purpose he had steadfastly in mind throughout his tour. Everyone and everything likely to be of use to Afghanistan he made a point of seeing and of getting to know.

Then we have to consider in him, a curious fatalism! "I was told in a dream once that I was either to die young or make a big mark in the world. I have not, thank God, died young, and I therefore believe I will make a great name." This forms the key-stone of many of the structures of his imagination, and encourages him to great effort.

The above characteristics are not uncommon in great men of all races, but we come now to a feature of the Amir's character which is remarkably rare in Asiatics; his wonderful regard for truth. "I have vowed," he told me once, "to respect truth, and for fifteen years I have never willingly told a lie, and, God willing, I never will." This statement of the Washington type might naturally arouse scepticism, but the conviction has forced itself upon me after nine weeks of careful observation that it is a statement which can be accepted as one not only genuine in itself, but most carefully carried out in practice. Not even in jest will the Amir say an untruth. On the few occasions I have heard him say one, he has immediately corrected himself with "No, that is my joke."

Like most Afghans he is devoid of fear. He must have known that there were dangers to his personal safety in leaving Afghanistan and in mingling with the crowds on and near our frontier. I never observed the slightest expression of anxiety on his part. Even the preliminary tasting of water and food by his men which by custom is always done in Afghanistan and was done on his arrival in India was very soon abandoned and he ate and drank whatever was offered him.

Then again we find in him a broad-mindedness and toleration with regard to other religions that is, alas, now-a-days very rare in Afghanistan. Devoted to his own religion he is tolerant of others, and though living in the midst of bigots has no trace of bigotry in himself.

On two points people have in conversation often asked my views. Has the Amir decision of character to enable him to make up his mind quickly at a crisis, and is he a cruel man? I have said enough regarding his strength of character. As regards quickness of conception and rapid decision, I have seen enough to say that in small matters he is often very particular over details and therefore slow in decision, but in important matters he grasps the main ideas with remarkable rapidity and comes to a decision at once. This has been especially marked in the matter of settling big contracts, engaging employers, and other questions of, to him, considerable moment. I would unhesitatingly affirm the Amir to be capable of making up his mind at a crisis with rapidity and decision.

On the other point I have always found him a kind-hearted man, and he has told me that he has only put three men to death during his reign for political offences. All the others he has sanctioned the execution of, have been condemned by the law-courts of his country.

So much for the main traits of the Amir's character on its official side. We come now to its private side.

Many of the features portrayed above are naturally conspicuous in his private nature also, but the key-notes of this to my mind are his warm-heartedness, and simple-mindedness.

These may seem curious contrasts to his other traits, but they are none the less the predominating features of his complex nature. He is passionately fond of children and hardly ever saw one on this tour without giving it a present. His people tell me he is always doing this in his own country. His one idea was to make friends, and in these he exercised great shrewdness both as a judge of character in men and as an admirer of beauty in women.

His chief ideas of enjoyment were essentially of a domestic nature, and he seemed never so happy as when in the society of the gentler sex. His manner towards them was always courteous, gallant, and correct. Nothing pleased him more than to surround himself with all the good-looking ladies of

the place, regale them with poetry and load them with little gifts, all carefully chosen and bestowed with happy little speeches that quite took away any scruples about the accepting of them, and greatly enhanced the value of the presents given.

He considered it a very great privilege to associate with English ladies, and his views regarding them are of a very high order indeed.

His generosity is very great. He tells me he is never so happy as when giving presents, and nothing delights him more than the choosing of them to suit the tastes of those for whom they are intended. I saw very many pretty instances of this.

His accomplishments are many. He is singularly well read in the classics of the East and the history and sciences of the West. His command of quotations from Persian poets is astonishing, and I've never yet known him unprepared with an apt quotation whatever might happen. A more versatile man I have never met. He is at home at anything, whether it be selecting a horse, examining machinery, playing the piano, or handling big guns. He knows a very useful amount about most things, and how he has learnt it all often puzzles me.

Whatever he does he tries to do well and neatly. His handwriting is an instance of this. It is a very pretty artistic hand and he is rightly proud of it.

He is scrupulously clean in his person and all things connected with him; a speck of dust or dirt disturbs him, and everything he uses has to be spotlessly clean.

Few things have astonished me more than his clean-mindedness. His views on the subject have more than once impressed me, and I have no doubt as to their genuineness. No description of the Amir would be complete without some reference to his energy. It seems inexhaustible and keeps him busy day and night. He takes less sleep than any one I have ever seen. I am afraid it will wear him out and shorten his life.

To catalogue a man's virtues and omit his faults is a poor compliment to anyone. The Amir has his faults and shortcomings like anyone else, but the thing that strikes one so forcibly about him is that, brought up as he has been and circumstanced as he is, his failings are astonishingly few and harmless.

He is absolutely regardless of time, not so much perhaps in the keeping of an appointment, but in the time he devotes to any particular purpose. To get him to, say, a dinner party at about the right time is fairly easy; to get him away before the small hours of the morning has proved very often impossible.

He is very digressive and discursive in conversation ; a visit to a factory or a game of Bridge may lead one through many chapters of the world's history before either be brought to an end.

He is a trifle didactic, and at times attaches undue weight to his own actions and utterances. At other times he is curiously modest.

Thoughtful in the extreme of the wants of those he is attached to, I have found him at times singularly careless of the requirements and wishes of the rest of his following.

Taking all these faults together and making them into one whole, they do not amount to much. If one considers the life of an absolute autocrat, such as he is, the atmosphere of sycophant adulation which surrounds him, however little he may like it, and the absence of any real necessity for him in his ordinary life to be guided by the hundred and one restrictions of time and other things which govern our own life, one is astounded at the very small amount of harmful influence these and the other evils of autocracy and his surroundings have exercised on the Amir's character.

Many even of the small failings sketched above have grown visibly less during the short time he has been in contact with English society on this tour. They are essentially the result of his past environment and not engrained in his nature.

To sum up. I would describe the Amir as a broad-minded, tolerant, cultured gentleman, a trifle pedantic, but a warm-hearted, clean-minded man of remarkably strong character and resolute purpose with a great regard for truth. Possessing strong religious convictions of his own and a zealous Mohammedan, he is tolerant of the religious beliefs of others and singularly free from bigotry. He has a courteous kindly manner with a quiet touch of kingly dignity. No one who meets him can help liking him. Virtues and faults combined, he is, as an individual, a loveable man, and this few will deny. He is, on the other hand, a shrewd, far-seeing man of business who knows exactly what he wants and takes care that he gets it. Honest in himself he expects others to be honest too.

As a ruler he will sacrifice himself and everything else for his country, but he will remain staunchly loyal to his friends as long as his friends remain loyal to him.

Any one less like the typical Asiatic of today in character or disposition it would be hard to imagine. In that very thing lies a danger. He must be treated with a confidence that is not customarily imposed on an Asiatic ruler ; professions of friendship must be accepted as genuine and responded to in kind, or a revulsion of feeling, more dangerous than ordinary, from the very warm-heartedness of his nature may result, and mutual relations may rapidly drift from bad to worse.

The above, I fear, is a poor endeavour to do justice to a very remarkable and complex character. Far ahead of his people and his times in his own country, the Amir cannot fail, if health holds out and fortune favours, to make a name for himself and his country which will long be remembered in history.

With these remarks I bring the diary of an interesting tour to an end.

A. HENRY McMAHON.







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